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THE

THREE MRS. JUDSONS,

THE CELEBRATED

FEMALE MISSIONARIES.

A NEW AND CAREFULLY REVISED EDITION.

By CECIL B. HARTLEY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL PORTRAITS.

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PREFACE.

It is one of the most striking instances of modern progress that the missions of women are beginning to be so clearly recognized It is not long, since a woman who dared to step beyond the circle of home and social duties was looked upon with timid wonder by her own sex, and disapprobation by the other; but in this more enlightened age her usefulness is readily acknowledged.

England holds up her Florence Nightingale, that courageous, noble woman, whose name is heard with love and reverence through the whole civilized world. Can we not, in America, point out *our* bright stars in the galaxy of heroines? Florence Nightingale went to minister to the bodily wants of men engaged in war, and whose trade was bloodshed. Our heroines, the Mrs. Judsons, went to minister to the sinking souls of heathens, who repaid their efforts, in many instances, by cruel persecution. Florence Nightingale went amongst her own countrymen, into a civilized land. The Mrs. Judsons went to a far-distant shore, to study an unknown tongue, to teach those whose mere earthly claim upon them was nothing.

The names of those amongst women, who, standing bravely

forth, have taken prominent places in the missionary ranks, and who are increasing every year, must all give place to Mrs. Ann Judson, who alone can claim the first rank as pioneer of her sex in America; the first who resolved to leave her home here to minister to the heathen abroad.

In my pleasant task of writing the lives of the Mrs. Judsons, I am indebted, for valuable information, to the Lives of the Mrs. Judsons by J. B. Knowles and Fanny Forester, and Wayland's interesting Memoirs of Dr. Judson.

Care has been taken in the present volume to place the domestic life of the Mrs. Judsons, as much as was practicable, before the reader, and to show, as far as possible, the result of their *individual* labors. They stood as high for conjugal and maternal loveliness and devotedness as they did in their more public character as missionaries.

If one young girl lay aside our little volume, conscious of feeling a higher love for Christian duty, and greater emulation to fulfill her own mission, be it public or private, at home or abroad, the author will be more than repaid for any efforts made in writing these memoirs.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

BEFORE entering upon the memoirs of the three distinguished women, whose career of usefulness forms the subject of this volume, let me give a short sketch of the Rev. Dr. Judson, their husband, the leader in the self-sacrificing work to which they devoted their lives, and the pioneer in that extended field of Missionary labor, the Burman Empire.

Adoniram Judson, the eldest son of Adoniram and Abigail Judson, was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 9th, 1788. His father, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, was pastor of different Congregational churches until the year 1817, when his views upon the subject of baptism having changed, he left the ministry. He died at Scituate, in 1826, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

Adoniram, the subject of the present memoir, gave, at a very early age, promise of great talent, having a powerful and quick intellect, astonishing perseverance, and a great love of study. When only three years old, his mother taught him to read, and this power once acquired, he soon gave evidence of an intense love for study. His father, though seeking no high office for himself, was proud of the talents developed in his children, and constantly stimulated his son to further efforts, by promises of future fame.

You are a very acute boy, Adoniram," he said to him, on one occasion, " and I expect you to become a great man." Mr. Judson himself owned, later in life, that all his early dreams were stimulated by this hope for future fame, yet in the midst of these ambitious soarings, into his heart crept the Scripture passage :

" Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory."

Even then, he adds, he feared to look further into his own heart, lest he should find it rebellious against the injunction. He hoped to be a religious and God-fearing man, but his father said he should become a *great* man, and he was resolved to fulfill the prophecy.

His career at school was marked by great love of study, perseverance, and most rapid progress in every task. In mathematics and the classics his proficiency was the subject of commendation from all his instructors, and admiration with his schoolmates.

At sixteen years of age, Mr. Judson entered Brown University, then Providence College, one year in advance. His ambition here stood him in good stead. Throughout the college he was distinguished for his closely studious habits, his perfection in every exercise, and his punctual attendance in every class. A letter written during his collegiate term, by the late Rev. Dr. Messer, to his father, speaks in the highest terms of his " uniform propriety of conduct, as well as an intense application to study."

While he was in college, French infidelity swept like a noxious blast over the land. In the class above the young Adoniram, was a young man of great talent, and prepossessing manners, named E——. He was a confirmed Deist. A warm attachment existed between Judson and E——, and in a short time, the future missionary was, professedly, as great an unbeliever as his friend. Together they discussed future worldly prospects, and argued on the most favorable profession for the attainment of fame. Mr. Judson graduated Bachelor of Arts in September, 1807, receiving for commencement the highest appointment, an English oration, with the valedictory addresses,

proving him, in the opinion of his instructors, the first scholar in his class.

During his college course he kept school, through the vacations, and in 1807 he opened a private school in Plymouth. During the year 1808, he published two works for schools, his "Elements of English Grammar," and "The Young Lady's Arithmetic," both of which were highly commended by the press, and also in private letters by teachers.

In 1808 he closed the school in Plymouth, and made a tour through the Northern States. During this trip, he heard of the death of his college friend, E——, the Deist, and scoffer at religion. A great revulsion of feeling followed this announcement, and humbled, saddened, feeling deeply how erroneous had been his former views, Judson returned to his home, deeply impressed with the necessity of religion for himself. He taught school in Boston for a short time after his return, and then entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, commencing his course, as in his previous entrance in college, a year in advance. On the 28th of May, 1809, after seven months spent in the college, he made a public profession of religion, and joined the church of which his father was then pastor, the Third Congregational Church in Plymouth. It was during his residence in Andover College, that he first began to turn his thoughts to that great work he afterwards so faithfully undertook, the subject of Foreign Missions. His own letter, written to Dr. Chapin, whilst prosecuting his missionary labors, gives so full an account of his views upon the subject of missions, that I quote it entire.

TO THE REV. DR. CHAPIN, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON.

MAULMAIN, *December* 18, 1837.

VERY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of March 21st I have received with great pleasure, and shall be glad to answer your inquiries, and give you any information in my power.

I had addressed a letter to brother Rice, dated July 13

1836, which could not, however, have reached him before his death. As that letter contains considerable information which has a bearing on the subject of your inquiries, I will first transcribe it, and then subjoin remarks on some other points. "My dear brother Rice: You ask me to give you some account of my first missionary impressions, and those of my earliest associates. Mine were occasioned by reading Buchanan's 'Star in the East,' in the year 1809, at the Andover Theological Seminary. Though I do not now consider that sermon as peculiarly excellent, it produced a very powerful effect on my mind. For some days I was unable to attend to the studies of my class, and spent my time in wondering at my past stupidity, depicting the most romantic scenes in missionary life, and roving about the college rooms, declaiming on the subject of missions. My views were very incorrect, and my feelings extravagant; but yet I have always felt thankful to God for bringing me into that state of excitement, which was, perhaps, necessary, in the first instance, to enable me to break the strong attachment I felt to home and country, and to endure the thought of abandoning all my wonted pursuits and animating prospects. That excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute my inquiries, and ascertain the path of duty. It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college, while meditating and praying on the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and power, that I came to a full decision, and though great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events. But, at that period, no provision had been made in America for a foreign mission, and for several months, after reading Buchanan, I found none among the students who viewed the subject as I did, and no minister in the place or neighborhood who gave me any encouragement; and I thought that I should be under the necessity of going to England and placing myself under foreign patronage.

"My earliest missionary associate was Nott; who, though he

had recently entered the seminary, (in the early part of 1810,) was a member of the same class with myself. He had considered the subject for several months, but had not fully made up his mind. About the same time, Mills, Richards, and others joined the seminary from Williams College, where they had, for some time, been in the habit of meeting for prayer and conversation on the subject of missions; but they entered the junior class, and had several years of theological study before them. You were of the same standing, but from some engagement, (a school, I believe,) did not arrive so soon, though you ultimately finished your course before the others, and joined the first party that embarked.

"Newell was the next accession from my own class. As to Hall, he was preaching at Woodbury, Connecticut. I heard that he once thought favorably of missions, and wrote him a short letter. He had just received a call to settle in that place, and was deliberating whether it was his duty to accept it or not, when the letter was put into his hand. He instantly came to a decision, and the next rising sun saw him on the way to Andover. I think that he arrived about the time of the meeting of the General Association of Ministers at Bradford, in the summer of 1810. I do not, however, recollect him present at that meeting, nor was his name attached to the paper which we presented to the association, and which was originally signed by Nott, Newell, Mills, Rice, Richards, and myself, though, at the suggestion of Dr. Spring, your name and Richards's, which happened to stand last, were struck off, for fear of alarming the association with too large a number.

"I have ever thought that the providence of God was conspicuously manifested in bringing us all together, from different and distant parts. Some of us had been considering the subject of missions for a long time, and some but recently. Some, and indeed the greater part, had thought chiefly of domestic missions, and efforts among the neighboring tribes of Indians, without contemplating abandonment of country, and devotement for life. The reading and reflection of others

had led them in a different way; and when we all met at the same seminary, and came to a mutual understanding on the ground of *foreign* missions and *missions for life*, the subject assumed in our minds such an overwhelming importance and awful solemnity, as bound us to one another, and to our purpose, more firmly than ever. How evident it is that the Spirit of God had been operating in different places, and upon different individuals, preparing the way for those movements which have since pervaded the American churches, and will continue to increase until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Anointed!"

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS.

ANDOVER, *June* 29, 1810.

HON. PARENTS: The following is a copy of the letter which I directed to Dr. Bogue:—

DIVINITY COLLEGE, ANDOVER, MASS., *April*, 1810.

REV. SIR: I have considered the subject of missions nearly a year, and have found my mind gradually tending to a deep conviction that it is my duty personally to engage in this service. Several of my brethren of this college may finally unite with me in my present resolution. On their, as well as my own behalf, I take the liberty of addressing you this letter. My object is to obtain information on certain points—whether there is, at present, such a call for missionaries in India, Tartary, or any part of the *eastern* continent, as will induce the directors of the London Missionary Society to engage new missionaries; whether two or three young, unmarried men, having received a liberal education, and resided two years in this Divinity School, wishing to serve their Saviour in a heathen land, and, indeed, susceptible of a "*passion for missions*,"—whether such young men, arriving in England next spring, with full recommendations from the first Christian characters in this country, may expect to be received *on probation* by the directors, and placed at the seminary in Gosport, *if that be judged*

expedient; and whether, provided they give satisfaction as to their fitness to undertake the work, all their necessary expenses after arriving in England shall be defrayed from the funds of the society, which funds will, it is hoped, be ultimately reimbursed by supplies from the American churches.

We have consulted our professors on this subject, particularly Dr. Griffin, professor of oratory. He intends writing to several in England, and perhaps to Dr. Bogue. But his engagements being such as will prevent his writing at present, and wishing *myself* to receive a letter from you *immediately*, containing the desired information, I have written myself. I close with an earnest request that you will please transmit me an answer as soon as possible, and a prayer that your answer may be favorable to my most ardent wishes.

(Signed,) ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.

Rev. Dr. Bogue, Gosport, England.

P. S. I shall deem it a favor if you do not confine your remarks to the points which I have proposed, but are pleased to give such general *information* and *advice* as you may think will be useful to me and my brethren.

The following is a copy of the petition laid before the General Association, this week convened in Bradford, composed of delegates from several Associations in this State, and from the General Associations of New Hampshire and Connecticut:

The undersigned, members of the Divinity College, respectfully request the attention of their reverend fathers, convened in the General Association at Bradford, to the following statement and inquiries:—

They beg leave to state that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious, and, as they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success and the difficulties attending

such an attempt; and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, *they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life*, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way.

They now offer the following inquiries, on which they solicit the opinion and advice of this association: Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions, as either visionary or impracticable; if not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the eastern or the western world; whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society; and what preparatory measures they ought to take, previous to actual engagement.

The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their fathers in the church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers.

Signed, ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.
SAMUEL MOTT, JR.
SAMUEL J. MILLS.
SAMUEL NEWELL.

The petition quoted in the preceding letter was referred by the General Association of Massachusetts to a committee consisting of Rev. Messrs. Spring, Worcester, and Hale. The following report was made the next day by this committee, and unanimously adopted:

The committee, to whom was referred the request of the young gentlemen, members of the Divinity College, for advice relative to missions to the heathen, beg leave to submit the following report:—

The object of missions to the heathen cannot but be regarded, by the friends of the Redeemer, as vastly interesting and important. It deserves the most serious attention of all who wish well to the best interests of mankind, and especially of those who devote themselves to the service of God, in the kingdom of his Son, under the impression of the special direc-

tion, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The state of their minds, modestly expressed by the theological students who have presented themselves before this body, and the testimonies received respecting them, are such as deeply to impress the conviction that they ought not "to renounce the object of missions," but sacredly to cherish "their present views" in relation to that object: and it is submitted whether the peculiar and abiding impressions, by which they are influenced, ought not to be gratefully recognized as a divine intimation of something good and great in relation to the propagation of the gospel, and calling for correspondent attention and exertions.

Therefore,—

Voted, That there be instituted, by this General Association, a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and prosecuting measures, for promoting the spread of the gospel in heathen lands.

Voted, That the said Board of Commissioners consist of nine members, all of them, in the first instance, chosen by this Association; and afterwards, annually, five of them by this body, and four of them by the General Association of Connecticut. Provided, however, that, if the General Association of Connecticut do not choose to unite in this object, the annual election of all the commissioners shall be by this General Association.

It is understood that the Board of Commissioners, here contemplated, will adopt their own form of organization, and their own rules and regulations.

Voted, That, fervently commending them to the grace of God, we advise the young gentlemen, whose request is before us, in the way of earnest prayer and diligent attention to suitable studies and means of information, and putting themselves under the patronage and direction of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, humbly to wait the openings and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design.

A subsequent meeting was afterwards held by the General Association, and the subject of Foreign Missions, with the petition quoted above, more fully discussed. It was then decided to attempt an arrangement with the English Missionary Society, to join with them in their efforts for diffusing Christianity amongst the heathen, and Mr. Judson was appointed to go to England to ascertain whether such an arrangement was practicable. His letter of instructions was as follows:

LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE TO MR. JUDSON.

Mr. Adoniram Judson:—As you and your brethren, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, and Gordon Hall, have professed to hold yourselves sacredly devoted to the service of Christ, in some part or parts of the heathen world, as in divine providence a door may be opened to you, and as, with reference to this important object, you have chosen to place yourselves under the superintendence and direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Prudential Committee of the said board, after obtaining satisfaction in regard to your qualifications severally for the contemplated service, and seriously consulting on the subject at large, have judged it advisable to have a full and distinct understanding with the directors of the London Missionary Society, in relation to the general object. For this purpose they have determined on sending you, dear sir, to England, under the following instructions:—

Agreeably to arrangements made, you will sail for England in the ship Packet, and on your arrival at her port of destination, you will proceed, as soon as convenient, to London, and deliver your letter of introduction to the Rev. George Burder, secretary of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Burder, we doubt not, will receive you with Christian courtesy, and from him, and his brethren of the Board of Directors, you will receive such notices as will enable you to accomplish, in the best manner, the design now in view. A principal object of

your attention will be to ascertain, as distinctly as possible, whether any and what arrangements can be made for a concert of measures, in relation to missions, between the American Board of Commissioners and the London Missionary Society; particularly whether, if circumstances should render it desirable, you and your brethren can be supported in missionary service for any time by the London funds, without committing yourselves wholly and finally to the direction of the London society; or whether it may be in any case consistent for the mission to be supported partly by them and partly by us; and if so, under whose direction it must be held. On these points you will possess yourself of the views of the directors of the London society, and receive their propositions for our consideration. You will also, during your stay in England, avail yourself of your opportunities and advantages for obtaining ample and correct information relating to missionary fields, the requisite preparations for missionary services, the most eligible methods of executing missions, and generally to whatever may be conducive to the missionary interest; and the most important parts of such information as you may obtain you will commit to writing for the use of the American Board.

As it is not expected that you will be at your own charge in this engagement, you will keep a full account of your expenditures, for adjustment on your return.

We commend you, dear brother, to the providence and the grace of God, with fervent prayers for your safety, your success, and your happiness. In behalf of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,

Yours, dear brother, with great affection.

SAMUEL WORCESTER.

FROM THE REV. DR. WORCESTER, TO THE REV. GEORGE BURDER.

SALEM, *January 3d*, 1811.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Enclosed with this you will receive a printed paper, in which you will see in general what has

recently been done in this country in relation to foreign missions. Four young gentlemen, Messrs. Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Newell, and Samuel Nott, whose names you will find in the paper referred to, and Mr. Gordon Hall, have offered themselves as candidates for missions to the heathen, under a solemn profession that they have devoted themselves to God for this arduous service, wherever in his providence he may see fit to employ them. These beloved brethren have all passed through a course of collegial education, and received a collegial degree. Since leaving the universities, they have completed a course of studies at the theological institution in this vicinity, where they have acquitted themselves to the high satisfaction of their instructors and friends. According to our established order, they have been regularly licensed for the Christian ministry, and for a considerable time they have all preached in our churches to good acceptance. Their moral and Christian reputation is good, and their talents and attainments are respectable. Before the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions they have passed an examination in form, relative to their religious sentiments, their religious feelings, and their views in offering themselves for the missionary service; and their answers and declarations throughout, were highly satisfactory. They profess their full belief in the articles of faith which are established in the theological institution, a copy of which you will receive; and the Prudential Committee have great confidence that they have received the truth in love; that they are persons of sincere and ardent piety; that they have offered themselves for the missionary service from the best motives; and, in a word, that they have qualifications for distinguished usefulness. The manner in which these young men have come forward, together with a similar disposition manifested by several others, has made, extensively, a deep impression, and excited a lively interest. It is gratefully hailed as an indication that the Lord is about to do something by his friends in this country, in furtherance of the great design in which their brethren in England have been so nobly and so exemplarily engaged.

On our own continent, indeed, there are many millions of men "sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death," and our brethren in England may wonder that, while such is the fact, we should turn our views to any other part of the world. But the attempts which have been made to evangelize the aboriginal tribes of the North American wilderness have been attended with so many discouragements, and South America is yet in so unpromising a state, that the opinion very generally prevalent is, that for the pagans on this continent but very little can immediately be done. Hence, though the hope is entertained, that the time is coming when the benevolent exertions of the Redeemer's friends here, for spreading the knowledge of his name, may be successfully employed nearer home, yet at present the eastern world is thought to offer a more promising field.

As yet, however, we have no adequate funds established for the support of distant and expensive missions. What may be done in the course of a short time we know not. It is the desire and the prayer of many, that American missionaries may have American support; and we are not without hope that He to whom the silver and the gold belong will open the hearts of the rich among us for this interesting purpose. Should this hope be realized, and missionary funds to any considerable amount be raised, they will probably be placed under such an arrangement as to be employed either in the East, or on our own continent, as divine Providence may direct.

Under existing circumstances, the American Board are desirous to open a communication with the London Missionary Society, whose knowledge of missionary concerns is ample, and the praise of whose liberality and persevering exertions is in all parts of the world. For this purpose, Mr. Judson, one of the missionary brethren, of whom you have already some know ledge, and who has been favored with a letter from you, has been appointed to go to London. To your courtesy and Christian attention he is most affectionately and respectfully recommended; and for the particular objects for which he is sent, I beg leave to refer you to his letter of instructions.

Besides the official testimonial contained in this letter, Mr. Judson will carry with him others, and particularly one from the faculty of the theological institution at Andover—an institution which, though young, is fast rising in importance, and in which, both on account of the principles on which it is founded, and the ability and piety with which it is conducted, great confidence is reposed. Should these testimonials be satisfactory, and should it in the event be thought best that our young brethren should be resigned to the patronage and direction of your society, your venerable and highly respected Board of Directors will judge, whether, after the course of studies through which they have passed, it will be expedient for them to spend any time at your school at Gosport, and whether, for any purpose, it will be necessary for the other three to go to England, before they shall be actually engaged in your service.

It may not be improper to state, that some of the young men propose to take wives with them to the missionary field. If this meet the approbation of your board, as we are not unapprised of the laudable care which you take in regard to the character not only of your missionaries themselves, but also of their wives, we shall certainly consider it important that similar care be taken here.

With great personal consideration, and in behalf of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, I tender to you, dear sir, and through you to your brethren of the Board of Directors, the most affectionate and respectful salutations.

SAMUEL WORCESTER, *Cor. Sec.*

Rev. George Burder, Sec. London Miss. Soc.

Mr. Judson sailed in the ship Packet for London, in January, 1811, but on their voyage the vessel was captured by L' Invincible Napoleon, and Mr. Judson, with other prisoners, taken to France. He was detained for several weeks, but, crossing the channel, finally reached Dartmouth, in May, in safety. He immediately proceeded to London, presented his

letters, and was received with every mark of kind esteem by the directors of the London Missionary Society.

The result of his errand was briefly this:

The London Society gave no encouragment upon the subject of joining with an American Board for Foreign Missions, but were willing to receive the young candidates for missionary service into their own number.

A society for the support of Foreign Missions being subsequently formed in America, Messrs. A. Judson, Jr., S. Nott, Jr., S. Newell, and G. Hall were appointed missionaries, under the direction of the Board, to labor in Asia.

During the year 1810, while on a visit to Bradford, Mr. Judson became acquainted with Miss Ann Hasseltine, who, on the 5th of February, 1812, became his wife.

At this point this sketch concludes, as the remainder of Mr Judson's useful career is best told in the lives of Ann, Sarah, and Emily, his helpmates and co-operators in his great labor of love amongst the heathen.

LIFE OF

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON,

FIRST WIFE OF

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND CONVERSION

Ann Hasseltine, better known as Mrs. Ann H. Judson, was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, Dec. 22d, 1789. She was the daughter of John and Rebecca Hasseltine.

Of her early life but little can be gathered from the sources before me, until she entered the Academy at Bradford, where she was the companion and friend of the martyr missionary, Harriet Newell, then Harriet Atwood, one who shared with Mrs. Judson the glory of being the first female missionary, who left America to carry into heathen darkness the great truths of Chris tianity.

Ann Hasseltine gave promise very early of superior intellectual powers, and although the published works

from her pen were written under the most unfavorable circumstances, in suffering, sickness, and heavy grief, they present unmistakable evidences of a vigorous intellect, ready pen, and deep religious feeling.

During her first years at school, a lively, gay disposition, with much wit, added to a loving, amiable heart, made her a great favorite both in her school and in society. Having had, at that time, no especial religious education, although taught that it was her duty to pray daily, and attend divine service on the Lord's day, she gave her whole attention to worldly pursuits. Full of life and vivacity, petted and courted by her young companions, she plunged with a keen relish into a giddy whirl of pleasure. Night after night found her the centre of some gay circle of young companions, thoughtless as herself, and religion, as a subject of vital importance, did not enter into her thoughts. In her journal, in speaking of this period of her life, she says :—

"I now began to attend balls and parties of pleasure, and found my mind completely occupied with what I daily heard were 'innocent amusements.' My conscience reproved me, not for engaging in these amusements, but for neglecting to say my prayers, and read my Bible on returning from them ; but I finally put a stop to its remonstrances, by thinking that, as I was old enough to attend balls, I was surely too old to say prayers. Thus were my fears quieted; and for two or three years, I scarcely felt an anxious thought relative to the salvation of my soul, though I was rapidly verging towards eternal ruin. My disposition was gay in the extreme ; my situation was such as afforded me opportunities for indulg-

ing it to the utmost; I was surrounded with associates wild and volatile like myself, and often thought myself one of the happiest creatures on earth."

The change from this state of mind to one anxious for her soul's eternal welfare, was gradual. Deeply conscious of the neglect of spiritual good, manifested in the gay career above alluded to, her first months of religious impressions were full of dark forebodings, despair, and struggles against the temptations constantly thrown before her, to rejoin the gay group of which she formed so beloved and important a member.

As, however, she had been foremost in the gay throng, so, now, with the same concentration of energy, she resolved to break through these temptations, and become a worthy servant of the God who invited her to join his band of followers. Passing out of the dark valley of doubt and despair, she began to love the Lord with all the fervor of a warm, impulsive heart, and turning utterly from her old pursuits, she became a true professor of religion, dedicated to serve the God whose name she exalted, and whose word she carried into the heart of a heathen country.

On the 14th of September, 1806, she became a member of the Congregational Church in Bradford. In her journal she speaks of this event with the solemn, earnest feeling manifested in her whole life, in spiritual matters :—

"*Sept.* 14*th*, 1806. I have this day publicly professed myself a disciple of Christ, and covenanted with him at his sacred table. I am now renewedly bound to keep his commandments and walk in his steps. Oh, may this

solemn covenant never be broken! May I be guarded from the vanities of this life, and spend all my days in the service of God. Oh, keep me, merciful God, keep me; for I have no strength of my own; I shall dishonor thy cause, and ruin my soul, unless guided by thee!"

On leaving the academy, deeply imbued with religious feeling, love for the living God, and an earnest desire to be useful to her fellow-creatures, she opened a school, feeling, she said, that "as Providence has placed me in a situation of life, where I have an opportunity of getting as good an education as I desire, I feel that it would be highly criminal in me not to improve it. I feel, also, that it would be equally criminal to desire to be well educated and accomplished, from selfish motives, with a view merely to gratify my taste and relish for improvement, or my pride in being qualified to shine. I therefore resolved, last winter, to attend the academy, from no other motive than to improve the talents bestowed by God, so as to be more extensively devoted to his glory and the benefit of my fellow-creatures. On being lately requested to take a small school for a few months, I felt very unqualified to have the charge of little immortal souls; but the hope of doing them good, by endeavoring to impress their young and tender minds with divine truth, and the obligation I feel, *to try to be useful*, have induced me to comply."

Actuated always by these same pious impulses, seeking strength and wisdom for her new duties in frequent, earnest prayer, she kept school at different times in Salem, Haverhill, and Newbury. Never, in her anxiety.

to cultivate the intellects of her pupils, did she forget for an instant the higher interest she had undertaken, to guide their souls to heaven. Opening her first school with prayer, she always kept before her scholars the importance of seeking Christ early.

During the years which followed her conversion, and those in which she taught school, she read constantly the religious works within her reach. Guise, Orton, Scott, Edwards, Hopkins, Bellamy, Doddridge, Brainerd, &c., were, with her, books for daily study and contemplation.

Her mind was now fully engrossed with religious ardor, and, as with her studies, her gaieties, and her search for truth, she gave her heart entirely to the object before her, so now, having once laid aside worldly hopes, she bent the whole energy of a cultivated intellect, solemn conviction of truth, and ardent and enthusiastic temperament, and great decision of character, to the one great object of life, to honoring and glorifying the name of her Saviour.

Thus was laid the foundation of that pre-eminent piety and love of usefulness, which carried the self-sacrificing woman through fearful scenes and severe trials, sufficient to appall the stoutest heart, and turn back any laborer in the missionary field governed by a spirit one whit less devoted than hers.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE AND VOYAGE TO INDIA—CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT—ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA—DIFFICULTIES WITH GOVERNMENT—VOYAGE TO ISLE OF FRANCE—DEATH OF MRS. NEWELL—VOYAGE TO RANGOON.

During the session of the Massachusetts Association at Bradford in 1810, Miss Hasseltine first met the young Adoniram Judson, then in all the fervor of his desire to go forth as a missionary. The friendship then formed ripened into a warm mutual attachment, and Mr. Judson made Miss Hasseltine an offer of marriage, proposing that she should accompany him in his missionary enterprise.

It was not without much prayer and long meditation that this offer was accepted. There was before Miss Hasseltine no example of female missionaries from her own country. Humble in her spirit, ever doubtful of her own efforts, and ever seeking, in the daily routine of home duties, strength from the Most High, what wonder that she hesitated to become the pioneer of her sex in America, to the far distant heathen?

Amongst her friends, the scheme was, with few exceptions, looked upon as foolishly romantic and Quixotic, and every dark side was presented to her in its deepest

colors to discourage the idea. With a heart overflowing with love for her parents and relatives, she was called upon to decide to leave them, never, probably, to meet again on this side of the grave. An extract from her journal, written at that time, shows the conflict of her spirit, and the high, pure motives by which her decision was governed.

"*Sept.* 10, 1810. For several weeks past, my mind has been greatly agitated. An opportunity has been presented to me, of spending my days among the heathen, in attempting to persuade them to receive the Gospel. Were I convinced of its being a call from God, and that it would be more pleasing to him for me to spend my life in this way than in any other, I think I should be willing to relinquish every earthly object, and, in full view of dangers and hardships, give myself up to the great work.

"A consideration of this subject has occasioned much self-examination, to know on what my hopes were founded, and whether my love to Jesus was sufficiently strong to induce me to forsake all for his cause. At times I have felt satisfied that I loved him, on account of his own glorious perfections, and have been desirous that he should do with me as he should please, and place me in that situation, in which I can be most useful. I have felt great satisfaction in committing this case to God, knowing that he has a perfect understanding of the issue of all events, is infinitely wise to select the means best calculated to bring about the most important ends, and is able and willing to make the path of duty plain before me, and incline me to walk therein. At other times, I

have felt ready to sink, being distressed with fears about my spiritual state, and appalled at the prospect of pain and suffering, to which my nature is so averse, and apprehensive, that when assailed by temptation, or exposed to danger and death, I should not be able to endure, as seeing Him who is invisible. But I now feel willing to leave it entirely with God. He is the fountain of all grace; and if he has designed me to be a promoter of his cause, among those who know him not, he can qualify me for the work, and enable me to bear whatever he is pleased to inflict. I am fully satisfied, that difficulties and trials are more conducive than ease and prosperity, to promote my growth in grace, and cherish an habitual sense of dependence on God. While the latter please my animal nature, and lead me to seek happiness in creature enjoyments, the former afford convincing proofs that this life is designed to be a state of trial, and not a state of rest, and thus tend to wean me from the world and make me look up to heaven as my home. Time appears nothing when compared with eternity, and yet events, the most momentous, depend on the improvement of these fleeting years. O Jesus, direct me, and I am safe; use me in thy service, and I ask no more! I would not choose my portion of work, or place of labor; only let me know thy will, and I will readily comply.

"*Oct.* 28. My mind has still been agitated for two or three weeks past, in regard to the above mentioned subject. But I have, at all times, felt a disposition to leave it with God, and trust in him to direct me. I have, at length, come to the conclusion, that if nothing in providence appears to prevent, I must spend my days in a

heathen land. I am a creature of God, and he has an undoubted right to do with me as seemeth good in his sight. I rejoice that I am in his hands—that he is everywhere present, and can protect me in one place as well as in another. He has my heart in his hands; and when I am called to face danger, to pass through scenes of terror and distress, he can inspire me with fortitude, and enable me to trust in him. Jesus is faithful; his promises are precious. Were it not for these considerations, I should, with my present prospects, sink down in despair, especially as no female has, to my knowledge, ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen; nor do I yet know that I shall have a single female companion. But God is my witness, that I have not dared to decline the offer that has been made me, though so many are ready to call it a 'wild, romantic undertaking.' If I have been deceived in thinking it my duty to go to the heathen, I humbly pray that I may be undeceived, and prevented from going. But whether I spend my days in India or America, I desire to spend them in the service of God, and be prepared to spend an eternity in his presence. O Jesus, make me live to thee, and I desire no more!"

With no romantic views upon the important question she was called upon to decide, seeing the trials and hardships clearly before, estimating at its true value the sacrifice she was making, Miss Hasseltine told Mr. Judson that she would become his wife and companion in the task before him. Although these young missionaries brought to this great work youthful enthusiasm and ardent love for the cause in which they were willing to em-

bark for life, they did not allow these sentiments to blind them, even for an instant, to the true nature of the life before them. There was no adventurous spirit longing for excitement and change. Calmly, solemnly, and with spirits chastened by prayer, they estimated the hazards and toils of their future life; they went forth strong in their love of Christ, earnest in their resolve to convert the heathen, knowing that before them lay a life of rigid self-denial, arduous toil, and, most probably, an early death. The letter written by Mr. Judson to Mr. Hasseltine at this period, shows how fully he appreciated these trials and dangers. After alluding to his proposal made to Miss Hasseltine herself, he says:

"I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world; whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death. Can you consent to all this, for the sake of Him who left his heavenly home, and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing immortal souls; for the sake of Zion, and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this, in hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness, brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall redound to her Saviour from heathens saved, through her means, from eternal wo and despair?"

In a letter written at this time by Mrs. Judson to a friend, she says:

"I feel willing, and expect, if nothing in providence prevents, to spend my days in this world in heathen lands. I have come to the determination to give up all my comforts and enjoyments here, sacrifice my affection to relatives and friends, and go where God, in his providence shall see fit to place me. My determinations are not hasty, or formed without viewing the dangers, trials, and hardships attendant on a missionary life. Nor were my determinations formed in consequence of an attachment to an earthly object; but with a sense of my obligations to God, and with a full conviction of its being a call in providence, and, consequently, my duty."

Mr. Judson married Miss Hasseltine in Bradford, February 5th, 1812, and on the nineteenth of the same month, they embarked for Calcutta, on the brig Caravan. Thus early in life, for she had just entered on her twenty-third year, did this noble woman dedicate herself to the great cause in which she was destined to fulfill such honorable and important duties. Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked in the same vessel, the latter reaching the new home where she so desired to be useful, only to die, an early martyr in the great cause.

It was during this voyage that the change of religious sentiment, from Congregationalists to Baptists, took place in the minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Judson.

They arrived in Calcutta on the 18th of June, 1812, and were received by the venerable Dr. Carey, who conducted them to his own home at Serampore. The following extracts show how the change in their religious feel-

ings occurred, and also how much anxiety with regard to worldly prospects it plunged them into:—

FROM MRS. JUDSON TO HER PARENTS.

ISLE OF FRANCE, PORT LOUIS, *Feb.* 14*th*, 1813.

I will now, my dear parents and sisters, give you some account of our change of sentiment, relative to the subject of baptism. Mr. Judson's doubts commenced on our passage from America. While translating the New Testament, in which he was engaged, he used frequently to say that the Baptists were right in their mode of administering the ordinance. Knowing he should meet the Baptists at Serampore, he felt it important to attend to it more closely, to be able to defend his sentiments. After our arrival at Serampore, his mind for two or three weeks was so much taken up with missionary inquiries and our difficulties with government, as to prevent his attending to the subject of baptism. But as we were waiting the arrival of our brethren, and having nothing in particular to attend to, he again took up the subject. I tried to have him give it up, and rest satisfied in his old sentiments, and frequently told him if he became a Baptist, *I would not.* He, however, said he felt it his duty to examine closely a subject on which he had so many doubts. After we removed to Calcutta, he found in the library in our chamber, many books on both sides, which he determined to read candidly and prayerfully, and to hold fast, or embrace the truth, however mortifying, however great the sacrifice. I now commenced reading on the subject, with all my prejudices on the Pedobaptist side. We had with us, Dr. Worcester's, Dr.

Austin's, Peter Edwards's, and other Pedobaptist writings. But, after closely examining the subject for several weeks, we were constrained to acknowledge that the truth appeared to lie on the Baptists' side. It was extremely trying to reflect on the consequences of our becoming Baptists. We knew it would wound and grieve our dear christian friends in America—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable that the commissioners would refuse to support us; and, what was more distressing than anything, we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. These things were very trying to us, and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other. Our friends at Serampore were extremely surprised when we wrote them a letter requesting baptism, as they had known nothing of our having had any doubts on the subject. We were baptized on the 6th of September, in the Baptist chapel in Calcutta. Mr. J. preached a sermon at Calcutta, on this subject, soon after we were baptized, which, in compliance with the request of a number who heard it, he has been preparing for the press. Brother Rice was baptized several weeks after we were. It was a very great relief to our minds to have him join us, as we expected to be entirely alone in a mission.

Mr. Judson writes thus to the Rev. Dr. Bolles of Salem:—

TO THE REV. DR. BOLLES, SALEM, MASS.

CALCUTTA, *Sept.* 1*st*, 1812.

REV. SIR:—I recollect that, during a short interview I had with you in Salem, I suggested the formation of a society among the Baptists in America for the support of foreign missions, in imitation of the exertions of your English brethren. Little did I then expect to be personally concerned in such an attempt.

Within a few months, I have experienced an entire change of sentiments on the subject of baptism. My doubts concerning the correctness of my former system of belief commenced during my passage from America to this country; and after many painful trials, which none can know but those who are taught to relinquish a system in which they had been educated, I settled down in the full persuasion that the immersion of a professing believer in Christ is the only Christian baptism.

Mrs. Judson is united with me in this persuasion. We have signified our views and wishes to the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, and expect to be baptized in this city next Lord's day.

A separation from my missionary brethren, and a dissolution of my connection with the Board of Commissioners, seem to be necessary consequences. The missionaries at Serampore are exerted to the utmost of their ability in managing and supporting their extensive and complicated mission.

Under these circumstances I look to you. Alone, in this foreign heathen land, I make my appeal to those

whom, with their permission, I will call *my Baptist brethren* in the United States.

With the advice of the brethren at Serampore, I am contemplating a mission on one of the eastern islands. They have lately sent their brother Chater to Ceylon, and their brother Robinson to Java. At present, Amboyna seems to present the most favorable opening. Fifty thousand souls are there perishing without the means of life; and the situation of the island is such that a mission there established might, with the blessing of God, be extended to the neighboring islands in those seas.

But should I go thither, it is a most painful reflection that I must go alone, and also uncertain of the means of support. But I will trust in God. He has frequently enabled me to praise his divine goodness, and will never forsake those who put their trust in him. I am, dear sir,

Yours, in the Lord Jesus,

ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.

It will be seen from the above extracts that the motives which actuated the young missionaries were of the purest, most exalted nature. They saw before them a separation from the religious society upon which they depended for support, with no certain prospect that their "Baptist brethren" in America would afford them protection or support. They were in a foreign land, far from the possibility of exerting any personal influence, knowing that it must be months before the news of their change of sentiment could be carried home, and months more

must elapse before the answer to their appeal to the Baptist Church in America could be received. Yet, with a firm conviction of the truth of their new religious feelings, and an entire reliance upon heavenly support, they faced the future bravely, praying only for strength to do the will of their Heavenly Father.

A new trial now awaited them. Fearing that the increase of knowledge, and the introduction of Christianity amongst the Hindoos, would incite them to rebellion, the East India Company most resolutely opposed missionary labors in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, and Mr. Rice, just entering upon the field of their hoped-for labors, received cordially by the English missionary at Serampore, were congratulating themselves upon the prospect of usefulness before them, when they were summoned to Calcutta. Here an order was read, requiring them immediately to re-embark for America. Seeing in such a course the death-blow of all their hopes, they petitioned for leave to remove to some other portion of India. This was denied them. Again they pleaded, and finally obtained permission to embark for the Isle of France. Another difficulty now arose. The only vessel then leaving for the Isle of France, could carry but two passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Newell were the two who embarked in August for Port Louis, while Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and Mr. Rice remained at Calcutta.

Again a peremptory order was, after a lapse of two months, sent to them, requiring them to leave the country for England, in one of the company's ships. Mrs. Judson says, "They issued a most peremptory order for our

being sent immediately on board one of the Honorable Company's vessels, bound to England. A petty officer accompanied Messrs. Rice and Judson to their place of residence and requested them not to leave it without permission. Mr. Rice and Mr. Judson, however, soon ascertained, that a vessel would sail for the Isle of France in two days. They applied for a pass from the chief magistrate, but were refused. They communicated to the captain of the ship their circumstances, and asked if he would venture to take them on board without a pass. He replied that he would be neutral; there was his ship and they might do as they pleased."

Accepting this as a permission, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and Mr. Rice sent their baggage to the vessel, and themselves embarked. They had proceeded but a short distance when an order was sent from Calcutta, directing the vessel to remain stationary until the missionaries left it, as government had refused them a pass. At first there seemed a prospect of evading the order, but finally the three missionaries left the vessel. Mr. Rice returned to Calcutta, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Judson at a tavern on the coast. Mr. Judson left his wife to try to obtain a passage in another vessel, and alone, a stranger and female, this heroic woman remained on shore with the baggage. Mr. Judson returned after a vain search, and the Creole, the vessel in which they left Calcutta, having gone on her voyage, there seemed no prospect but to return to Calcutta and obey the government's orders. Whilst they were in this strait, a letter containing the desired pass in the Creole was forwarded by an unknown friend. They had been on shore for three days, how-

ever, and there was every reason to suppose the Creole far beyond their reach. There was a possibility, however, of her having anchored seventy miles from where they were, at Saugur, and they embarked on this frail hope, to overtake her. Providence guided them, and they found their hopes realized; the Creole *was* at Saugur, and they again went on board.

Heavy tidings awaited them at the Isle of France. Harriet Newell, Mrs. Judson's school-mate, friend, and dear companion in the missionary enterprise, was dead. This was a heavy blow to Mrs. Judson; it was the severing of one of the tenderest ties in her new life, and it required all her Christian fortitude to bear with resignation this heavy blow.

Mr. Rice, in the meantime, embarked for America to endeavor to awaken the Baptists of this country to the importance of Foreign Missions. He was eminently successful. A Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia, and other societies in all parts of the country. One of the first acts of the Convention was the appointment of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, as their missionaries, leaving the field of labor to their own judgment.

During the short stay of the two missionaries in the Isle of France, Mrs. Judson was ill, at one time she writes her own feeling that death was not far from her, but she recovered, and in May, 1813, left Port Louis with her husband for Madras. Here they hoped to find a passage to Penang, but were disappointed. They were received with much kindness by the English missionaries at Madras, and finding a vessel about to embark for

Rangoon, they decided to take a passage for that place. Thus, spite of their fears and the discouragements thrown in their way, they were, by a succession of providential occurrences, embarked for the Burman Empire.

This step was one which, more than any preceding one, marked the self-sacrificing spirit of this noble couple. In their passage from America they had loved companions, whose lot was cast with theirs, and whose society ameliorated every hardship. In resolving to go to Rangoon, they bade farewell to every friend, to embark *alone* for a nation the most barbarous and bigoted on the face of the globe. There was not one friend to accompany them, nor was there any prospect of a reunion with those they left. Yet, seeing that Providence opened a way towards this vast field for missionary labor, they unhesitatingly embarked, to encounter, alone, the hardships before them.

In the year 1815, Mr. Hough and his wife were appointed, by the Baptist Board, missionaries, to assist Mr. and Mrs. Judson in Burmah.

On the passage to Rangoon Mrs. Judson was taken dangerously ill. A female attendant had been engaged at Madras to nurse her, but died suddenly on board the vessel, leaving her without any female attendant. She partially recovered her health before landing in Rangoon, though she was so feeble that it was necessary to carry her ashore in a litter. She writes:

"We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived, in view of our prospects; but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that he was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The

next morning I prepared to go on shore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey's house, as there was no method of conveyance, except a horse, which I was unable to ride. It was, however, concluded that I should be carried in an armed chair; consequently when I landed, one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town, they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered around, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near, and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry, and the multitude of natives gave a shout, which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they call the custom house. It was a small open shed, in which were seated on mats several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely they asked liberty for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission-house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

In order fully to comprehend the magnitude of the task now before these two noble missionaries, the reader should understand the state of the Burman Empire, at the period of their arrival, and realize the bigoted feelings of the natives upon religion.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BURMAN EMPIRE, AND THE BURMESE RELIGION.

FROM the Memoirs of Dr. Judson, by the Rev. Francis Wayland, I quote the following account of the Burman Empire :—

" The Burman empire occupies that extensive region of Eastern India, or India beyond the Ganges, which lies between the British possessions on the west and Siam and China on the east, being bounded by Thibet on the north, and the Bay of Bengal on the south. At the time of Mr. Judson's arrival, its extent was considerably greater than at present. Its sea coast then stretched from the southern limits of the province of Chittagong to Junk Ceylon, at the southern extremity of the Tenasserim provinces. It thus commanded more than a third part of the Bay of Bengal. Its length was about ten hundred and twenty miles, and its breadth about six hundred.

" By the treaty of Yandabo, the Burmans ceded to Great Britain the larger part of their territory lying upon the sea coast. This included the province of Arracan from Chittagong to Cape Negrais on the east, and the Tenas-

serim provinces from the mouth of the Salwen River to Junk Ceylon. Their sea coast is now bounded by Cape Negrais on the west, and Martaban on the east, embracing the district occupied by the numerous mouths of the Irrawadi River. Its length is now about seven hundred and twenty, and its breadth about four hundred miles. Its two principal seaports are Rangoon on the eastern, and Bassein on the western branch of the Irrawadi. Both are very favorably situated for commerce. Rangoon is said by English writers to possess the finest capabilities of any port in the Bay of Bengal.

"The great river of Burmah is the Irrawadi, which, rising in the Chinese province of Yunan, with the exception of a flexure to the west, between Ava and Pugan, pursues a course almost directly south. The Kyen Dwen, a large tributary from the north, unites with it at Yandabo. A smaller stream from the east empties into it at Ava. The Salwen River, the eastern boundary of Burmah, communicates by numerous branches with the Irrawadi, watering the intermediate region, and opening facilities for internal navigation for the regions which occupy the central part of the empire.

"A few miles from the town of Sarwa, the Irrawadi divides into two branches, the one pursuing a south-eastern, the other a south-western course to the Bay of Bengal. From each of these smaller branches, proceed in every direction, uniting with each other, and forming a perfect network of navigable waters, which covers the whole peninsula from the base of the Arracan Mountains to the banks of the Salwen River. These various streams, or natural canals, at last enter the Bay of Bengal by

fourteen separate channels. Most of them are, however, rendered useless for foreign commerce by sand bars, which obstruct navigation.

"From the sea coast to nearly the latitude of Prome, the country is a level, alluvial plain, intersected, as I have remarked, by innumerable watercourses. The soil is exceedingly productive, and is specially adapted to the cultivation of rice, the universal diet of the inhabitants of India. This is, therefore, the granary of the empire. Ascending the river, as you leave Prome, the face of the country changes. High ranges of mountains appear on the right hand and on the left, and the intermediate region becomes undulating and hilly. The mountains approach nearer and nearer to the river, until the banks become steep and precipitous. Above the latitude of Ava, the whole region is intersected by mountain ranges running north and south, and penetrating Asam on the west and the province of Yunan on the east.

"The portions of Burmah ceded to the British at the close of the last war, were the kingdom of Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces.* The former is generally hilly, with extensive alluvial flats near the sea, and along the numerous streams, fertile, and adapted to the cultivation of rice. Akyab, the principal port, has a secure and convenient harbor. Of the Tenasserim provinces,

* Since this paragraph was written, the Burman empire has been again dismembered, and the British have annexed to the possessions of the Hon. East India Company the kingdom of Pegu, which formed the whole lower portion of the country. The Burmans thus have lost the whole of their territory lying on the Bay of Bengal, their southern limit being to the north of Prome.

the principal rivers are the various branches of the Salwen, the Ataran, the Tavoy, and the Mergui rivers. Most of these streams are, for a short distance, navigable for vessels of considerable burden, and must, in time, become the homes of extensive commerce.

"Respecting the population of Burmah, the difference of the estimates is quite remarkable. Colonel Symes, who visited the empire in the year 1795, supposed the number of inhabitants to be about seventeen millions. When the Baptist mission was first established in Rangoon, this computation was supposed to be correct, and it was frequently said that the population of Burmah equaled that of the United States. Later travelers have reduced it to eight millions. Crawford, after as careful a computation as he was able to form, does not believe that it exceeds four millions. Dr. Malcom believes that there may be three million Burmans, three million Shyans, and probably two millions of other tribes, subject to the Burman dominion. When estimates of this kind are made, the lowest is, I think, most likely to be correct. Travelers, in such a country as this, must, of necessity, pursue the most frequented routes, and follow the most navigable watercourses. These, being always the most thickly-peopled portions of a country, would naturally convey an exaggerated idea of its population. I am of the opinion that more accurate investigation than is now possible will show that the population of the empire and its present dependencies does not exceed six or eight millions.*

* The population has since been greatly reduced by the loss of the kingdom.

"A large portion of the soil of Burmah is fertile, and under a good government would be remarkably productive. The lower provinces, from the sea to the latitude of Prome, produce, as I have said, rice in great abundance. In the more elevated districts, cotton of a good quality, of a soft and silky texture, but of short staple, is everywhere cultivated. The teak tree, the best ship timber in the world, grows on the mountains. Maize, wheat, millet, and various kinds of pulses, with the usual variety of edible roots, and a multitude of tropical fruits, are produced with very little labor. The domestic animals are such as are common in India—the buffalo, braminy cattle, the horse and the goat; and in the forests are found the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, and several varieties of the deer.

"The mineral wealth of Burmah is probably great. It possesses mines of iron, tin, silver, and gold, and produces sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, with amber in large quantities. Sulphur, arsenic, and antimony are found in abundance, and coal, both anthracite and bituminous, exists in various places, but has not yet been brought into use. On the banks of the Irawadi, a short distance above Prome, petroleum is obtained in large quantities. The annual yield of the wells here is said by Dr. Malcom to be about eighty millions of pounds. Marble is found in various places, and some of the quarries yield a product which is said, for statuary purposes, to equal that from Carrara.

"The commerce of the empire is but limited. The Burmans are intelligent and industrious, and under a good government would probably soon excel in manufac-

tures. Under the protection of English employers, they at one time became excellent ship builders at Rangoon. But manufactures require fixed capital, and when the possession of capital invites oppression and spoliation, they cannot exist. Hence the exports of Burmah are limited almost exclusively to the raw materials produced by their unskilful labor. The most important of them are teak wood, raw cotton, both white and yellow, precious stones, and lackered ware. Teak wood is sent to Calcutta, and is mostly used in the naval service of Great Britain. Cotton and precious stones, lackered ware, and edible birds' nests are sent to China. The English send, in return, cotton fabrics, hardware, cutlery, and old muskets. The Chinese bring principally raw silk, which is made into coarse goods by the Burmans, and the velvets which are worn on state occasions by the grandees of the empire. Rice, salt, and salt fish are carried from the southern provinces and the sea coast to the upper country, and exchanged for lackered ware, raw cotton, precious stones, metals, and petroleum.

"The government of Burmah is an unmitigated despotism of the sternest character. The king is the acknowledged possessor of the soil, and the people are his slaves. He is lord of the life and property of all his subjects. No rank or office protects a citizen from the liability of being ordered to immediate execution, if such be the will of the monarch. Several of the commanders who were defeated in the last war with the British were beheaded within a few hours of their arrival at the capitol. When a man is put to death by the order of the king, his property reverts to the crown. Hence the possession

of large wealth becomes a somewhat unenviable distinction.

"The government of the empire is administered by a council of state, appointed by the king. This council is called collectively lut-d'hau, from the name of the hall in which its business is transacted. The counselors are four in number, unless, as it sometimes happens, on a special emergency, another member is added. These officers are called woon-gyees. All public matters are discussed in this council, and the decision is by the majority of voices. Every royal edict is by usage sanctioned by this council, and, in fact, appears in their name, rather than in that of the king. Their functions are legislative, judicial, and executive.

"Each woon-gyee has a deputy, who is called a woon-douk. The woon-douks, although they sit in council, neither deliberate nor vote. Whatever business they transact is in the name of their superiors.

"The woon-douks have also their assistants, who are called sara-dau-gyee. They are from eight to ten in number. These are, in fact, the secretaries of the lut-d'hau, and their business is to record its proceedings. Their name signifies 'great royal scribes.'

"A second council forms another branch of the government. This, like the other, consists of four members Their title is atwen-woon, meaning 'inside' ministers of state.* These officers constitute the private advisers of the king. Whatever emanates directly from him is first discussed in this privy council, before it is transmitted to the lut-d'hau. It deliberates and votes like the

* Inside ministers, or privy counselors.

superior council, and its members exercise also judicial functions. It is a matter of dispute at the court of Ava whether the rank of atwen-woon or of woon-douk be the higher.

"Attached to the privy council are secretaries, commonly thirty in number. These are called than-dausens. They hold the same relation to the atwen-woons that the woon-douks hold to the woon-gyees. Their business is to record the proceedings of the council, to take minutes of the king's commands, and to read and report upon petitions. Attached to both of these councils are four or five officers, called nakandau, meaning 'deputies of the royal star.' Their business is, nominally, to convey messages between the two councils, but, really, to report to the king what is done in the lut-d'hau.

"Such is the theory of the government. In practice, however, a council which may be degraded or executed at the word of the monarch must be useless as advisers. In the former war with Great Britain, they frequently did not dare to make known the facts to the king, or even offer their opinions upon the state of affairs. They are really the passive instruments for carrying into effect the will of the monarch. They are willing to live in constant apprehension of disgrace and death, for the privilege of subjecting all below them to the same condition. Political life seems too much the same in all countries.

"The rank of every officer of government is determined by the tsalway, or golden chain, which passes over the left shoulder, and crosses the breast. In front it is di-

vided into several strands of chain work. Three common strands indicate the lowest grade of office; three of more elaborate workmanship the next above; then come those of six, nine, and twelve, which last number indicates the highest rank attainable by a subject. Princes of the blood most nearly related to the king wear eighteen. The monarch himself alone wears twenty-four.

"The civil administration is organized as follows: The kingdom is divided into provinces, provinces into townships, townships into districts, and districts into villages or hamlets.

"The governor of a province is called myo-woon, and is vested with the entire charge of the province, civil, judicial, military, and fiscal. Under him are collectors of customs, deputies, &c., who form his council, without whose assent no order of importance can be executed. The myo-woon has power of life and death.

"The governor of a township is called myo-thoo-gyee. The governor, or head man, of a district or village is called thoo-gyee. These are all respectively subordinate to each other.

"No public functionary receives any fixed salary. The principal officers of state are rewarded by assignments of certain districts, from the inhabitants of which they exact as much as they are able. Inferior officers are paid by fees, emoluments, perquisites, together with all that can be collected by extortion and bribery. Each of these officers exercises judicial functions within his own district, an appeal, however, lying to the next higher in office. Bribery is universal; and it rarely

happens that a criminal is punished, if he is able to satisfy the rapacity of the officer before whom he is arraigned. The judges take bribes from both sides, and the decree, except in very palpable cases, will be in favor of him who pays the highest.

"The various provinces of the kingdom are apportioned out to favorites of the court, or are made responsible for the support of some branch of the government. The individual to whom this cession is made becomes then the governor of that province, or, as the Burmans appropriately term him, its 'eater,' or consumer. By means of his subordinate agents, he taxes every family as much as it is supposed to be able to pay. Every subordinate officer takes his share of this tax, and the governor at last divides with the king the portion which he receives. The poor peasant is thus obliged to satisfy a succession of harpies, while but a small portion of what he pays ever reaches the public treasury. Besides these contributions paid to the lord of the land, the cultivators are from time to time, and according to the public exigency, called upon for contributions to the state. The amount of these is fixed by the lut-d'hau, or chief council. These contributions, being levied through the lords, or local officers, are made a pretext for additional exactions on their own account, often greater than those taken for the government. The Burman officers are thus turned loose upon the country, to prey upon it like a swarm of locusts. The contributions paid into the public treasury are little better than a hoard to gratify the desires of the reigning prince; and the amount ex-

acted from the people for this purpose depends entirely upon his personal character. His subordinate officers, from the highest to the lowest, following the example of their chief; and every energy of the people is crushed under a savage, selfish, and relentless despotism.

"The religion of Burmah is Buddhism. To present an extended view of this form of religion, which numbers among its believers a larger portion of the inhabitants of the earth than any other, would be foreign to the design of a memoir like the present. I can do nothing more than offer a brief statement of the Burman religious system, compiled from such sources as have been within my reach. I was happy to find, after a pretty extensive research, that Dr. Judson had furnished Mr. Crawford with an article on this subject, which is inserted in the fourth chapter of the second volume of his 'Embassy,' as I consider this of the highest authority, I transcribe it entire:

"'A life period, called A-yen-kat, is a revolution of time, during which the life of man gradually advances from ten years to an A-then-kye, and returns again to ten. Sixty-four life periods make one *intermediate period*, (An-ta-ra-kat;) sixty-four intermediate periods make one quarterly period, which may be so termed because four such periods make one grand period (Ma-ha-kat,) a complete revolution of nature. The revolutions of nature, as marked by the various periods, are eternal or infinite. Some grand periods are distinguished by the development of an extraordinary being called a Budd'ha, who, though born of earthly parents, attains

to the summit of omniscience.* The present grand period has been favored by four of these personages, whose names are Kan-kri-than, Gau-na-gong, Ka-tha-pa, and Gau-ta-ma. The fifth Budd'ha, or A-ri-mi-te-ya, is now reposing, according to the best authorities, in one of the lower celestial regions, and will develop himself in due time.

"'The communications of all Budd'has previously to Gau-ta-ma are now lost. His communications, made at first to his immediate disciples, and by them retained in memory during five centuries more, after his decease agreed upon in several successive general councils, (Then-ga-ya-na,) and finally reduced to writing on palm leaves, in the Island of Ceylon, in the ninety-fourth year before Christ, and the four hundred and fiftieth after Gau-ta-ma, form the present Buddhist scriptures, the only rule of faith and practice. They are comprised in three grand divisions, (Pe-ta-kat,) which are again subdivided into fifteen, and those into six hundred.

"'According to the Buddhist scriptures, the universe is composed of an infinite number of worlds, or Sakya systems. A Sakya system consists of one central Myen-mo, or mount, the surrounding seas and islands, the celestial regions, including the revolving luminaries and the infernal regions. The earth on which we live is the southernmost of the four grand islands which surround the mount, each of which is again surrounded by four hundred of smaller size.

"'The celestial regions consist of six inferior and

* "Omniscience" is, according to Buddhists, the principal attribute of Gautama.

twenty superior heavens. Of the six inferior heavens, the first occupies the middle, and the second the summit of the Myen-mo mount. The remaining arise above each other in regular gradation. The same remark applies to the superior heavens, which are again distinguished into sixteen visible and four invisible. The inferior regions consist of eight hills, one above another, each being surrounded by sixteen smaller hills.

"'The universe is replete with an infinity of souls, which have been transmigrating in different bodies from all eternity; ascent or descent in the scale of existence being at every change of state ascertained by the immutable "mysterious laws of fate," according to the merit or demerit of the individual. No being is exempt from sickness, old age, and death. Instability, pain, and change are the three grand characteristics of all existence.

"'The Burmans say: "However highly exalted in the celestial regions, and whatever number of ages of happiness may roll on, the fatal symptom of a moisture under the armpits will at length display itself." The mortal being, when this presents itself, must be prepared to exchange the blandishments and dalliance of celestial beauties for the gridirons, pitchforks, mallets, and other instruments of torture of the infernal regions. The chief end of man, according to the Burmese, is to terminate the fatiguing course of transmigratory existence. This attainment Lord Gautama made in the eightieth year of his life, and all his immediate disciples have participated in the same happy fate. What remains to the present race of beings is to aim at passing their time in

the regions of men and gods, until they shall come in contact with the next Budd'ha, the Lord Arimiteya, whom they may hope to accompany to the golden world of nigban, or annihilation. In order to this, it is necessary to keep the commands of the last Budd'ha, to worship the Budd'ha, his law, and his priests; to refrain from taking life; from stealing; from adultery; from falsehood, and from drinking intoxicating liquors; to regard the images and temples of the Budd'ha the same as himself; to perform acts of worship, and listen to the instructions of religion on the days of the new moon, the full moon, and the quarters; to make offerings for the support of the priests; to assist at funerals, and, in general, to perform all charitable and religious duties.

"'In the year 930 after Gautama, A.D. 386, Budd'hagautha transcribed the Buddhist scriptures, with an iron pen of celestial workmanship, and brought them by sea to Pugan, the seat of supreme government. The time and manner in which the religion of Gautama was introduced into the country are not sufficiently ascertained. It subsequently underwent some modification, and was finally established in its present form by King Anan-ratha-men-sau, who began to reign in Pugan in the 1541st year after Gautama, the 359th of the present vulgar era, and A.D. 997.'

"To this brief statement, which contains by far the most intelligible account of the system of Buddhism that I have seen, I will add a few items of information, which I have been able to glean from a tolerably extensive reading on the subject.

"It will be seen that the moral code of Buddhism is

simple and pure. Its five precepts are, I. Thou shalt not take life. This precept is universal. The priests, in order to obey it, carry with them a brush, with which they sweep the seat on which they are about to sit down, lest they should inadvertently crush the smallest insect. II. Thou shalt not steal. III. Thou shalt not commit adultery. IV. Thou shalt not lie. V. Thou shalt drink no intoxicating liquors. It is by obedience to these that, at death, we enter by transmigration into a better condition than we occupy at present.

"The Buddhist priesthood is confined to no class, and indeed the doctrines of Gaudama allow of no hereditary caste; any man who complies with the required precepts may be admitted to the sacred order. He, however, is not obliged to remain in it for life, but may quit it at his pleasure, and, I think, without reproach. The priests are bound by the vows of celibacy and poverty. They are forbidden to hold property, and are supported by voluntary contributions of the people. They go out daily in the streets with their rice pots, and every one gives them what he pleases. They are forbidden, however, to take money, and they never ask for anything. Travelers assure us that they are never seen to turn their heads, or even look upon the offering made to them. It were well if the ecclesiastics of many other countries derived instruction from their example.

"The labors of the priests seem unlike those of any other religion. They seldom preach, nor do they generally seem to perform any specially religious service for the people. They are merely men sacredly devoted to pious observances and holy austerities. They reside alto-

gether in monasteries which have been erected for them, and in some cases endowed by monarchs or governors—an appropriation of property held to be specially meritorious. They are forbidden to have any connection with the civil power, and they seem to have but very little. Their principal employment is that of instructing the young, to which they commonly devote themselves. The monasteries are, therefore, in general, the schoolhouses of Burmah, and the priests are her schoolmasters. What they teach is very little; but it suffices to enable a large portion of the male population to read. In this respect the Buddhist priesthood compares very favorably with that of other false or perverted systems of religion.

"The Buddhists have been commonly denominated atheists. Whatever may be the views which have subsequently obtained among the people at large, I doubt whether the *system* of Gaudama is chargeable with this error. Men are believed to exist after death, inhabiting other bodies; and the change which then takes place is determined by their conduct in the state which they occupy at the present. They may be changed from men into gnats, and from gnats in an inferior to those of a superior grade; thus gradually rising until they arrive at nigban. Or, on the other hand, they may be changed from men into animals, and, in successive transformation from animals of a higher to those of a lower grade, until they reach hell, or a place of unmixed torment. In cases of atrocious crime, as the murder of a parent, or a priest, they pass through no intermediate transformations, but at once enter the place of torment. The doc-

trine of future rewards and punishments, as consequences of moral character in this life, is thus distinctly recognized. The peculiarity of their belief is, that this life is not considered as *the* state, but only *a* state of probation. Probation extends to every state but nigban. Hence every living thing which we see is inhabited for the time being, by a soul similar to our own; and we and it may, at any time, change places. From this idea is derived the prohibition to slay animals and everything that has life.

"This system of rewards and punishments is administered, according to the Buddhist belief, by the various grades of existence *superior* to men, and *inferior* to Buddh. An inquiry is instituted by these deities into the character of every individual, and, in obedience to their decision, each one either ascends or descends in the scale of being. The government of the universe is, therefore, carried on, not by the supreme divinity, who is, according to the notions of oriental happiness, exempt from all care, but by inferior beings, who are still themselves striving upwards in order to arrive at nigban.

"Such, then, seems to be the system of Buddhism. In its moral precepts, it is remarkable for purity. So far as the relations between man and man are concerned, it is, in many respects, similar to the Mosaic law. The punishments which it denounces against sin are awful beyond conception; and the rewards of obedience are as great as the authors of the system could imagine. For the least aberration from rectitude the consequence is pain only less than infinite. It, however, in no case that I have seen, makes any allusion to repentance.

After one sin, the being is forever helplessly under condemnation, unless he can attain to annihilation. It presents no way of escape for the sinner by means of an atonement. It is a pure system of law, with its rewards and punishments, without relenting, without pardon, and without hope for the guilty.

"It remains to consider what has been the practical effect of this system upon the mind of man. It is a system, it will be remembered, devised to govern the moral conduct of a race of sinners. Hence the impossibility of avoiding its penalties is at once evident. Do what we will, conscience must convict us of grievous moral imperfection, involving the necessity of ages of suffering, without the certainty of any eventual escape. Under such a system, the mind sinks down in utter helplessness. When there is no escape from punishment, the difference between ten millions and twenty millions of transmigrations is not capable of being appreciated. Virtue and vice, in our imperfect state, are, therefore, hardly capable of being distinguished from each other in their results. Thus the system which seems to have exhausted the human faculties in conceiving of terrors which should deter us from sin, is found practically to have created against it no barrier whatever.

"The result was such as might have been expected. While the law of Gaudama forbids us to take the life of any animated being, the Burmans are bloodthirsty, cruel, and vindictive, beyond most of the nations of India. Murders are of very common occurrence, and the punishment by death is inflicted with every aggravation of cruelty. While licentiousness is absolutely forbidden,

they are said to be universally profligate. While the law denounces covetousness, they are almost to a man dishonest, rapacious, prone to robbery, and to robbery ending in blood. The law forbids, on all occasions, treachery and deceit, and yet, from the highest to the lowest, they are a nation of liars. When detected in the grossest falsehood, they indicate no consciousness of shame, and even pride themselves upon successful deceit.

"Respecting the practical effect of this system, Mr. Upham observes: 'The scheme is sustained by a system of morals of the most exemplary kind, such as may cause a blush of shame in many a Christian who feels his higher privileges, while he considers the inferiority of his practice; but this system is absolutely powerless to enforce or fasten its dictates upon the conscience, or to renovate the heart.'* Mr. Upham sustains his view of the practical result of Buddhism by the following quotation from Mr. Judson, whom he describes as one who has had the best opportunity to examine it, and whose coloring he declares to be strong, but faithful: 'Let those who plead the native innocence and purity of heathen nations visit Burmah. The system of religion here has no power over the heart, or restraint on the passions. Though it forbids, on pain of many years' suffering in hell, theft and falsehood, yet, I presume to say, there is not a single Burman in the country, who, if he had a good opportunity, without danger of detection, would hesitate to do either. Though the religion inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love

* Upham's History of Buddhism, p. 102.

of enemies—though it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure, and attachment to worldly objects—yet it is destitute of power to produce the former, or to subdue the latter, in its votaries. In short, the Burman system of religion is like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life. Besides being destitute of life, it provides no atonement for sin. Here also the gospel triumphs over this and every other religion in the world.'

"If, now, we revert to what we have stated above, we shall perceive that the Burman empire is large in extent, and that its soil is of unusually great and varied productiveness. It possesses a regular government, by which the decisions of the court are carried with effect to the remotest hamlet, through a succession of officers proceeding in regular gradation from the emperor to the magistrate of the smallest district. Its people are active, athletic, and as industrious as could be expected under a tyrannical and oppressive government. A large portion of the people is able to read. It possesses a well-defined system of religion, and a regularly-organized priesthood. But the whole people are destitute of any semblance either of piety to God or benevolence to man. They have no hope, and are living without God in the world. They have acknowledged that St. Paul's description of the heathen, in the first of Romans, delineates accurately the national character. Such is the nation which Mr. Judson went forth to convert to the religion of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER IV.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE—VISIT TO THE VICEROY'S WIFE—MRS. JUDSON'S ILLNESS—VOYAGE TO MADRAS—RETURN TO RANGOON—BIRTH AND DEATH OF A SON—MR. JUDSON'S ILLNESS—ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. HOUGH AT RANGOON—MR. JUDSON LEAVES RANGOON—TROUBLE—MR. AND MRS. HOUGH LEAVE RANGOON—MRS. JUDSON'S FORTITUDE—RETURN OF MR. JUDSON.

IMMEDIATELY upon their arrival at Rangoon, Mr. and Mrs. Judson commenced the study of the language. They engaged a teacher, a man of intelligence and ability; but as there were no books, and neither party understood the other, their progress at first was very slow and discouraging. They were animated however by the hope of being able to communicate the glad tidings of Christianity to a benighted country, and studied diligently in order to acquire the uncouth dialect of the Burman natives.

Mrs. Judson, in a letter to a friend, says:

"As it respects ourselves, we are busily employed all day long. I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable looking man in

his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any cessation.

"My mornings are busily employed in giving directions to the servants—providing food for the family, &c. At ten my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, &c. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took upon myself, for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found by a year's experience, that it was the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language; as I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day. I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language.

"A new Viceroy has lately arrived, who is much beloved and respected by the people. He visited us soon after his arrival, and told us that we must come to the government house very often. We have been once or twice since, and were treated with much more familiarity and respect than are natives of the country.

"We often converse with our teachers and servants on the subject of our coming to this country, and tell them if they die in their present state they will surely be lost. But they say, 'Our religion is good for us, yours for you.' But we are far from being discouraged. We are sensible that the hearts of the heathen, as well as those

of Christians, are in the hands of God, and in his own time he will turn them unto him."

In order that the reader may see how life passed with the missionaries, I here subjoin an extract from Mrs. Judson's history of the Burman mission:

"*Dec.* 11, 1813. To-day, for the first time, I have visited the wife of the Viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady, who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the government house, she was not up, consequently we had to wait sometime. But the inferior wives of the Viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity, in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, &c. At last her Highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented my cap. She was very inquisitive as to whether I had a husband and children, whether I was my husband's first wife—meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing that Mr. Judson, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country.

"When the Viceroy came in, I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage looking creature. His long robe, and enormous spear, not a little increased my

dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her Highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me, that I must come to see her every day. She led me to the door; I made my *salam*, and departed. My object in visiting her was, that if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the Viceroy."

A letter from Mrs. Judson to Mr. Newell, written at about the same date, says:

"As it respects our temporal privations, use has made them familiar and easy to be borne; they are of short duration, and when brought in competition with the worth of immortal souls, sink into nothing. We have no society, no dear Christian friends, and with the exception of two or three sea captains, who now and then call on us, we never see a European face. When we feel a disposition to sigh for the enjoyments of our native country, we turn our eyes on the miserable objects around. We behold some of them laboring hard for a scanty subsistence, oppressed by an avaricious government, which is ever ready to seize what industry has hardly earned. We behold others sick and diseased, daily begging their few grains of rice, which, when obtained, are scarcely sufficient to protract their wretched existence, and with no other habitation to cover them from the burning sun or chilly rains, than that which a small piece of cloth raised on four bamboos, under the shade of a tree, can afford. While we behold these scenes,

we feel that we have all the comforts, and in comparison, even the luxuries of life. We feel that our temporal cup of blessings is full and runneth over. But is our temporal lot so much superior to theirs? O how infinitely superior are our spiritual blessings! While they vainly imagine to purchase promotion in another state of existence, by strictly worshiping their idols, and building pagodas, our hopes of future happiness are fixed on the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. When we have a realizing sense of these things, my dear brother, we forget our native country and former enjoyments, feel contented and happy with our lot, with but one wish remaining—that of being instrumental in leading these Burmans to partake of the same source of happiness with ourselves.

"Our progress in the language is slow, as it is peculiarly hard of acquisition. We can, however, read, write, and converse with tolerable ease; and frequently spend whole evenings very pleasantly in conversing with our Burman friends. We have been very fortunate in procuring good instructors. Mr. Judson's teacher is a very learned man, was formerly a priest and resided at court. He has a thorough knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language; likewise of the Pali, the learned language of the Burmans."

Mrs. Judson's health, never very strong, became so much broken after one year's residence in Rangoon that medical aid was absolutely indispensable. As there was no possibility of procuring it where she was, she embarked for Madras in January, 1815, to return, restored to health in April. This journey she took alone, as it

was not deemed expedient for Mr. Judson to lose any time whilst engaged in the arduous task of studying the language.

After Mrs. Judson's return her health continued to improve, and, in September she became a mother. She had no assistant, no comforter at this trying time, excepting her husband, of whose affectionate care she speaks most touchingly in her letters of this date. Upon her recovery she again commenced the study of the language, but the most severe trial which had yet befallen them was in store. When only eight months old, their little boy, their comfort and solace in their lonely situation, was taken to the other world. Mrs. Judson's letters evince, in a remarkable degree, the high religious tone, and unquestioning faith of her religious feelings. With a heart torn with anguish, the tenderest tie of a woman's heart severed, she never murmured. Resigned to the will of Providence, she said with a sincere heart, "Thy will be done," praying that out of the severe affliction her heart should come purified and strengthened.

Close attention to study impaired Mr. Judson's health so much at this period, that for some months he was forced to desist from his labors, and take active exercise. Unwilling even then, to be idle, he employed his time in making a Grammar of the language of Burmah, for the use of future missionaries. A writer in the Calcutta Review speaks of this work as one of the most marvelous indications of Dr. Judson's powerful intellect, comprising, as it did, in seventy-six pages, a complete grammar of one of the most difficult languages in the world.

In October, 1816, the missionaries were gladdened by

an addition to their company. Mr. Hough and his wife arrived from America, bringing with them from the Serampore brethren, a present of a printing press, types, and other printing apparatus.

An extract from a letter written about this date, by Mr. Judson, will show that their progress so far was slow :—

"If any ask what success I meet with among the natives, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the Missionaries labored nearly twenty years, and not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite was considered a shame to the cause of missions; but now the blessing begins to descend. Tell them to look at Bengal also, where Dr. Thomas had been laboring seventeen years, that is, from 1783 to 1800, before the first convert, Krishno, was baptized. When a few converts are once made, things move on. But it requires a much longer time than I have been here, to make a first impression on a heathen people. If they ask again, What prospect of *ultimate* success is there ? Tell them, as much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and make the attempt, and let you come and give us our bread; or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope, as has nothing but the word of God to sustain it, beg of them at least not to prevent others from giving us bread And if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again."

It was not until 1817, that Mr. Judson was able to

write home that any Burman had inquired about the "new religion." The prospects, however, were most encouraging. Mr. Hough was busily engaged in printing, and Mr. Judson, in addition to his grammar, had written two tracts, and commenced his translation of the New Testament. In March, 1817, Mr. Judson wrote as follows :—

"I have this day been visited by the *first* inquirer after religion, that I have seen in Burmah. For, although in the course of the last two years I have preached the gospel to many, and though some have visited me several times and conversed on the subject of religion, yet I have never had much reason to believe that their visits originated in a spirit of sincere inquiry. Conversations on religion have always been of my proposing; and though I have sometimes been encouraged to hope that truth had made some impression, never, until to-day, have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of *Inquirer.*

"As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from: to which he gave me no explicit reply, and I began to suspect that he had come from the government house, to enforce a trifling request, which in the morning he had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me by asking, 'How long a time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but without God, a man might

study all his life long and make no proficiency. But how, continued I, came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you been here before? 'No.' Have you seen any writings concerning Jesus? 'I have seen two little books.' Who is Jesus? 'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead.' Who is God? 'He is a Being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death, but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both of which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God—this is the right way,' &c. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself, but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times, that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months, I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time was better than man's, folded and gave him the first two half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew; on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and having received an invitation to come again, took leave. Throughout his short stay, he appeared different from any Burman I have met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans

tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for anything, but 'more of this sort of writing.' In fine, his conduct proved that he had something on his mind, and I cannot but hope that I shall have to write about him again.

"*March* 24. We have not yet seen our inquirer; but to-day we met with one of his acquaintances, who says that he reads our books all the day, and shows them to all who call upon him. We told him to ask his friend to come and see us again."

Mrs. Judson, in the meantime, having conquered the difficult language, was occupied, independent of her household cares, in collecting around her the women of the place. She says, writing to a friend:—

"How interested you would be, could you meet with my little society of females on the Sabbath! Interested, I say—yes, you would be interested, if it was only from this circumstance—that these poor idolaters enjoy the means of grace, and sit under the sound of the gospel. I have generally fifteen or twenty. They are attentive while I read the Scriptures, and endeavor to teach them about God. One of them told me the other day, that she could not think of giving up a religion which her parents, grand-parents, &c., &c., had embraced, and accepting a new one, of which they had never heard. I asked her if she wished to go to hell, because her progenitors had gone there. She replied, if with all her offerings and good works on her head, (speaking in their idiom,) she must go to hell, then let her go. I told her, if she went to hell after having heard of the Saviour, her very relations would contribute to torment and up-

braid her, for her rejection of that Saviour of whom they had never heard, and that even she herself would regret her folly when it was too late. If I do, said she, I will then cry out to you to be my intercessor with your God, who will certainly not refuse you. Another told me that she *did* believe in Christ, and prayed to him every day. I asked her if she also believed in Gaudama, and prayed to him. She replied, she worshiped them both. I have several times had my hopes and expectations raised by the apparent seriousness of several females, as Mr. Judson has in regard to several men; but their goodness was like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon passeth away. Four or five children have committed the catechism to memory, and often repeat it to each other."

In December, 1817, Mr. Judson's health became so seriously broken, that he determined to leave Rangoon, to visit Chittagong, intending to be absent about three months. Owing to several untoward circumstances, Mr. Judson was carried far from the scene he proposed visiting, to a station three hundred miles from Madras. He traveled by land to Madras, purposing to return immediately to Rangoon, but was detained in that city until July.

Mr. and Mrs. Hough, and Mrs. Judson remained at Rangoon. For a short time, everything went on well. Mrs. Judson was kindly treated by the wife of the Viceroy, and visited by the man whom Mr. Judson mentions as the first inquirer. At the expiration of the three months, which Mr. Judson had stated as the term of his absence, Mrs. Judson's firmness was called upon to sus-

tain her in another severe trial. Her own words are the best for a description of this period.

"Three months of Mr. Judson's absence had nearly expired, and we had begun to look for his return, when a native boat arrived twelve days from Chittagong, bringing the distressing intelligence, that neither Mr. Judson nor the vessel had been heard of at that port. I should not have given so much credit to this report, as to have allowed its harassing my feelings, had it not been corroborated by communications from my friends in Bengal, which arrived just at this time. From the circumstance that the vessel had not reached the port of destination, I knew not what conclusion to draw. Hope, at times, suggested the idea that the ship's course might have been altered, that she might yet be safe; but despondency more frequently strove to *convince* me that all was lost. Thus was I, for four months, in that agonizing state of suspense, which is frequently more oppressive than the most dreaded certainty.

"Two or three days after the arrival of the above intelligence, Mr. Hough received an order, couched in the most menacing language, to appear immediately at the court-house, to give an account of himself. This, so unlike any message we had ever before received from government, spread consternation and alarm among our teachers, domestics, and adherents, some of whom followed Mr. Hough at a distance, and heard the appalling words from some of the petty officers, that a royal order had arrived, for the banishment of all foreign teachers. As it was late when Mr. Hough arrived at the court-house, he was merely ordered to give security for his ap-

pearance at an early hour on the approaching day, when, to use their own unfeeling language, 'if he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood.'

"Our embarrassments at this period were greatly increased by the circumstance that the Viceroy and family, who had always been our steady friends, had been recently recalled to Ava; and the present Viceroy, with whom we had but a slight acquaintance, had left his family at the capital. Mr. Hough was not sufficiently acquainted with the language, to allow his appealing in person to the Viceroy; and as it is not customary for females to appear at *his* court, in the absence of the Vicereine, we had nothing before us but the gloomy prospect of being obliged to submit to all those evils, in the power of petty officers to inflict, when unprotected by higher authority.

"The following days, Friday and Saturday, Mr. Hough was detained at the court-house, and under the necessity of answering, through an interpreter, the most trivial questions: such as, what were the names of his parents? how many suits of clothes he had? &c., all of which were written down in the most formidable manner imaginable. The court would not allow his retiring for any refreshment; and this, together with several other petty grievances, convinced us that it was their object to harass and distress us as much as possible, feeling safe in the idea that circumstances were such that we could not appeal to the Viceroy."

As the purpose of the officers appeared to be to extort money from the missionaries, the order from government,

upon which the summons to Mr. Hough was founded, applying only to Portuguese teachers, Mrs. Judson resolved to appeal for protection to the Viceroy. A petition was accordingly drawn up, with the assistance of Mrs. Judson's teacher; and with this in her hand, the intrepid woman presented herself before the Viceroy. The result was a command from him that Mr. Hough should be suffered to pursue his labors unmolested.

The cholera morbus now began to commit fearful ravages amongst the natives, and the distress of the missionaries was increased by rumors of a war between England and Burmah. It was now July, and Mr. Judson had not been heard from. Mrs. Judson writes thus to a friend:

"Mr. Hough, for sometime past, has been desirous to have Mrs. Hough, myself, and his children, go to Bengal. But I have ever felt resolved not to make any movement until I hear from Mr. Judson. Within a few days, however, some circumstances have occurred, which have induced me to make preparations for a voyage. There is but one remaining ship in the river, and if an embargo is laid on English ships, it will be impossible for Mr. Judson (if he is yet alive) to return to this place. But the uncertainty of meeting him in Bengal, and the possibility of his arriving in my absence, cause me to make preparations with a heavy heart. Sometimes I feel inclined to remain here, alone, and hazard the consequences. I should certainly conclude on this step, if any probability existed of Mr. Judson's return. This mission has never appeared in so low a state as at the present time. It seems now entirely destroyed, as we

all expect to embark for Bengal in a day or two. Alas! alas! how changed our prospects since Mr. Judson left us! How dark, how intricate the provideuce which now surrounds us! Yet it becomes us to be still, and know that he is God, who has thus ordered our circumstances.

"*July* 14. Alone, my dear friends, in this great house, without an individual, excepting my little girl and Burmans, I take my pen to relate the strange vicissitudes through which I have passed within a few days.

"On the 5th of this month I embarked with Mr. Hough and family for Bengal, having previously disposed of what I could not take with me. I had engaged Mr. Judson's teacher to accompany me, that in case of meeting him in Bengal, he could go on with his Burman studies. But the teacher, fearing the difficulties arising from his being a Burman, broke his engagement, and refused to go. My disinclination to proceed in the course commenced, had increased to such a degree, that I was on the point of giving up the voyage myself; but my passage was paid, my baggage on board, and I knew not how to separate myself from the rest of the mission family. The vessel, however, was several days in going down the river; and when on the point of putting out to sea, the captain and officers ascertained she was in a dangerous state, in consequence of having been improperly loaded, and that she must be detained for a day or two at the place in which she then lay. I immediately resolved on giving up the voyage and returning to town. Accordingly the captain sent up a boat with me, and engaged to forward my baggage the next day. I reached

town in the evening—spent the night at the house of the only remaining Englishman in the place, and to-day have come out to the mission-house, to the great joy of all the Burmans left on our premises. Mr. Hough and his family will proceed, and they kindly and affectionately urge my return. I know I am surrounded by dangers on every hand, and expect to see much anxiety and distress; but at present I am tranquil, and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the event with God."

Alone, doubtful of her husband's fate, Mrs. Judson thus resolved to remain at Rangoon. Again her own words are quoted to show how her constancy was rewarded:

"How will you rejoice with me, my dear parents, when I tell you that I have this moment heard that Mr. Judson has arrived at the mouth of the river! This joyful intelligence more than compensates for the months of dejection and distress which his long absence has occasioned. Now I feel ashamed of my repinings, my want of confidence in God and resignation to his will. I have foolishly thought, because my trials were protracted, they would never end, or, rather, that they would terminate in some dreadful event, which would destroy all hope of the final success of the mission. But now I trust our prospects will again brighten, and cause us to forget this night of affliction, or to remember it as having been the means of preparing us for the reception of that greatest of blessings—the conversion of some of the Burmans."

CHAPTER V.

ERECTION OF A ZAYAT—CONVERSION AND BAPTISM OF A NATIVE—DEATH OF MR. WHEELOCK—MESSRS. JUDSON AND COLMAN START TO VISIT AVA.

HAVING now been at the mission several years, mastered the language, published several tracts, and commenced the translation of the Scriptures, Mr. Judson resolved to prosecute more actively the cause for which he had left home and country to live in a heathen land. He resolved to erect a small building for a zayat, or place of worship, and to begin to preach the gospel. This was a bold step. Up to this time the retired life of the missionaries, and the feelings of personal friendship entertained by the viceroy and his wife for them, had made their lives unmolested and safe. But to preach publicly a new doctrine utterly opposed to the religion of the country, was to instantly attract the notice of government, and, probably, to draw down its vengeance. For a Burman to renounce his religion was a crime punished by death, and it seemed highly improbable that government would be more tolerant towards strangers than towards natives. Still, having resolved to do all one man could do for the conversion of these benighted fellow-

creatures, Mr. Judson resolved to commence public worship, trusting in God for protection.

In April, 1819, the zayat was finished, and public worship in the Burman language commenced. Although Mr. Judson had been in the habit, from the first hour that he could speak the language, of discoursing with the natives, exhorting and conversing with them, he had never before attempted what might be called public worship, or preaching. On the first day there were but fifteen people present, and they were very disorderly and noisy.

Mrs. Judson describes the zayat thus:

"The zayat is situated thirty or forty rods from the mission-house, and in dimensions is twenty-seven by eighteen feet. It is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road, without doors, windows, or a partition in the front side, and takes up a third part of the whole building. It is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long, and says to the passers by, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth,' &c. The next and middle division is a large airy room, with four doors and four windows, opening in opposite directions; made entirely of boards, and is whitewashed, to distinguish it from the other zayats around us.

"In this room we have public worship in Burman on the Sabbath; and in the middle of which I am now situated at my writing table, while six of the male scholars are at one end, each with his torch and black board, over which he is industriously bending, and emitting the

curious sounds of the language. The third, and last division, is only an entry way, which opens into the garden, leading to the mission-house.

"In this apartment, all the women are seated, with their lights and black boards, much in the same position and employment as the men. The black board, on which all the Burmans learn to read and write, answers the same purpose as our slates. They are about a yard in length, made black with charcoal and the juice of a leaf; and letters are clearly imprinted with a species of white stone, a little similar to our slate pencils. A lesson is written out on this board by an instructer; and when the scholar is perfect master of it, it is erased, and a new one written. The Burmans are truly systematic in their elementary instructions, and a scholar is not considered qualified to read without spelling, until he has a perfect knowledge of all the various combinations of letters."

Mrs. Judson's aid in translating was of infinite value at this period, to her husband. In addition to her labors in Burman, she also acquired the Siamese language, in order to be useful to the Siamese living in Rangoon.

On the 30th of April, 1819, Moung Nau, the first convert to Christianity, made his first visit to the zayat. His visit was repeated, and it soon became evident that he was seeking, with an humble, sincere desire for truth, to know the new religion. He was a poor man, between thirty and forty years old, showing intelligence and docility.

On the 9th of May, he made a profession of his belief in Jesus Christ in the zayat in the presence of a number

of his countrymen. There now seemed an earnest spirit of inquiry awakened in the natives. Many came for tracts and portions of Scripture, whilst the zayat seldom was empty. Mr. Judson with the men, and Mrs. Judson with the women, passed the entire day in exhorting, teaching, and conversing with the natives.

Still, although many were manifestly interested, there was much fear from the government. All the natives agreed in saying that the introduction of a new religion would be obnoxious to the reigning powers, and dangerous both to the teachers and the natives embracing it.

Many, who were favorably disposed towards Mr. Judson, advised him first to convert the Emperor, and then all would be well, for not only did he object to the religion of foreigners, but persecuted to death any who deviated from the established religion, amongst his own subjects.

On the 6th of June, Mr. Judson received from Moung Nau, a letter which I quote from his journal:

"I, Moung Nau, the constant recipient of your excellent favor, approach your feet. Whereas my lords three have come to the country of Burmah, not for the purpose of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal God, I, having heard and understood, am with a joyful mind filled with love.

"I believe that the Divine Son, Jesus Christ, suffered death in the place of men, to atone for their sins. Like a heavy laden man, I feel my sins are very many. The punishment of my sins I deserve to suffer. Since it is so, do you, sirs, consider that I, taking refuge in the

merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism, in order to become his disciple, shall dwell one with yourselves, a band of brothers, in the happiness of heaven. It is through the grace of Jesus Christ, that you, sirs, have come by ship from one country and continent to another, and that we have met together. I pray my lords three, that a suitable day may be appointed, and that I may receive the ordinance of baptism.

"Moreover, as it is only since I have met with you, sirs, that I have known about the eternal God, I venture to pray that you will still unfold to me the religion of God, that my old disposition may be destroyed, and my new disposition improved."

This letter being laid before Messrs. Colman and Wheelock, who had joined Mr. Judson in 1818, it was made the subject of special prayer, and as Moung Nau had given evidence of much faith and seemed truly to believe in Jesus and desire baptism, it was agreed to grant his petition. I again quote from Mr. Judson's journal:

"*June* 27, 1819. *Lord's-day.* There were several strangers present at worship. After the usual course, I called Moung Nau before me, read and commented on an appropriate portion of Scripture, asked him several questions concerning his *faith*, *hope*, and *love*, and made the baptismal prayer, having concluded to have all the preparatory exercises done in the zayat. We then proceeded to a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which is *graced* with an enormous image of Gaudama, and there administered baptism to the first Burman convert. Oh,

may it prove the beginning of a series of baptisms in the Burman empire, which shall continue in uninterrupted succession to the end of time!

"*July* 4. *Lord's-day.* We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, at the Lord's table, with a converted Burman; and it was my privilege—a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord's supper in two languages."

Mrs. Judson speaks of the event, thus:

"Little did I think, when I last wrote, that I should so soon have the joyful intelligence to communicate, that one Burman has embraced the Christian religion, and given good evidence of being a true disciple of the dear Redeemer. This event, this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries. This circumstance has convinced us, that God can and does operate on the minds of the most dark and ignorant; and that he makes his own truths, his own words, the instrument of operation. It serves, also, to encourage us to hope, that the Lord has other chosen ones in his place. As Mr. Judson has given some account of the first impressions of this man, and as I have had him particularly under my instruction since his conversion, I will give you some of his remarks in his own words, with which you will be much interested. 'In our religion, there is no way to escape the punishment due to sin; but according to the religion of Christ, he himself has died in order to deliver his disciples. I wish all the Burmans would become his disciples; then we should meet together as

you do in your country; then we should all be happy together in heaven. How great are my thanks to Jesus Christ for sending teachers to this country! and how great are my thanks to the teachers for coming! Had they never come and built that zayat, I should never have heard of Christ and the true God. I mourn that so much of my life passed away before I heard of this religion. How much I have lost!' It is peculiarly interesting to see with what eagerness he drinks in the truths from the Scriptures. A few days ago, I was reading with him Christ's sermon on the mount. He was deeply impressed, and unusually solemn. 'These words,' said he, 'take hold on my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this? When Burmans make offerings tc the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes the mind fear God; it makes it of its own accord fear sin.' When I read this passage, *Lay not up for yourselves treasures, &c.*, he said, 'What words are these! It does not mean that we shall take the silver and gold from this world, and carry them to heaven; but that by becoming the disciples of Jesus, we shall live in such a manner as to enjoy heaven when we die.' We have taken him into our employ for the present, as a copyist, though our primary object was to have him near us, that we might have a better opportunity to know more of him before he received baptism, and of imparting to him more instruction than occasional visits could afford. Mornings and evenings he spends in

reading the Scriptures, and when we all meet in the hall for family worship, he comes and sits with us; though he cannot understand, he says he can think of God in his heart.

"*June 4th.* I have just had a very interesting meeting with the women, fifteen in number. They appeared unusually solemn, and I could not help hoping that the Holy Spirit was hovering over us, and would ere long descend and enlighten their precious, immortal souls. Their minds seem to be already prepared to embrace the truth, as their prejudices in favor of the Burman religion are apparently destroyed. They also appear to be convinced that the atonement for sin provided in the gospel is suitable for persons in their situation. But they frequently say the great difficulty in the way of their becoming Christians is, the sinfulness of their hearts, which they cannot yet overcome. Oh for the influences of that Spirit, which can alone effect the mighty change!"

Death now visited the little band of missionaries, summoning to his eternal home, Mr. Wheelock. He left Rangoon for Bengal, in August, but in so low a state of health, that it seemed hopeless to think of his arrival there. On the passage, in the delirium of fever, he threw himself overboard, and was drowned.

Slowly, but surely, the saving doctrines of Christianity were spreading amongst the Burmans at Rangoon. Day after day, public worship was held at the zayat, and many stopped to converse with the teachers. It is impossible, in the limits of this work, to record the individual cases of conversion. There was no startling rapidity in the movements of the missionaries. With the fear

of incurring the displeasure of government constantly before them, the natives approached the teachers fearfully and cautiously, and combated the inroads of divine grace, with all the superstitious fervor of a nation strong in their religious faith, and conceited in their belief of the saving power of external works.

Moung Shwa-gnong, a teacher, a man of intelligence and learning, after showing a keen interest in the investigation of the merits of the new religion, was summoned before the Viceroy, and, the fear of displeasing the government being stronger than his love for the new faith, he, for a time, ceased to inquire further from the teachers. The fact of one of their number having been suspected, caused the inquirers to tremble for their own safety; and the little congregation at the zayat, with the exception of a few actual converts, fell off entirely.

Seeing how hopeless the task before them had become, Messrs. Judson and Colman resolved to leave Rangoon for a time, to visit Ava, the capital of the empire, and endeavor to obtain the permission of the emperor, to continue their religious instructions. Accordingly, in December, 1819, accompanied by Moung Nau, as a servant, the two missionaries left Rangoon for Ava, leaving their families till their return.

CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO AVA — RETURN TO RANGOON — FIRST FEMALE CONVERT BAPTIZED — MRS. JUDSON'S ILLNESS — MR. AND MRS. JUDSON SAIL FOR BENGAL.

After a passage of thirty days up the Irrawadi, the missionaries arrived at Ava. They were kindly received by their old friend, the Viceroy at Rangoon, when Mr. Judson first established the mission, who had been called to a higher post at the capital, and his place filled by the Viceroy then presiding. They had taken with them, as a present to the Emperor, the Bible, in six volumes, covered in the Burman style, with gold leaf, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper. Mr. Judson thus describes their visit:

"*January 26th*, 1820. We repaired to the house of Mya-day-men, former Viceroy of Rangoon, now one of the public ministers of state, (woon-gyee.) We gave him a valuable present, and another of less value to his wife. They both received us very kindly, and appeared to interest themselves in our success. We, however, did not disclose our precise object, but only petitioned leave to behold the golden face. Upon this, his highness committed our business to Moung Yo, one of his favorite

officers, and directed him to introduce us to Moung Zah, one of the private ministers of state, (a-twen-woon,) with the necessary orders.

"*January 27th.* We left the boat, and put ourselves under the conduct of Moung Yo. He carried us first to Mya-day-men, as a matter of form; and there we learned that the emperor had been privately apprised of our arrival, and said, 'Let them be introduced.' We therefore proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate, we were detained a long time, until the various officers were satisfied that we had a right to enter, after which we deposited a present for the private minister of state, Moung Zah, and were ushered into his apartments in the palace yard. He received us very pleasantly, and ordered us to sit before several governors and petty kings, who were waiting at his levee. We here, for the first time, disclosed our character and object—told him that we were missionaries, or 'propagators of religion;' that we wished to appear before the emperor, and present our sacred books, accompanied with a petition. He took the petition into his hand, looked over about half of it, and then familiarly asked several questions about our God and our religion, to which we replied. Just at this crisis, some one announced that the golden foot was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up and put on his robes of state, saying that he must seize the moment to present us to the emperor. We now found that we had unwittingly fallen on an unpropitious time, it being the day of the celebration of the late victory over the Kathays, and the very hour when his majesty was coming forth to witness the display made on the oc-

casion. When the minister was dressed, he just said, 'How can you propagate religion in this empire? But, come along.' Our hearts sank at these inauspicious words. He conducted us through various splendor and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other; and Moung Yo and another officer of Myaday-men sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced, really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our

eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us—'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'What, you speak Burman? the priests that I heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you like the Portuguese priest? Are you married? Why do you dress so?' These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung Zah now began to read the petition; and it ran thus:—

"'The American teachers present themselves to receive the favor of the excellent king, the sovereign of land and sea. Hearing that, on account of the greatness of the royal power, the royal country was in a quiet and prosperous state, we arrived at the town of Rangoon, within the royal dominions, and having obtained leave of the governor of that town to come up and behold the golden face, we have ascended and reached the bottom of the golden feet. In the great country of America, we sustain the character of teachers and explainers of the contents of the sacred Scriptures of our religion. And since it is contained in those Scriptures, that, if we pass to other countries, and preach and propagate religion, great good will result, and both those who teach and those who receive the religion will be freed from future punishment, and enjoy, without decay or death, the eternal felicity of heaven,—that royal permission be given, that we, taking refuge in the royal power, may preach our religion in these dominions, and that those

who are pleased with our preaching, and wish to listen to and be guided by it, whether foreigners or Burmans, may be exempt from government molestation, they present themselves to receive the favor of the excellent king, the sovereign of land and sea.'

"The emperor heard this petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moung Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. 'Oh, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moung Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung Zah interpreted his royal master's will, in the following terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship ac-

cording to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away.'"

Meeting with no encouragement from other officers, such as to make the prospect of a second petition being more successful than the first, Messrs. Colman and Judson returned to Rangoon. Three converts had been made in Rangoon, and Mr. Judson called them together upon his return, fearing, almost expecting, that his report of the refusal of the emperor to extend protection towards their new religion, would shake their constancy. To his great joy they remained steadfast in their belief. He then spoke of the dark prospect of Rangoon; the refusal of the natives to hear the truth, manifested in abandonment of the zayat, and announced his resolution to proceed to Chittagong. Upon hearing this resolve, the three converts implored the teachers to stay, begging them to remain till there were a few more converts and one sufficiently advanced to preach to the rest. It was finally decided that Mr. and Mrs. Colman should proceed to Chittagong, while Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained at Rangoon.

Mr. Colman, however, proceeded to a new station, Cox Bazar, where, in 1822, he died.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson, thus, once more found themselves alone at Rangoon, but they were cheered and animated by the spirit of enquiry now manifested amongst the natives, and the affectionate zeal of the three converts. Mrs. Judson labored as earnestly amongst the

women, as her noble husband did with the male converts, and received visits daily from the wives and sisters of the natives. The translation of the Scriptures still occupied much of Mr. Judson's time.

In April, 1820, Mrs. Judson had an attack of liver complaint, and went through a course of salivation.

In June, Mr. Judson writes:

"*June* 27. Mrs. J., after having been through two courses of salivation for the liver complaint, at length despairs of recovering, without some proper medical assistance. For a few days, we have hoped that she would get some relief from the various applications which are made, though at the expense of an almost total exhaustion of strength; but this morning, to our utter disappointment, the disorder has returned with increased violence; and her constitution appears to be rapidly failing. I have intended, for some time past, to send her alone to Bengal; but she has become too weak, and the present circumstances of the case are too alarming to allow such a measure; and I have, therefore, concluded to accompany her."

Accordingly preparations for the journey were made, and, on the 19th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Judson sailed for Bengal.

On the 18th of July, the first female convert, Mah Men-la, was baptized, making the tenth Burman who had gone through the solemn ceremony.

It may be well at this point to sum up the progress made by the missionaries during their stay at Rangoon. They had acquired a perfect knowledge of the language

a grammar, dictionary, several tracts, and a portion of the Scripture had been prepared, written, translated into Burmese, and printed. Ten converts, notwithstanding the fear of persecution by government, had been baptized in the name of the Lord.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO RANGOON—MRS. JUDSON'S RENEWED ILLNESS—VOYAGE TO ENGLAND—VISITS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA—RETURN TO INDIA.

Mrs. Judson, after a short sojourn in Calcutta, finding her health but little benefited by the climate there, removed to Serampore. She remained here until January, 1821, when the violence of the disease having abated, she returned with Mr. Judson to Rangoon. They were received with eager demonstrations of joy, by the affectionate converts, and the many visitors who had been in the habit of repairing to the zayat. News of great importance, too, was awaiting them. An extract from Mr. Judson's journal explains the event, and the hopes it inspired:

"The most important event (and that relates of course to Moung Shwa-gnong) remains to be mentioned. It will be remembered that he was accused before the former Viceroy, of being a heretic, and that the simple reply, 'Inquire further,' spread dismay amongst us all, and was one occasion of our visit to Ava. Soon after Myaday-men assumed the government of this province, all the priests and officers of the village where Moung

Shwa-gnong lives entered into a conspiracy to destroy him. They held daily consultations, and assumed a tone of triumph; while poor Moung Shwa-gnong's courage began to flag, and, though he does not like to own it, he thought he must flee for his life. At length, one of the conspiracy, a member of the supreme court, went into the presence of the Viceroy, and in order to sound his disposition, complained that the teacher Moung Shwa-gnong was making every endeavor to turn the priests' rice pot bottom upwards. '*What consequence?*' said the Viceroy. '*Let the priests turn it back again.*' This sentence was enough; the hopes of the conspiracy were blasted, and all the disciples felt that they were sure of toleration under Mya-day-men. But his administration will not probably continue many months."

A touching instance of the influence of Christianity upon these savage hearts awaited Mrs. Judson. The female convert Mah-Men-la, anxious to aid the great cause, voluntarily proposed to open a school for children in Rangoon, that the little ones need not go to the priests for education, but be early led to worship the true God.

Still the little band of converts, although repairing frequently to the zayat for instruction and intercourse with the teachers, were cautious, and it was not generally known that any Burmans had actually embraced the new religion.

In August, sickness visited again these noble self-sacrificing missionaries. Mr. Judson writes:

"*August* 4. Am just recovering from the second fit of sickness which I have had this season. The first wa-

the cholera morbus; the present has been a fever. The second day after I was taken, Mrs. J. was taken with the same; and for several days we were unable to help one another. Through divine mercy, however, we contrived to get our medicines from time to time, and are now in a convalescent state, so far as the fever is concerned. Mrs. J., however, is suffering severely under the liver complaint, which, notwithstanding continual salivations, is making such rapid and alarming advances, as to preclude all hope of her recovery in this part of the world."

Mrs. Judson grew worse so rapidly that it was evident that a voyage to a colder climate was positively necessary for the preservation of her life. Accordingly on the 21st of August she left Rangoon for Bengal, intending to take passage for America, and bearing to Mr. Hough the following letter from her husband:

My dear Brother Hough: I send you herewith Mrs. Judson, and all that remains of the blue pills and senna, and beg you will see the articles all well packed and shipped for America by the earliest safe opportunity. Whatever expenses may be incurred be so good as to defray from your own funds, and transmit your bill to me.

It is said that man is prone to jest in the depth of misery; and the bon-mots of the scaffold have been collected: you may add the above specimen to the list if you like. I feel as if I was on the scaffold, and signing, as it were, my own death warrant. However, two years

will pass away at last. Time and tide wait for no man, heedless alike of our joys and sorrows.

When I last wrote, I was in the latter part of Acts; since that time, I have done nothing at all. For ten days or a fortnight we were laid by with fever, unable to help one another, and no living soul to depend on but Emily; and since we became convalescent, I have been occupied in making up my mind to have my right arm amputated, and my right eye extracted, which the doctors say are necessary in order to prevent a decay and mortification of the whole body conjugal.

A letter to Dr. Baldwin gives an account of Mrs. Judson's arrival in Calcutta, and the reasons for chang ing her proposed trip to America for one to England:

CALCUTTA, *Dec.* 8, 1821.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I left Rangoon last August, and arrived in Calcutta on the 22d of September. My disorder gained ground so rapidly, that nothing but a voyage to sea, and the benefit of a cold climate, presented the least hope of life. You will readily imagine that nothing but the prospect of a final separation would have induced us to decide on this measure, under circumstances so trying as those in which we were placed. But duty to God, to ourselves, to the Board of Missions, and to the perishing Burmans, compelled us to adopt this course of procedure, though agonizing *to all the natural feelings* of our hearts. On my arrival in Calcutta, inquiries were immediately made relative to a voyage to America. But,

to my great disappointment, I found most of the American Captains far from being disposed to take passengers, on account of having their cargoes engaged to the extent of the tonnage of their vessels. One captain, however, offered to give me a passage for fifteen hundred rupees, but I could not think of causing the Board so great an expense. In mentioning my circumstances to Mrs. Thompson, (lady of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, chaplain,) she suggested the advantages of a voyage to England, on account of the superior accommodations, medical advice, and female passengers, in English ships. The pious captain of a ship bound to England was then residing in her family; with him she consulted, and they made arrangements for my passage for five hundred rupees, provided I went in a cabin with three children, who were going to England. As my only object in going to sea, is restoration of health, I did not hesitate to secure a passage, though I should have rejoiced (since I must take a long voyage) to have gone direct to America. The father of the children has since arrived in Calcutta, and has very kindly offered to pay the whole price of the cabin, (which is four thousand rupees,) which will enable me to go to England, free of expense to the Board.

If the pain in my side is entirely removed, while on my passage to Europe, I shall return to India in the same ship, and proceed immediately to Rangoon. But if not, I shall go over to America, and spend one winter in my dear native country. As ardently as I long to see my beloved friends in America, I cannot prevail on myself to be any longer from Rangoon than is absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. I have had a

severe struggle relative to my *immediate* return to Rangoon, instead of going to England. But I did not venture to go contrary to the convictions of reason, to the opinion of an eminent and skilful physician, and the repeated injunctions of Mr. Judson.

Relative to the Rangoon mission, I presume Mr. Judson has given you all the information. But perhaps I have received letters of a later date, and may be able to communicate something, of which you may not have heard. My last from Rangoon was dated October 26. Moung Shwa-gnong had been accused before the Viceroy, and had disappeared. Mr. Judson had felt much anxiety and distress on his account, fearing he had done something in the way of retraction, which prevented his visiting him. But in a fortnight he was agreeably surprised at seeing him enter. Moung Shwa-gnong informed Mr. Judson, that, having been accused, he thought it the wisest way to keep out of sight; that he had put all his family on board a boat, and was going up the country among the sect of heretics with whom he once associated, and had now come to take leave, obtain tracts, gospels, &c. Mr. Judson furnished him with what was necessary, and bid him God speed. He will, no doubt, do much good among that class of people; for it is impossible for him to be any time with his friends, without conversing on the subject of religion. Moung-Ing had returned as steadfast, and as much devoted to the cause as ever. He and Moung Shwa-ba spend every evening in reading the Scriptures, and finding the places where the apostles preached, on a map which Mr. Judson has made for them. Another Burman has been

baptized, who gives decided evidence of being a true Christian. Have we not, my dear sir, every reason to trust in God in future, when we see what he has done in Rangoon? Could you see at once the difficulties in the way of the conversion of the Burmans, the grace of God would appear ten times as conspicuous as it now does. When we hardly ventured to hope that we should ever see a truly converted Burman, how great is our joy to see a little church rise up in the midst of that wilderness, consisting of thirteen converted Burmans.

A severe attack of her complaint confined her to her cabin for several days during her passage, but her health was improved upon her arrival in England. She was received by Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M. P., and urged to make his house her home during her residence in England. Whilst in his family she was visited by many of the persons most noted through England for piety and literary attainments. Amongst them were Wilberforce, Babington, and the king's chaplain, Sumner. She visited Scotland by the invitation of friends who defrayed her expenses, and upon her return to Liverpool, other friends, hearing that she intended to sail for America in a packet, persuaded her to embark in a more commodious vessel, generously paying the price of her passage.

In August, 1822, she embarked on board the Amity, for the United States.

Mr. Price, in the meantime, had been sent by the Baptist Board to Rangoon, in the double capacity of Physician and Minister. He arrived in December of

1821, and on the following January, Mr. Hough again joined Mr. Judson.

Mrs. Judson arrived in New York, in September, but owing to the prevalence of yellow fever, did not land there, taking a steamboat passage for Philadelphia. It was her intention to make but a short visit there, and proceed immediately to Bradford, but her physician advised her to go to Washington.

Upon at length joining her dear relatives and friends in Bradford, she was subjected to a keen disappointment. She had hoped to pass the winter in the bosom of her family, and sail for Burmah in the spring. The severity of a New England winter, and the excitement of receiving so many old friends, proved too much for a frame already enfeebled by disease, and the physician ordered her to the south, as the only hope of regaining her strength. As she had left her beloved husband, and her dear missionary labors, solely to gain renewed strength for her task amongst the Burmans, so, now, thinking only of the end to be gained, she tore herself from the newly-found haven of rest, to pass the winter in Baltimore.

A letter written to Mrs. Chapin, during her residence there, shows that although enfeebled in health, she still devoted herself to the great cause in which her life's interest was absorbed; and, as she could not then assist Mr. Judson in his personal labors amongst the Burmans, she strove to interest her friends in the United States, by writing a "History of the Burman Mission." As soon as this work was published, she presented the copyright of it to the Convention. I give her letter entire.

TO MRS. CHAPLIN OF WATERVILLE.

Baltimore, Dec. 19th, 1822.

My dear Mrs. Chaplin:—

All your kind favors, dictated, I doubt not, by the sincerest affection, have been received, and demand from me an early communication, with a particular account of my present situation, plans, and prospects. I did intend writing you from Boston, but such was the state of my health and engagements with our dear friends in that city, that I was necessitated to defer it till the present time. Relative to my leaving New England for the south, when you shall hear my reasons, you will, I dare say, join with me in thinking that duty to myself and Mr. Judson required my proceeding as I have. I had never *fully* counted the cost of a visit to my dear native country, and beloved relatives. I did not expect that a scene which I had anticipated *as so joyous*, was destined to give my health and constitution a shock which would require months to repair. During my passage from England, my health was most perfect, not the least symptom of my original disorder remained. But from the day of my arrival, the idea that I was once more on American ground, banished all peace and quiet from my mind, and for the first four days and nights I never closed my eyes to sleep! This circumstance, together with dwelling on my anticipated meeting with my friends, occasioned the most alarming apprehensions. Still, however, I flattered myself, that after my first meeting with my friends was over, I should gradually recover my composure, and hastened my departure for the eastward. I reached my father's

in about a fortnight after my arrival in this country, and had not been able to procure a single night's sleep. The scene which ensued, brought my feelings to a crisis; nature was quite exhausted, and I began to fear would sink. To be concise, my health began to decline in a most alarming manner, and the pain in my side and cough returned. I was kept in a state of constant excitement, by daily meeting with my old friends and acquaintances, and during the whole six weeks of my residence at my father's, I had *not one* quiet night's rest. I felt the cold most severely, and found, as that increased, my cough increased.

You may not, perhaps, be aware of the circumstance, that Mr. Judson's only brother is a physician of some considerable skill, under government, and located for the winter in this city. During my stay at Bradford, his letters were most frequent and urgent, relative to my removal to the south, for the purpose of salivating, as the most dangerous consequences would ensue, should I, with my Indian constitution, salivate at the north. I saw that my disorder was rapidly gaining ground—my nervous system had become so much affected, that the very sight of an old dear friend was quite distressing, and I really desired to get away from the sight of every human being, as it had become very painful to talk. Thus situated, there was no hope of my recovery, as my father's house was thronged with visiters from day to day. Painful as it was to think of leaving my beloved family, I felt convinced, since it was my only object in visiting this country, duty required that everything should yield to endeavors to regain my health. I knew that

retirement, and freedom from company and excitement, were as necessary as a milder climate, neither of which could be obtained in Bradford. My sister had made arrangements to accompany me; but meeting in Boston with a pious man going on to Washington, and knowing I should receive the kindest attention when once with my brother, I desired her to return to Bradford to comfort my parents.

I have been in this city about a fortnight, and am very comfortably situated with my brother at a boarding-house, where I refuse to receive company of every description, till my health is re-established. I find the climate mild and delightful—have the best medical attendance in the city, through the influence of my brother—have commenced a course of mercury, which, I trust, through the blessing of God, will perfectly restore my health, and find my nervous system so far restored to its usual state, that I am able to study four and five hours every day. This, to me, is an unspeakable comfort, as I hope my time will not be entirely lost in my endeavors to regain my health. While in England, my friends repeatedly urged my writing an account of the Burman Mission, as so little information had hitherto been communicated. On my passage I made a beginning, in a "Series of Letters addressed to Mr. Butterworth," in whose house I resided during my stay in England. While at Bradford, I was unable to proceed in this work; but since my arrival here, my freedom from interruption has enabled me to go on—and I find much pleasure in the consideration that I shall be able to give to my friends, not only in England, but America, that information relative to the

Burman Empire, which my state of health forbids my verbally communicating. My object is, to give an account of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah—its origin, progress, and success; consisting principally in a compilation of those letters and documents transmitted to friends in America, interspersed with accounts of the population, manners, and customs, of the Burmans.

Thus, my dear Mrs. C., have I been particular, and, I fear, tiresome, in my account of myself. But your kindness, your affectionate concern for my welfare, is all the excuse I have to offer. Your kind hint, relative to my being injured by the lavish attention of our dear friends in this country, has much endeared you to my heart. I am well aware that human applause has a tendency to elate the soul, and render it less anxious about spiritual enjoyments, particularly if the individual is conscious of deserving them. But I must say, that since my return to this country, I have often been affected to tears, in hearing the undeserved praises of my friends, feeling that I was far, very far from being what they imagined, and that there are thousands of poor, obscure Christians, whose excellences will never be known in this world, who are a thousand times more deserving of the tender regard of their fellow christians than I am. Yet, I trust, I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for inclining the hearts of his children to look on me with a friendly eye. The retired life I now lead, is much more congenial to my feelings, and much more favorable to religious enjoyment, than when in England and America, where I was kept in a continual bustle of company. Yes, it is in retirement that our languishing graces are

revived, our affections raised to God, and our souls refreshed and quickened by the influences of the Holy Spirit. If we would live near the threshold of heaven, and daily take a glance of our promised inheritance, we must avoid not only worldly, but religious dissipation. Strange as it may seem, I do believe that there is something like religious dissipation, in a Christian's being so entirely engrossed in religious company, as to prevent his spiritual enjoyments.

Another letter to the same friend shows that her health was still feeble:

TO MRS. CHAPLIN, OF WATERVILLE.

BALTIMORE, *Feb.* 17, 1823.

MY EVER DEAR MRS. CHAPLIN:

Your kind and affectionate letter found me in bed, so weak that I was obliged to read it at intervals; but it afforded heartfelt consolation. But, thanks to our Heavenly Father, whose guardian care and love I have *so largely* experienced, I am now much better, and once more enjoy the prospect of gaining that degree of health which will allow my return to Burmah; there to pass my remaining days, few or many, in endeavoring to guide immortal souls to that dear Redeemer, whose presence can make joyful a sick chamber, a dying bed. For the last month I have been *very ill.* The disease seemed to be removed from the liver to the lungs. I have raised blood twice, which the physicians thought proceeded from the lungs, though I am inclined to think to the contrary, and believe it came only from the mouth

of some vessel in the throat. I was, however, bled so frequently and so largely that my strength was quite reduced. At present I am free from every unfavorable symptom, but am still weak.

I am rejoiced to hear that Mr. Boardman has offered himself to supply dear Colman's place. If actuated from motives of love to God, and concern for precious souls, tell him he will never regret the sacrifice, but will find those spiritual consolations, which will more than compensate for every privation. I shall rejoice to afford him every assistance in the acquisition of the language which my health will allow, though I fear he will not be ready to sail so early as I hope to embark.

My dear Mrs. Chaplin, this is the third day I have been writing this letter, on account of my weakness. But I am gaining a little every day. Yesterday I had a little female prayer meeting in my chamber—trust the blessed Saviour was near us. Oh! it is good to get near to God, to enjoy his presence, and feel, whether in life or death, we are his. *Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it*, is a promise, of which we do not think sufficiently. How much real enjoyment we lose by not striving more earnestly to partake largely of the influence of the Holy Spirit!

Let us, my dear sister, so live, that our union to Christ, the vine, may not only be satisfactory to ourselves, but to all around us. On *earth* we *serve* God; in *heaven, enjoy* him—is a motto I have long wished to adopt. When in heaven we can do nothing towards saving immortal souls.

A letter to her sister will give the reader a sketch of affairs in Burmah during her absence:

TO ONE OF HER SISTERS.

BALTIMORE, *Feb.* 25, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER:

From the tenor of my last, I know you will all fee anxious to hear from me, consequently, I take the earliest opportunity to write you. My health is daily improving; but, after being reduced so low as I have been, by bleeding from the arm, I must expect to gain very gradually. My liver complaint seems entirely removed, and were I not so very feeble, I would set off for Bradford to-morrow. But I can now ride only an hour at a time, and am much fatigued after that. But God has been kind, unspeakably kind to me, and enabled me to cast all my cares and concerns on him; and I have frequently been led to say, it is good for me to be afflicted. There are some spiritual, heavenly minded Christians in this place, who have often refreshed me by their conversation and prayers. A few days ago, I had a prayer meeting in my chamber, and I trust Christ was one in the midst of us. Dr. Staughton sent me yesterday Mr. Judson's journal, lately received. God is doing wonders in Rangoon, and building up his little church there. Five more have been baptized, making eighteen in all, and several others seriously inquiring. Three females have lately been baptized, who formerly attended my Wednesday meeting. They have set up, of their own accord, a *female prayer meeting.* Is not this encouraging? Dr. Price had received an order from the Em-

peror to go to Ava, on account of his medical skill; and Mr. Judson was about to accompany him, in order to make another effort for toleration. You will readily imagine *my anxiety* to get back to Rangoon. I yet hope that my health will enable me to return this spring. O that God would incline the heart of the Emperor to favor the introduction of the Christian religion, and protect the little church formed there.

I hope to get to Bradford by the last of March. Brother E. will probably travel with me. But I must give up all idea of visiting and talking, on account of the weakness of my lungs. I have received a great many letters this winter, which have been a great consolation in my retired situation.

I am rejoiced to hear that there is a prospect of more attention to religion at Bradford. God will be inquired of by his children, and in answer to their prayers will pour out his Holy Spirit.

Early in the spring of 1823 Mrs. Judson returned to Massachusetts, with her health partially restored, though not entirely. Many of her friends endeavored to persuade her to remain in America another year, but she firmly resisted their entreaties, being anxious to return to the scene of her missionary labors.

The Rev. Jonathan Wade and his wife had been appointed by the Board missionaries to Burmah, and it was decided that they should accompany Mrs. Judson. On the 21st of June they sailed from Boston, arrived at Calcutta, Oct. 19th, and a few weeks later sailed for Rangoon.

Dr. Wayland speaks of Mrs. Judson in the following high terms:

"It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Mrs. Judson during this visit to the United States. I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve, and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer, she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance, even unto death. When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was every where acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women."

CHAPTER VIII.

MESSRS. JUDSON AND PRICE VISIT AVA—RETURN TO RANGOON—MRS. JUDSON'S ARRIVAL—REMOVAL TO AVA.

In the meantime Mr. Judson and Mr. Price had proceeded together to Ava. At first, in their visits to the palace, Mr. Judson, acting merely as an interpreter for his companion, was entirely unnoticed, but after several visits the Emperor addressed him. After questioning him as to his profession, he made the appalling enquiry, —Had any of his subjects embraced the Christian faith? Although he knew that the ruin of his little church was risked in the answer, Mr. Judson replied in the affirmative. No token of displeasure, however, was given, and a lively conversation upon other topics ensued.

The princes and princesses were much interested in Mr. Judson, and his visits to the palace, both with Mr. Price and alone, were frequent. He writes:

"I had one noticeable interview with the king. Brother Price and two English gentlemen were present. The king appeared to be attracted by our number, and came towards us; but his conversation was directed chiefly to me. He again inquired about the Burmans who had embraced my religion. 'Are they real Bur-

mans? Do they dress like other Burmans?' &c. I had occasion to remark, that I preached every Sunday. 'What! in Burman?' Yes. 'Let us hear how you preach.' I hesitated. An Atwenwoon repeated the order. I began with a form of worship, which first ascribes glory to God, and then declares the commands of the law and the gospel; after which I stopped. 'Go on,' said another Atwenwoon. The whole court was profoundly silent. I proceeded with a few sentences, declarative of the perfections of God, when his majesty's curiosity was satisfied, and he interrupted me. In the course of subsequent conversation, he asked what I had to say of Gaudama. I replied that we all knew he was son of King Thog-dau-dah-nah; that we regarded him as a wise man and a great teacher, but did not call him God. 'That is right,' said Moung K. N., an Atwenwoon who had not hitherto appeared very friendly to me. And he proceeded to relate the substance of a long communication, which I had lately made to him in the privy council room, about God and Christ, &c. And this he did, in a very clear and satisfactory manner, so that I had scarcely a single correction to make in his statement. Moung *Z.*, encouraged by all this, really began to take the side of God before his majesty, and said, 'Nearly all the world, your majesty, believe in an eternal God; all, except Burmah and Siam, these little spots!' His majesty remained silent; and after some other desultory inquiries, he abruptly arose and retired."

After trying in vain, for some time, to procure a grant to build a zayat in Ava, Mr. Judson finally procured a piece of ground. Having recovered from an attack of

fever and ague, and the time having expired which Mr. Judson purposed spending in Ava, he determined to return to Rangoon. In January 1823, he writes:

"*Jan.* 22. Took leave of Prince M. He desired me to return soon, and bring with me all the Christian Scriptures, and translate them into Burman; 'for,' said he, 'I wish to read them all.'

"*Jan.* 24. Went to take leave of the king, in company with Mr. L., collector of the port of Rangoon, who arrived last evening. We sat a few moments conversing together. 'What are you talking about?' said his majesty. 'He is speaking of his return to Rangoon,' replied Mr. L. 'What does he return for? Let them not return. Let them both (that is brother Price and myself) stay together. If one goes away the other must remain alone, and will be unhappy.' 'He wishes to go for a short time only,' replied Mr. L., 'to bring his wife, the female teacher, and his goods, not having brought anything with him this time; and he will return soon.' His majesty looked at me, 'Will you then come again?' I replied in the affirmative. 'When you come again is it your intention to remain permanently, or will you go back and forth, as foreigners commonly do?' 'When I come again it is my intention to remain permanently.' 'Very well,' said his majesty, and withdrew into his inner apartment.

"Heard to-day of the death of Mah Myat-la, sister of Mah-Men-la, one of the most steadfast of the church in Rangoon.

"*Jan.* 25. Embarked on a small boat, intending to go day and night, and touch nowhere, in order to avoid

the robbers, of which we have lately had alarming accounts.

"*Feb.* 2. *Lord's-day.* At one o'clock in the morning, reached Rangoon, seven days from Ava.

"Several of the disciples soon came over from Dahlah, on the opposite side of the river, whither they and some others of the disciples and inquirers have taken refuge, to escape the heavy taxations and the illegal harassments of every kind allowed under the new Viceroy of Rangoon. Others of the disciples have fled elsewhere, so that there is not a single one remaining in Rangoon, except three or four with us. The house of some of the disciples has been demolished, and their place taken by government, at the instigation of their neighbors, who hate them on account of religion. Mah Myat-la died before the removal. Her sister gave me the particulars of her death. Some of her last expressions were—'I put my trust in Jesus Christ—I love to pray to him—am not afraid of death—shall soon be with Christ in heaven."

In the year 1823, Mr. Judson finished the translation of the New Testament, and upon Mrs. Judson's return to Rangoon, he again proceeded to Ava, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and Mr. Hough and family at Rangoon.

Mrs. Judson writes an account of her return, which I here quote:

AVA, *Feb.* 10, 1824.

MY DEAR PARENTS AND SISTERS:

After two years and a half wandering, you will be pleased to hear that I have at last arrived at home, so

far as this life is concerned, and am once more quietly and happily settled with Mr. Judson. When I retrace the scenes through which I have passed, the immense space I have traversed, and the various dangers, seen and unseen, from which I have been preserved, my heart is filled with gratitude and praise to that Being, who has at all times been my protector, and marked out all the way before me. Surely no one was ever more highly favored, no being was ever under greater obligations to make sacrifices for the promotion of God's glory, than I am at this moment. And I think I feel, more than ever, the importance of being spiritual and humble, and so to cherish the influences of the Holy Spirit, that in the communication of divine truth, powerful impressions may be made, and that I may no more wander from Him who is deserving of all my services and affections.

I wrote from Rangoon, but for fear my letters should not have arrived, I will mention a few things therein contained. We had a quick and pleasant passage from Calcutta to Rangoon. Mr. J.'s boat was all in readiness, my baggage was immediately taken from the ship to the boat, and in seven days from my arrival, we were on our way to the capital. Our boat was small and inconvenient; but the current at this season is so very strong, and the wind always against us, that our progress was slow, indeed. The season, however, was cool and delightful; we were preserved from dangers by day and robbers by night, and arrived in safety in six weeks. The A-rah-wah-tee (Irrawaddy) is a noble river; its banks everywhere covered with immortal beings, destined to the same eternity as ourselves. We often walked through

the villages; and, though we never received the least insult, always attracted universal attention. A foreign female was a sight never before beheld, and all were anxious that their friends and relatives should have a view. Crowds followed us through the villages, and some who were less civilized than others, would run some way before us, in order to have a *long* look as we approached them. In one instance, the boat being sometime in doubling a point we had walked over, we seated ourselves down, when the villagers, as usual, assembled, and Mr. Judson introduced the subject of religion. Several old men who were present entered into conversation, while the multitude was all attention. The apparent school-master of the village coming up, Mr. Judson handed him a tract, and requested him to read. After proceeding some way, he remarked to the assembly, that such a writing was worthy of being copied, and asked Mr. Judson to remain while he copied it. Mr. Judson informed him he might keep the tract, on condition he read it to all his neighbors. We could not but hope the Spirit of God would bless those few simple truths to the salvation of some of their souls.

Our boat was near being upset in passing through one of the rapids, with which this river abounds. The rudder became entangled in the rocks, which brought the boat across the stream, and laid her on one side. The steersman, however, had presence of mind sufficient to cut the rudder from the boat, which caused her to right, without experiencing any other inconvenience than a thorough fright, and the loss of our breakfast, which was pre-

cipitated from the fireplace into the water, together with everything on the outside of the boat.

On our arrival at Ava, we had more difficulties to encounter, and such as we had never before experienced. We had no home, no house to shelter us from the burning sun by day, and the cold dews at night. Dr. Price had kindly met us on the way, and urged our taking up our residence with him; but his house was in such an un finished state, and the walls so damp, (of brick, and just built,) that spending two or three hours threw me into a fever, and induced me to feel that it would be presumption to remain longer. We had but one alternative, to remain in the boat till we could build a small house on the spot of ground which the King gave Mr. Judson last year. And you will hardly believe it possible, for I almost doubt my senses, that in just a fortnight from our arrival, we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable. It is in a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town, and on the bank of the river. The spot of ground given by his Majesty is small, being only 120 feet long, and 75 wide; but it is our own, and is the most healthy situation I have seen. Our house is raised four feet from the ground, and consists of three small rooms and a verandah.

I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night, is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, where the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman,

when a number of the natives assemble; and every Sabbath Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege, that amid all our discouragaments we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul.

My female school has already commenced with three little girls, who are learning to read, sew, &c. Two of them are sisters, and we have named them *Mary* and *Abby Hasseltine*. One of them is to be supported with the money which the "Judson Association of Bradford Academy" have engaged to collect. They are fine children, and improve as rapidly as any children in the world. Their mother is deranged, and their father gave them to me to educate, so that I have been at no expense for them excepting their food and clothes. I have already begun to make inquiries for children, and doubt not we shall be directed in regard to our school.

I have not yet been at the palace, the royal family all being absent. They returned to Amarapora a day or two after our arrival, where they will remain till the new palace in this city is finished, when they will take possession in the usual form, and Ava in future will be their residence. My old friend, the lady of the Viceroy of Rangoon, who died in my absence, came to the boat to see me immediately on being informed of my arrival. All her power and distinction ceased at the death of her husband, and she is now only a private woman. She is, however, a very sensible woman, and there is much more hope of her attending to the subject of religion now than when in public life. I intend to visit her frequently, and

make it an object to fix her attention to the subject. In consequence of war with the Bengal government, foreigners are not so much esteemed at court as formerly. I know not what effect this war will have on our mission; but we must leave the event with Him who has hitherto directed us.

CHAPTER IX.

WAR IN BURMAH — MRS. JUDSON'S ACCOUNT OF THE MISSIONARIES' SUFFERINGS—TRIBUTE TO MRS. JUDSON FROM PRISONERS.

War having broken out in 1824, between England and Burmah, scenes of unparalleled horror were opened before the missionaries. I make no apology for quoting entire, the account given by Mrs. Judson herself, of the sufferings and trials through which she and her husband passed, as any other language would inevitably be weak in comparison with hers.

Rangoon, *May 26th*, 1826.

My beloved Brother :—

I commence this letter with the intention of giving you the particulars of our captivity and sufferings at Ava. How long my patience will allow my reviewing scenes of disgust and horror, the conclusion of this letter will determine. I had kept a journal of everything that had transpired from our arrival at Ava, but destroyed it at the commencement of our difficulties.

The first certain intelligence we received of the decla-

ration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsen-pyoo-kywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops, under the command of the celebrated Bandoola, had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey, we met Bandoola himself, with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of golden war boats, one of which was instantly despatched the other side of the river to hail us, and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to pass quietly on, when we had informed the messenger that we were Americans, *not English*, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his majesty.

On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr. Price was out of favor at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the king's manner toward him very different from what it formerly had been; and the queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently, I made no effort to visit at the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure. Under these circumstances, we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house, and commencing missionary operations as occasions offered, thus endeavoring to convince the government that we had really nothing to do with the present war.

In two or three weeks after our arrival, the king,

queen, all the members of the royal family, and most of the officers of government, returned to Amarapora, in order to come and take possession of the new palace in the customary style. As there has been much misunderstanding relative to Ava and Amarapora, both being called the capital of the Burmese empire, I will here remark, that present Ava was formerly the seat of government; but soon after the old king ascended the the throne, it was forsaken, and a new palace built at Amarapora, about six miles from Ava, in which he remained during his life. In the fourth year of the reign of the present king, Amarapora was in its turn forsaken, and a new and beautiful palace built at Ava, which was *then* in ruins, but is *now the capital* of the Burmese empire. The king and royal family had been living in temporary buildings at Ava, during the completion of the new palace, which gave occasion for their returning to Amarapora.

I dare not attempt a description of that splendid day, when majesty, with all its attendant glory, entered the gates of the golden city, and amid the acclamations of millions, I may say, took possession of the palace. The saupwars of the provinces bordering on China, all the viceroys and high officers of the kingdom, were assembled on the occasion, dressed in their robes of state, and ornamented with the insignia of their office. The white elephant, richly adorned with gold and jewels, was one of the most beautiful objects in the procession. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the country; they, hand in hand, entered the garden in which we had taken our seats, and where

a banquet was prepared for their refreshment. All the riches and glory of the empire were on this day exhibited to view. The number and immense size of the elephants, the numerous horses, and great variety of vehicles of all descriptions, far surpassed anything I have ever seen or imagined. Soon after his majesty had taken possession of the new palace, an order was issued that no foreigner should be allowed to enter, excepting Lansago. We were a little alarmed at this, but concluded it was from political motives, and would not, perhaps essentially affect us.

For several weeks, nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. J. preached every Sabbath, all the materials for building a brick house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

On the 23d of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the doctor's house, the other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy. Mr. Gouger, a young merchant residing at Ava, was then with us, and had much more reason to fear than the rest of us. We all, however, immediately returned to our house, and began to consider what was to be done. Mr. G. went to Prince Thar-yar-wa-dee, the king's most influential brother, who informed him he need not give himself any uneasiness, as he had mentioned the subject to his majesty, who replied, that "the few foreigners residing at Ava, had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested."

The government were now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men, under the command of the Kyee-woon-gyee, were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the Sakyah-voon-gyee, who had previously been appointed Viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither, when the news of its attack reached him. No doubt was entertained of the defeat of the English; the only fear of the king was, that the foreigners, hearing of the advance of the Burmese troops, would be so alarmed as to flee on board their ships, and depart before there would be time to secure them as slaves. "Bring for me," said a wild young buck of the palace, "six kala pyoo, (white strangers,) to row my boat." "And to me," said the lady of a Woon-gyee, "send four white strangers to manage the affairs of my house, as I understand they are trusty servants." The war boats, in high glee, passed our house, the soldiers singing and dancing, and exhibiting gestures of the most joyous kind. Poor fellows! said we, you will probably never dance again. And it so proved, for few, if any, ever saw again their native home.

As soon as the army were dispatched, the government began to inquire the cause of the arrival of the strangers at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who have invited them over. And who so likely to be spies, as the Englishmen residing at Ava? A report was in circulation, that Captain Laird, lately arrived, had brought Bengal papers which contained the intention of the English to take Rangoon, and it was kept a secret from his Majesty. An inquiry was instituted. The three Englishmen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were

called and examined. It was found they had seen the papers, and were put in confinement, though not in prison. We now began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some dreadful event.

At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be, whether they had been in the habit of making communications to foreigners, of the state of the country, &c. They answered, they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers, or the Bengal government. After their examination, they were not put in confinement as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses. In examining the accounts of Mr. G., it was found that Mr. J. and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant as were the Burmese of our mode of receiving money by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was a sufficient evidence, that the Missionaries were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the king, who, in an angry tone, ordered the immediate arrest of the "two teachers."

On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by *one*, whom from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a "son of the prison." "Where is the teacher?" was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. "You are called by the king," said the officer; a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The

spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. "Stay, (said I,) I will give you money." "Take her too," said the officer; "she also is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighborhood had collected—the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran—the little Burman children were screaming and crying—the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master—and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes; but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the Governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king, to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed—and Moung Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavored to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring

fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the verandah, and continually called me to come out, and submit to his examination. But previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of everything I knew; then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavored to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this; but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my

entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

The next morning I sent Moung Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence that Mr. Judson, and all the white foreigners, were confined in the *death prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of government to state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message—she "did not understand it,"—which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterwards ascertained that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not on account of the queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavored to soften the feelings of the guard by giving them tea and cigars for the night; so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room, without threatening as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor in irons and confinement,

haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

On the third day I sent a message to the governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect; and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult, relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance at the first glance presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside, and endeavored to convince me that myself, as well as the prisoners, was entirely at his disposal—that our future comfort must depend on my liberality in regard to presents—and that these must be made in a private way, and unknown to any officer in the government! What must I do, said I, to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers? "Pay to me," said he, "two hundred tickals, (about a hundred dollars,) two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs." I had taken money with me in the morning, our house being two miles from the prison—I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged he would

not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time, but fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

I then procured an order from the governor, for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was never allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to his release; but, before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailors, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again repeated, "Depart, or we will pull you out." The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on; but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

My next object was to get a petition presented to the queen; but no person being admitted into the palace, who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favor. But now times were altered: Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present

of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, "What do you want?" but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distressess and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, "Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike" "But it is singular," said I, "the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment; and is it right they should be treated thus?" "The king does as he pleases," said she, "I am not the king, what can I do?" "You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release," replied I. "Place yourself in my situation,—were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female—what would you do?" With a slight degree of feeling, she said, "I will present your petition,—come again to-morrow." I returned to the house with considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day Mr. Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand rupees, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me they should *visit our house* on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them by secreting as many little articles as possible; together with considerable silver, as I knew if the war should be protracted, we

should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation lest it should be discovered and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter I should not have ventured on such a step.

The next morning, the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was in future our steady friend, and another nobleman, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweetmeats for their refreshment; and justice obliges me to say that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were about to do, by saying that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the king. "Where is your silver, gold, and jewels?" said the royal treasurer. "I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver —do with it as you please." The trunk was produced, and the silver weighed. "This money," said I, "was collected in America, by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a kyoung, (the name of a priest's dwelling) and for our support, while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?" (The Burmans are averse to taking what is

offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry.) "We will state this circumstance to the king," said one of them, "and perhaps he will restore it. But is this all the silver you have?" I could not tell a falsehood: "The house is in your possession," I replied, "search for yourselves." "Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance?" "My acquaintances are all in prison, with whom should I deposit silver?" They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Everything nice or curious, which met his view, was presented to the officers, for their decision, whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take our wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn, into the possession of his majesty, and to us they were of unspeakable value. They assented, and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, &c. My little work table and rocking chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp, partly by artifice, and partly through their ignorance. They left, also, many articles, which were of inestimable value during our long imprisonment.

As soon as they had finished their search, and departed, I hastened to the queen's brother to hear what had been the fate of my petition, when, alas! all my hopes were dashed by his wife coolly saying, "I stated your case to the queen, but her majesty replied, *The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are.*" My expectations had been so much excited, that this sentence was like a thunder-clap to my feelings. For the truth at one glance

assured me that if the queen refused assistance, who would dare to intercede for me? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home, attempted to enter the prison gate to communicate the sad tidings to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance; and for the ten days following, notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered; the poor fellow who carried the communications was beaten and put in the stocks, and the circumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony, for fear of the consequences.

The officers who had taken possession of our property, presented it to his majesty, saying, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house, but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money, there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, &c., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them, or let them remain?" "Let them remain," said the king, "and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to him again, if he is found innocent." This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

For two or three months following, I was subject to continual harassments, partly through my ignorance of police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. When the officers came to our house to confiscate our property, they insisted on knowing how much I had given the governor and prison officers, to release the teachers from the inner prison. I honestly

told them, and they demanded the sum from the governor, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back into their original place. I went to him the next morning, and the first words with which he accosted me were, "You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money?" "The treasurer inquired; what could I say?" I replied. "Say that you had given nothing," said he, "and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate." "But I cannot tell a falsehood," I replied. "My religion differs from yours—it forbids prevarication; and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest." His wife, who sat by his side, and who always, from this time, continued my firm friend, instantly said, "Very true—what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct; you must not (turning to the governor) be angry with her." I then presented the governor with a beautiful opera glass I had just received from England, and begged his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, and I would endeavor, from time to time, to make him such presents as would compensate for his loss. "You may intercede for your husband only; for your sake, he shall remain where he is; but let the other prisoners take care of themselves." I pleaded hard for Dr. Price, but he would not listen, and the same day had him returned to the inner prison, where he remained ten days. He was then taken out in consequence of the doctor's promising a piece of broadcloth, and my sending two pieces of handkerchiefs.

About this period, I was one day summoned to the Loot-dau, in an official way. What new evil was before me, I knew not, but was obliged to go. When arrived, I was allowed to *stand* at the bottom of the stairs, as no female is permitted to ascend the steps, or even to stand, but sit on the ground. Hundreds were collected around. The officer who presided, in an authoritative voice began: "Speak the truth in answer to the question I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer, a string of pearls, a pair of diamond ear-rings, and a silver tea-pot, is it true?" "It is not," I replied; "and if you, or any other person, can produce these articles, I refuse not to die." The officer again urged the necessity of "speaking true." I told him I had nothing more to say on the subject, but begged he would use his influence to obtain the release of Mr. Judson from prison.

I returned to the house with a heart much lighter than I went, though conscious of my perpetual exposure to such harassments. Notwithstanding the repulse I had met in my application to the queen, I could not remain without making continual effort for your brother's release, while there was the least probability of success. Time after time, my visits to the queen's sister-in-law were repeated, till she refused to answer a question, and told me, by her looks, I had better keep out of her presence. For the seven following months, hardly a day passed, that I did not visit some one of the members of government, or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf; but the only benefit

resulting was, their encouraging promises preserved us from despair, and induced a hope of the speedy termination of our difficulties, which enabled us to bear our distresses better than we otherwise should have done. I ought, however, to mention, that by repeated visits to the different members of government, I gained several friends, who were ready to assist me with articles of food, though in a private manner, and who used their influence in the palace to destroy the impression of our being in any way engaged in the present war. But no one dared to speak a word to the king or queen in favor of a foreigner, while there were such continual reports of the success of the English arms.

During these seven months, the continual extortions and oppressions to which your brother and the other white prisoners were subject, are indescribable. Some times, sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs; at other times, an order would be issued, that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food without an extra fee. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk, in returning to the house. Oh, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners! Sometimes, for a moment or

two, my thoughts would glance toward America, and my beloved parents there—but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava.

You, my dear brother, who know my strong attachment to my friends, and how much pleasure I have hitherto experienced from retrospect, can judge from the above circumstances, how intense were my sufferings. But the point, the acme of my distress, consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer violent death, and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither "few nor small." It taught me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful, happy rest where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters. But how have I digressed from my relation! I will again return.

The war was now prosecuted with all the energy the Burmese government possessed. New troops were continually raised and sent down the river, and as frequent reports returned of their being all cut off. But that part of the Burmese army stationed in Arracan, under the command of Bandoola, had been more successful. Three hundred prisoners, at one time, were sent to the capital, as an evidence of the victory that had been gained. The king began to think that none but Bandoola understood the art of fighting with foreigners; con-

sequently his majesty recalled him with the design of his taking command of the army that had been sent to Rangoon. On his arrival at Ava, he was received at court in the most flattering manner, and was the recipient of every favor in the power of the king and queen to bestow. He was, in fact, while at Ava, the acting king. I was resolved to apply to him for the release of the missionaries, though some members of government advised me not, lest he, being reminded of their existence, should issue an immediate order for their execution But it was my last hope, and, as it proved, my last application.

Your brother wrote a petition privately, stating every circumstance that would have a tendency to interest him in our behalf. With fear and trembling I approached him, while surrounded by a crowd of flatterers; and one of his secretaries took the petition, and read it aloud. After hearing it, he spake to me in an obliging manner —asked several questions relative to the teachers—said he would think of the subject—and bade me come again. I ran to the prison to communicate the favorable reception to Mr. Judson; and we both had sanguine hopes that his release was at hand. But the governor of the city expressed his amazement at my temerity, and said he doubted not it would be the means of destroying all the prisoners. In a day or two, however, I went again, and took a present of considerable value. Bandoola was not at home, but his *lady*, after ordering the present to be taken into another room, modestly informed me that she was ordered by her husband to make the following communication—that he was now very busily employed

in making preparations for Rangoon; but that when he had retaken that place and expelled the English, he would return and release all the prisoners.

Thus again were all our hopes dashed; and we felt that we could do nothing more, but sit down and submit to our lot. From this time we gave up all idea of being released from prison, till the termination of the war; but I was still obliged to visit constantly some of the members of government, with little presents, particularly the governor of the city, for the purpose of making the situation of the prisoners tolerable. I generally spent the greater part of every other day at the governor's house, giving him all the information relative to American manners, customs, government, &c. He used to be so much gratified with my communications, as to feel greatly disappointed, if any occurrence prevented my spending the usual hours at his house.

Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosures, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place, was the coldest part of the year, when he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece, I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence, previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred, as he formerly had been. When Maria was nearly two months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white

prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, &c. been taken by the jailors. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils.

I should have mentioned before this, the defeat of Bandoola, his escape to Danooyboo, the complete destruction of his army and loss of ammunition, and the consternation this intelligence produced at court. The English army had left Rangoon, and were advancing towards Prome, when these severe measures were taken with the prisoners.

I went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for *it could not be done.* I went to the prison gate, but was forbid to enter. All was as still as death—not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. J's. little room remaining. I was determined to see the governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression, and for this purpose returned into town the same evening, at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying, Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate, though innocent beings, committed to your charge. You have

promised me particularly, that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. J. to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment? The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. "I pity you, Tsa-yar-ga-dau, (a name by which he always called me,) I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say, I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is, to put them out of sight. I will now tell you, (continued he,) what I have never told you before, that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother, to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it." I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favor, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily

applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time.

It was at this period that the death of Bandoola was announced in the palace. The king heard it with silent amazement, and the queen, in eastern style, smote upon her breast, and cried, ama! ama! (alas! alas!) Who could be found to fill his place? who would venture, since the invincible Bandoola had been cut off? Such were the exclamations constantly heard in the streets of Ava. The common people were speaking *low* of a rebellion, in case more troops should be levied. For, as yet, the common people had borne the weight of the war; not a tickal had been taken from the royal treasury. At length the Pakan Woon, who a few months before had been so far disgraced by the king as to be thrown into prison and irons, now offered himself to head a new army that should be raised on a different plan from those which had hitherto been raised, and assured the king in the most confident manner, that he would conquer the English, and restore those places that had been taken, in a very short time. He proposed that every soldier should receive a hundred tickals in advance, and he would obtain security for each man, as the money was to pass through his hands. It was afterwards found that he had taken for his own use, ten tickals from every hundred. He was a man of enterprise and talents, though a violent enemy to all foreigners. His offers were accepted by the king and government, and all power immediately committed to him. One of the first exercises of his power was, to

arrest Lansago and the Portuguese priest, who had hitherto remained unmolested, and cast them into prison, and to subject the native Portuguese and Bengalees to the most menial occupations. The whole town was in alarm, lest they should feel the effects of his power; and it was owing to the malignant representations of this man, that the white prisoners suffered such a change in their circumstances, as I shall soon relate.

After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house, and put up a small bamboo room in the governor's enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the governor to give me an order to take Mr. J. out of the large prison, and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form, and also gave orders to the head jailer, to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicines, &c. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. J. instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low, that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.

Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under jailer to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. J's. food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable sit-

uation but two or three days, when one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson's breakfast, which, in consequence of fever, he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor, in great haste, sent for me. I promised him to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor's will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed, when the governor informed me that he only wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards, that his only object was to detain me until the dreadful scene about to take place in the prison was over. For, when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and with a ghastly countenance, informed me that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met, but no one would answer me. At length an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone towards the little river, for they were to be carried to Amarapora. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of government to re-

move the foreigners till that morning. That since I went out, he had learned that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapora; but for what purpose, he knew not. "I will send off a man immediately," said he, "to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband," continued he; "*take care of yourself.*" With a heavy heart I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sunk down almost in despair. For several days previous, I had been actively engaged in building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get into prison. But now I looked towards the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death, no preparation of your brother's food, no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner hour, all my employment, all my occupations seemed to have ceased, and I had nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off, I knew not whither. It was one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Towards night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapora; and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town.

Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, "Take care of yourself," made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with

the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Moung Ing and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us, (though we were unable to pay his wages,) I took leave, as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava, forever.

On my return to the governor's, I found a servant of Mr. Gouger, who happened to be near the prison when the foreigners were led out, and followed on to see the end, who informed me that the prisoners had been carried before the Lamine Woon, at Amarapora, and were to be sent the next day to a village he knew not how far distant. My distress was a little relieved by the intelligence that our friend was yet alive, but still I knew not what was to become of him. The next morning I obtained a pass from government, and with my little Maria, who was then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, (two of the Burman children,) and our Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party that could afford me any assistance, I set off for Amarapora. The day was dreadfully hot; but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, till within two miles of the government house. I then procured a cart; but the violent motion, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. But what was my disappointment on my arriving at the court-house to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go, in that uncomfortable mode, four miles further, with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cart man refused to go any further; and, after waiting an hour in

the burning sun, I procured another and set off for that never to be forgotten place, Oung-pen-la. I obtained a guide from the governor, and was conducted directly to the prison yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old, shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapora, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said, no, it was not customary. I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived—the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered me; and in that little, filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half boiled water, instead of my tea, and, worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavored to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. The next morning your brother gave me the following account of the brutal treatment he had received on being taken out of prison:

As soon as I had gone out at the call of the governor, one of the jailors rushed into Mr. J's little room—roughly seized him by the arm—pulled him out—stripped him of all his clothes, excepting his shirt and pantaloons—took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding—tore off his chains—tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court-house, where the other prisoners had previouly been taken. They were then tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of the Lamine Woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable, indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile when your brother's feet became blistered, and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that, as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and, in this wretched state, they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. Mr. J.'s debilitated state, in consequence of fever, and having taken no food that morning rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners. When about half way on their journey, as they stopped for water, your brother begged the Lamine Woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful, malignant look, was all

the reply that was made. He then requested Captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and seeing the distress of your brother, took off his head-dress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped around his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried by him the remainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, your brother thinks he should have shared the fate of the poor Greek, who was one of their number, and when taken out of prison that morning was in perfect health. But he was a corpulent man, and the sun affected him so much that he fell down on the way. His inhuman drivers beat and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the court-house. The Lamine Woon, seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no further that night, otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day.

An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat or pillow, or anything to cover them. The curiosity of the Lamine Woon's wife,

induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds, for their refreshment; and the next morning rice was prepared for them, and as poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before. Carts were also provided for their conveyance, as none of them were able to walk. All this time the foreigners were entirely ignorant of what was to become of them; and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were there to be burnt, agreeably to the report which had previously been in circulation at Ava. They all endeavored to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated; and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison that they had the least doubt that a cruel, lingering death awaited them. My arrival was in an hour or two after this.

The next morning I arose and endeavored to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price's friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amarapora, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lansago, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had brought. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our Heavenly Father was better to us than our

fears; for, notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers, during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable. Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectations. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor.

The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighborhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison, with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the small pox that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inocu-

lated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. It the same time I inoculated Abby and the jailor's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take—she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder.

You will recollect I never had the small pox, but was vaccinated previously to leaving America. In consequence of being for so long a time constantly exposed, I had nearly a hundred postules formed, though no previous symptoms of fever, &c. The jailer's children having had the small pox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it, was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disorder, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated the mall with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet,—all the instructions I could give them. Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated, than when in the city prison.

The prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the jailers could obtain chains sufficient, they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though

locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the small pox; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison. In this debilitated state, I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines, and some suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it attacked me so violently, that I had no hopes of recovery left—and my only anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I however got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder, as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round thick planks with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

I just reached Oung pen-la, when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated

was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered, until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. A common Bengalee cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking. But he seemed to forget his caste, and almost his own wants, in his efforts to serve us. He would provide, cook, and carry your brother's food, and then return and take care of me. I have frequently known him not to taste food till near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act we required. I take great pleasure in speaking of the faithful conduct of this servant, who is still with us, and I trust has been well rewarded for his services.

Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon

me. When in health, I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailers seemed a little softened at our distress, and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands, as though we were free from sufferings, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions to which we were subject, during our six months' residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description.

It was some time after our arrival at Oung-pen-la, that we heard of the execution of the Pakan Woon, in conconsequence of which our lives were still preserved. For we afterwards ascertained, that the white foreigners had been sent to Oung-pen-la, for the express purpose of sacrificing them; and that he himself intended witnessing the horrid scene. We had frequently heard of his intended arrival at Oung-pen-la; but we had no idea of his diabolical purposes. He had raised an army of fifty thousand men, (a tenth part of whose advance pay was found in his house,) and expected to march against the English army in a short time, when he was suspected of high treason, and instantly executed without the least examination. Perhaps no death in Ava ever produced

such universal rejoicings, as that of the Pakan Woon. We never, to this day, hear his name mentioned, but with an epithet of reproach or hatred. Another brother of the king was appointed to the command of the army now in readiness, but with no very sanguine expectations of success. Some weeks after the departure of these troops, two of the Woon-gyees were sent down for the purpose of negotiating. But not being successful, the queen's brother, the *acting king* of the country, was prevailed on to go. Great expectations were raised in consequence; but his cowardice induced him to encamp his detachment of the army at a great distance from the English, and even at a distance from the main body of the Burmese army, whose head-quarters were then at Maloun. Thus he effected nothing, though reports were continually reaching us, that peace was nearly concluded.

The time at length arrived for our release from the dreary scenes of Oung-pen-la. A messenger from our friend, the governor of the north gate of the palace, informed us that an order had been given the evening before, in the palace, for Mr. Judson's release. On the same evening, an official order arrived, and with a joyful heart I set about preparing for our departure early the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred, which made us fear that *I* should still be retained as a prisoner. The avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted, that as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me—they still determined I should not go, and for-

bade the villagers letting me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison, and brought to the jailer's house, where, by promises and threatenings, he finally gained their consent, on condition that we would leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava. It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we reached Amarapora, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the jailer, who conducted him to the governor of the city. Having made all necessary inquiries, the governor appointed another guard, which conveyed Mr. Judson to the court-house in Ava, to which place he arrived some time in the night. I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our house before dark.

My first object the next morning, was to go in search of your brother, and I had the mortification to meet him again in prison, though not the death prison. I went immediately to my old friend, the governor of the city, who now was raised to the rank of a Woon-gyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter; and that he was put in confinement for a short time only, till his affairs were settled. Early on the following morning, I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty tickals from government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun, and that *he* had given him permission to stop a few moments at the house, it being on his way. I hastened back to the house, where Mr. Judson soon arrived, but was allowed to remain only a short time, while I could prepare food and clothing for future use. He was

crowded into a little boat, where he had not room to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold, damp nights threw him into a violent fever, which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Maloun on the third day, where, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately on the work of translating. He remained at Maloun six weeks, suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting he was not in irons, nor exposed to the insults of those cruel jailers.

For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previous, since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson's services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was—hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, till I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement, and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God, for though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; when, at the very time I most needed one, and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made. My fever raged violently, and without any intermission. I began to

think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me. At this dreadful period, Dr. Price was released from prison; and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me, to endeavor to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was, seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone, that the Burmese neighbors who had come in to see me expire, said, "She is dead; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her."

The fever, I afterwards understood, had run seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly; but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. While in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp, came in, and informed me that his master had arrived, and was conducted to the court-house in town. I sent off a Burman to watch the movements of government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence, that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace yard, accompanied by two or

three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons, and that it was reported in town, that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison. I was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock so dreadful as this, almost annihilated me. For some time, I could hardly breathe; but at last gained sufficient composure to despatch Moung Ing to our friend, the governor of the north gate, and begged him to make *one more effort* for the release of Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent back to the country prison, where I knew he must suffer much, as I could not follow. Moung Ing then went in search of Mr. Judson; and it was nearly dark when he found him in the interior of an obscure prison. I had sent food early in the afternoon, but being unable to find him, the bearer had returned with it, which added another pang to my distresses, as I feared he was already sent to Oung-pen-la.

If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me;" and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise, that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

When Mr. Judson was sent from Maloun to Ava, it was within five minutes' notice, and without his knowledge of the cause. On his way up the river, he accidentally saw the communication made to government respecting him, which was simply this: "We have no

further use for Yoodathan, we therefore return him to the golden city." On arriving at the court-house, there happened to be no one present who was acquainted with Mr. J. The presiding officer inquired from what place he had been sent to Maloun. He was answered from Oung-pen-la. Let him then, said the officer, be returned thither—when he was delivered to a guard and conducted to the place above mentioned, there to remain until he could be conveyed to Oung-pen-la. In the meantime the governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson's security, obtained his release, and took him to his house, where he treated him with considerable kindness, and to which I was removed as soon as returning health would allow.

The advance of the English army towards the capital, at this time threw the whole town into the greatest state of alarm, and convinced the government that some speedy measures must be taken to save the golden city. They had hitherto rejected all the overtures of Sir Archibald Campbell, imagining, until this late period, that they could in some way or other drive the English from the country. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were daily called to the palace and consulted; in fact nothing was done without their approbation. Two English officers, also, who had lately been brought to Ava as prisoners, were continually consulted, and their good offices requested in endeavoring to persuade the British general to make peace on easier terms. It was finally concluded that Mr. Judson and one of the officers above mentioned, should be sent immediately to the English camp, in order to nego

tiate. The danger attached to a situation so responsible, under a government so fickle as the Burmese, induced your brother to use every means to prevent his being sent. Dr. Price was not only willing, but desirous of going; this circumstance Mr. Judson represented to the members of government, and begged he might not be compelled to go, as Dr. Price could transact the business equally as well as himself. After some hesitation and deliberation, Dr. Price was appointed to accompany Dr. Sandford, one of the English officers, on condition that Mr. Judson would stand security for his return; while the other English officer, then in irons, should be security for Dr. Sandford. The king gave them a hundred tickals each, to bear their expenses, (twenty-five of which Dr. Sandford generously sent to Mr. Gouger, still a prisoner at Oung-pen-la,) boats, men, and a Burmese officer, to accompany them, though he ventured no farther than the Burman camp. With the most anxious solicitude the court waited the arrival of the messengers, but did not in the least relax in their exertions to fortify the city. Men and beasts were at work night and day, making new stockades and strengthening old ones, and whatever buildings were in their way were immediately torn down. Our house with all that surrounded it, was levelled to the ground, and our beautiful little compound turned into a road and a place for the erection of cannon. All articles of value were conveyed out of town and safely deposited in some other place.

At length the boat, in which the ambassadors had been sent, was seen approaching a day earlier than was expected. As it advanced towards the city, the

banks were lined by thousands, anxiously inquiring their success. But no answer was given—the government must first hear the news. The palace gates were crowded, the officers at the Loot-dau were seated, when Dr. Price made the following communication: "The general and commissioners will make no alteration in their terms, except the hundred lacks (a lack is a hundred thousand) of rupees, may be paid at four different times. The first twenty-five lacks to be paid within twelve days, or the army will continue their march." In addition to this, the prisoners were to be given up immediately. The general had commissioned Dr. Price to demand Mr. Judson and myself and little Maria. This was communicated to the king, who replied, "They are not English, they are my people, and shall not go." At this time I had no idea that we should ever be released from Ava. The government had learned the value of your brother's services, having employed him the last three months; and we both concluded they would never consent to our departure. The foreigners were again called to a consultation, to see what could be done. Dr. Price and Mr. Judson told them plainly that the English would never make peace on any other terms than those offered, and that it was in vain to go down again without the money. It was then proposed that a third part of the first sum demanded should be sent down immediately. Mr. Judson objected, and still said it would be useless. Some of the members of government then intimated that it was probable the teachers were on the side of the English, and did not try to make them take a smaller sum;

and also threatened if they did not make the English comply, they and their families should suffer.

In this interval, the fears of the government were considerably allayed by the offers of a general, by name Layar-thoo-yah, who desired to make one more attempt to conquer the English, and disperse them. He assured the king and government, that he could so fortify the ancient city of Pagan, as to make it impregnable; and that he would there defeat and destroy the English. His offers were heard, he marched to Pagan, with a very considerable force, and made strong the fortifications. But the English took the city with perfect ease, and dispersed the Burmese army; while the general fled to Ava, and had the presumption to appear in the presence of the king, and demand new troops. The king being enraged that he had ever listened to him for a moment, in consequence of which the negotiation had been delayed, the English General provoked, and the troops daily advancing, that he ordered the general to be immediately executed! The poor fellow was soon hurled from the palace, and beat all the way to the court-house—when he was stripped of his rich apparel, bound with cords, and made to kneel and bow towards the palace. He was then delivered into the hands of the executioners, who, by their cruel treatment, put an end to his existence before they reached the place of execution.

The king caused it to be reported that this general was executed in consequence of disobeying his commands, "*Not to fight the English.*"

Dr. Price was sent off the same night, with part of the prisoners, and with instructions to persuade the

general to take six lacks instead of twenty-five. He returned in two or three days with the appalling intelligence that the English General was very angry, refused to have any communication with him, and was now within a few days' march of the capital. The queen was greatly alarmed, and said the money should be raised immediately if the English would only stop their march. The whole palace was in motion, gold and silver vessels were melted up, the king and queen superintended the weighing of a part of it, and were determined if possible to save their city. The silver was ready in the boats by the next evening; but they had so little confidence in the English that, after all their alarm, they concluded to send down six lacks only, with the assurance that if the English would stop where they then were, the remainder should be forthcoming immediately.

The government now did not even ask Mr. Judson the question whether he would go or not; but some of the officers took him by the arm, as he was walking in the street, and told him he must go immediately on board the boat, to accompany two Burmese officers, a Woongyee and Woondouk, who were going down to make peace. Most of the English prisoners were sent at the same time. The general and commissioners would not receive the six lacks, neither would they stop their march; but promised, if the sum complete reached them before they should arrive at Ava, they would make peace. The general also commissioned Mr. Judson to collect the remaining foreigners, of whatever country, and ask the question before the Burmese government, whether they wished to go or stay. Those who expressed a wish to go

should be delivered up immediately or peace would not be made.

Mr. Judson reached Ava at midnight; had all the foreigners called the next morning, and the question asked. Some of the members of government said to him, "You will not leave us—you shall become a great man if you will remain." He then secured himself from the odium of saying that he wished to leave the service of his majesty, by recurring to the order of Sir Archibald, that whoever wished to leave Ava should be given up, and that I had expressed a wish to go, so that he of course must follow. The remaining part of the twenty-five lacks was soon collected; the prisoners at Oung-pen-la were all released, and either sent to their houses or down the river to the English; and in two days from the time of Mr. Judson's return, we took an affectionate leave of the good natured officer who had so long entertained us at his house, and who now accompanied us to the water side, and we then left forever the banks of Ava.

It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that, with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. The thought that we had still to pass the Burman camp, would sometimes occur to damp our joy, for we feared that some obstacle might there arise to retard our progress. Nor were we mistaken in our conjectures. We reached the camp about midnight, where we were detained two hours; the Woongyee, and high officers, in-

sisting that *we* should wait at the camp while Dr. Price, (who did not return to Ava with your brother, but remained at the camp,) should go on with the money, and first ascertain whether peace would be made. The Burmese government still entertained the idea that as soon as the English had received the money and prisoners, they would continue their march and yet destroy the capital. We knew not but that some circumstance might occur to break off the negotiations; Mr. Judson therefore strenuously insisted that he would not remain, but go on immediately. The officers were finally prevailed on to consent, hoping much from Mr. Judson's assistance in making peace.

We now, for the first time, for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steam-boat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life. As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steam-boat, where I passed the remainder of the day, while your brother went on to meet the general, who, with a detachment of the army, had encamped at Yandabo, a few miles further down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening with an invitation from Sir Archibald, to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by the general, who had a tent pitched for us near his own—took us to his own

table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country.

We feel that our obligations to General Campbell can never be canceled. Our final release from Ava, and our recovering all the property that had there been taken was owing entirely to his efforts. This subsequent hospitality, and kind attention to the accommodations for our passage to Rangoon, have left an indelible impression on our minds, which can never be forgotten. We daily received the congratulation of the British officers, whose conduct towards us formed a striking contrast to that of the Burmese. I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea wholly occupied my mind, that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like these :— *What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits toward us !*

The treaty of peace was soon concluded, signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. We left Yandabo, after a fortnight's residence, and safely reached the mission-house in Rangoon, after an absence of two years and three months.

A review of our trip to, and adventures in Ava, often excites the inquiry, Why were we permitted to go? What good has been effected? Why did I not listen to the advice of friends in Bengal, and remain there till the war was concluded? But all that we can say is, *It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.* So far as my going round to Rangoon, at the time I did, was in-

strumental in bringing those heavy afflictions upon us, I can only state, that if I ever acted from a sense of duty in my life, it was at that time; for my conscience would not allow me any peace when I thought of sending for your brother to come to Calcutta, in prospect of the approaching war. Our society at home have lost no property in consequence of our difficulties; but two years of precious time have been lost to the mission, unless some future advantage may be gained, in consequence of the severe discipline to which we ourselves have been subject. We are sometimes induced to think that the lesson we found so very hard to learn will have a beneficial effect through our lives; and that the mission may, in the end, be advanced rather than retarded.

We should have had no hesitation about remaining in Ava if no part of the Burmese empire had been ceded to the British. But, as it was, we felt it would be an unnecessary exposure, besides the missionary field being much more limited, in consequence of intoleration. We now consider our future missionary prospects as bright, indeed; and our only anxiety is to be once more in that situation where our time will be exclusively devoted to the instruction of the heathen.

The following tribute to Mrs. Judson, written by one of Mr. Judson's companions in captivity, an Englishman, it is due to her memory to introduce here:

"Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never ex-

pected by any, who knew the hauteur and inflexible pride of the Burman court.

"And while on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

"While we were all left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply.

"When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe.

"When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of our enlargement, or of a respite from our galling oppressions.

"Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing in a chief degree, to the repeated eloquence, and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace."

CHAPTER X.

DEATH OF MRS. JUDSON AND HER DAUGHTER.

ALTHOUGH the terrible sufferings through which the Missionaries had passed were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, their love for the Burmans and their devotion to the missionary cause continued unabated. They prepared, full of renewed hope, for a removal to a new field of labour, Amherst. Mr. Judson writes to the corresponding secretary.

Rangoon, *July* 31*st*, 1826.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

At the date of my last letter, I was waiting for an opportunity of removing to Amherst. Since then, the commissioner, Mr. Crawford, who is appointed to negotiate a secondary treaty with the court of Ava, renewed his proposal for me to accompany the embassy, and pledged himself, in case of my complying, to use his interest to procure the insertion of an article in the treaty, favorable to religious toleration—an object which I have had at heart for so many years, and which, though now on account of the opening in the south provinces, not

so necessary as formerly, yet greatly favourable to the gradual introduction of religion, into all parts of the country, from the station which we propose occupying. With these views, I thought it my duty to accept the offer. Desirous, however, of making a commencement in the new place, as early as possible, and unwilling to disappoint the native converts, who had left this, in the full expectation of our immediately following them, I accompanied Mrs. Judson and family thither, in the end of last month, and after seeing them comfortably settled, in a temporary house belonging to Captain Fenwick, Civil Superintendent of the place, which he kindly vacated for Mrs. Judson's accommodation, I returned to Rangoon the 9th inst. The embassy will leave this for Ava, on the receipt of final orders from Bengal, which are daily expected.

During Mr. Judson's absence upon this errand, Mrs. Judson, the noble heroine, whose intrepid and loving care had been his solace through such severe afflictions, was taken ill with the fatal disorder which terminated her life, October, 24th, 1826. In a strange land, with the husband for whose sake she had faced so many perils, away from relatives and home, she died, leaving a deathless fame, and an example to her countrywomen that can never fade or be forgotten.

Mr. Judson's letter to Mrs. Judson's mother, contains the fullest account of her illness and death. I quote it entire.

TO MRS. HASSELTINE OF BRADFORD, MASS.

AVA, *December 7th*, 1826.

DEAR MOTHER HASSELTINE:—

THIS letter, though intended for the whole family, I address particularly to you; for it is a mother's heart that will be most deeply interested in its melancholy details. I propose to give you, at different times, some account of my great irreparable loss, of which you will have heard before receiving this letter.

I left your daughter, my beloved wife, at Amherst, the 5th of July last, in good health, comfortably situated, happy in being out of the reach of our savage oppressors, and animated in prospect of a field of missionary labor opening under the auspices of British protection. It affords me some comfort that she not only consented to my leaving her, for the purpose of joining the present embassy to Ava, but uniformly gave her advice in favor of the measure, whenever I hesitated concerning my duty. Accordingly I left her. On the 5th of July, I saw her for the last time. Our parting was much less painful than many others had been. We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes, that a separation of three or four months, attended with no hazards to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted, therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy reunion, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness. After my return to Rangoon, and subsequent arrival at Ava, I received several letters from her, written in her usual style, and exhibiting no subject of regret or apprehension, except the de-

clining health of our little daughter, Maria. Her last was dated the 14th of September. She says, "I have this day moved into the new house, and, for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things wear rather a favorable aspect. Moung Ing's school has commenced with ten scholars, and more are expected. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up, and points towards the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about anything, excepting you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you in safety to your new and old home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann."

On the 3d of October, Captain F., civil superintendent of Amherst, writes, "Mrs. Judson is extremely well." Why she did not write herself, by the same opportunity, I know not. On the 18th, the same gentleman writes, "I can hardly think it right to tell you that Mrs. Judson has had an attack of fever, as before this reaches you, she will, I sincerely trust, be quite well, as it has not been so severe as to reduce her. This was occasioned by too close attendance on the child. However, her cares have been rewarded in a most extraordinary manner, as the poor babe at one time was so reduced that no rational hope could be entertained of its

recovery; but at present, a most favorable change has taken place, and she has improved wonderfully. Mrs. Judson had no fever last night, so that the intermission is now complete." The tenor of this letter was such as to make my mind quite easy, both as it regarded the mother and the child. My next communication was a letter with a black seal, handed me by a person, saying he was sorry to have to inform me of the death of the child. I know not whether this was a mistake on his part, or kindly intended to prepare my mind for the real intelligence. I went into my room, and opened the letter with feelings of gratitude and joy, that at any rate the mother was spared. It was from Mr. B., assistant superintendent of Amherst, dated the 26th of October, and began thus:—

"My dear Sir:—To one who has suffered so much, and with such exemplary fortitude, there needs but little preface to tell a tale of distress. It were cruel indeed, to torture you with doubt and suspense. To sum up the unhappy tidings in a few words, *Mrs. Judson is no more.*"

At intervals, I got through with the dreadful letter, and proceed to give you the substance as indelibly engraven on my heart:—

"Early in the month, she was attacked with a most violent fever. From the first, she felt a strong presentiment that she should not recover, and on the 24th, about eight in the evening, she expired. Dr. R. was quite

assiduous in his attentions, both as friend and physician. Captain F., procured her the services of a European woman from the 45th regiment; and be assured, all was done that could be done to comfort her in her sufferings, and to smooth the passage to the grave. We all deeply feel the loss of this excellent lady, whose shortness of residence among us was yet sufficiently long to impress us with a deep sense of her worth and virtues. It was not until about the 20th that Dr. R. began seriously to suspect danger. Before that period, the fever had abated at intervals; but its last approach baffled all medical skill. On the morning of the 23d, Mrs. Judson spoke for the last time. The disease had then completed its conquest, and from that time up to the moment of dissolution, she lay nearly motionless, and apparently quite insensible. Yesterday morning I assisted in the last melancholy office of putting her mortal remains in the coffin, and in the evening her funeral was attended by all the European officers now resident here. We have buried her near the spot where she first landed, and I have put up a small, rude fence around the grave, to protect it from incautious intrusions. Your little girl, Maria, is much better. Mrs. W. has taken charge of her, and I hope she will continue to thrive under her care."

Two days later, Captain Fenwick writes thus to a friend in Rangoon:—

"I trust that you will be able to find means to inform our friend of the dreadful loss he has suffered. Mrs. Judson had slight attacks of fever from the 8th or 9th

instant, but we had no reason to apprehend the fatal result. I saw her on the 18th, and at that time, she was free from fever, scarcely, if at all, reduced. I was obliged to go up the country on a sudden business, and did not hear of her danger until my return on the 24th, on which day she breathed her last, at 8 P. M. I shall not attempt to give you an account of the gloom which the death of this most amiable woman has thrown over our small society. You, who were so well acquainted with her, must feel her loss more deeply; but we had just known her long enough to value her acquaintance as a blessing in this remote corner. I dread the effect it will have on poor Judson. I am sure that you will take every care that this mournful intelligence may be opened to him as carefully as possible."

The only other communication on this subject, that has reached me, is the following line from Sir Archibald Campbell, to the envoy: "Poor Judson will be dreadfully distressed at the loss of his good and amiable wife. She died the other day at Amherst, of remittent fever, eighteen days ill."

You perceive that I have no account whatever of the state of her mind, in view of death and eternity, or of her wishes concerning her darling babe, whom she loved most intensely. I hope to glean some information on these points from the physician who attended her, and the native converts who must have been occasionally present.

I will not trouble you, my dear mother, with an account of my own private feelings—the bitter, heart-rending

anguish, which for some days would admit of no mitigation, and the comfort which the gospel subsequently afforded—the gospel of Jesus Christ, which brings life and immortality to light. Blessed assurance—and let us apply it afresh to our hearts—that, while I am writing, and you perusing these lines, her spirit is resting and rejoicing in the heavenly paradise,—

> "Where glories shine, and pleasures roll
> That charm, delight, transport the soul;
> And every panting wish shall be
> Possessed of boundless bliss in thee."

And there, my dear mother, we also shall soon be, uniting and participating in the felicities of heaven with her for whom we now mourn. "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

AMHERST, *February* 4, 1827.

Amid the desolation that death has made, I take up my pen once more to address the mother of my beloved Ann. I am sitting in the house she built, in the room where she breathed her last, and at a window, from which I see the tree that stands at the head of her grave, and the top of the "small rude fence" which they have put up "to protect it from incautious intrusion."

Mr. and Mrs. Wade are living in the house, having arrived here about a month after Ann's death; and Mrs. Wade has taken charge of my poor motherless Maria. I was unable to get any accounts of the child at Rangoon; and it was only on my arriving here, the 24th

ultimo, that I learned that she was still alive. Mr. Wade met me at the landing place, and as I passed on to the house, one and another of the native Christians came out, and when they saw me they began to weep. At length we reached the house; and I almost expected to see my love coming out to meet me, as usual. But no; I saw only, in the arms of Mrs. Wade, a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollection of the mother who loved her so much.

She turned away from me in alarm, and I, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, found my way to the grave. But who ever obtained comfort there? Thence I went to the house, in which I left her, and looked at the spot where we last knelt in prayer, and where we exchanged the parting kiss.

The doctor who attended her has removed to another station, and the only information I can obtain is such as the native Christians are able to communicate.

It seems that her head was much affected during her last days, and she said but little. She sometimes complained thus: "The teacher is long in coming; and the new missionaries are long in coming; I must die alone, and leave my little one; but, as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in his will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns." When she was unable to notice anything else, she would still call the child to her, and

charge the nurse to be kind to it, and indulge it in everything until its father shall return. The last day or two, she lay almost senseless and motionless, on one side, her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed; and at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress, in the Burmese language, she ceased to breathe.

Feb. 7. I have been on a visit to the physician who attended her in her illness. He has the character of a kind, attentive, and skillful practitioner; and his communications to me have been rather consoling. I am now convinced that everything possible was done, and that, had I been present myself, I could not have essentially contributed to avert the fatal termination of the disease. The doctor was with her twice a day, and frequently spent the greater part of the night by her side. He says that, from the first attack of the fever she was persuaded she should not recover; but that her mind was uniformly tranquil and happy in the prospect of death. She only expressed occasional regret at leaving her child, and the native Christian schools, before her husband, or another missionary family could arrive. The last two days she was free from pain. On her attention being roused by reiterated questions, she replied, "I feel quite well, only very weak." These were her last words.

The doctor is decidedly of opinion that the fatal termination of the fever is not to be ascribed to the localities of the new settlement, but chiefly to the weakness of her constitution, occasioned by the severe privations and long-protracted sufferings she endured at Ava. Oh, with what meekness, and patience, and magnanimity,

and Christian fortitude, she bore those sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world, and eminently was she qualified to relish and enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere in which she was singularly qualified, by her natural disposition, her winning manners, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable to the cause of Christ; true, she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this most afflicting dispensation. Faith decides that it is all right, and the decision of faith eternity will soon confirm.

I have only time to add—for I am writing in great haste, with very short notice of the present opportunity of sending to Bengal—that poor little Maria, though very feeble, is, I hope, recovering from her long illness. She began, indeed, to recover, while under the care of the lady who kindly took charge of her, at her mother's death; but when, after Mr. Wade's arrival, she was brought back to this house, she seemed to think that she had returned to her former home, and had found in Mrs. Wade her own mother. And certainly the most tender, affectionate care is not wanting to confirm her in this idea.

The little Maria soon followed her mother to her eternal home. Mr Judson's letter to his mother-in-law says:

TO MRS. HASSELTINE.

AMHERST, *April* 26, 1827.

DEAR MOTHER HASSELTINE: My little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother. The complaint to which she was subject several months proved incurable. She had the best medical advice; and the kind care of Mrs. Wade could not have been, in any respect, exceeded by that of her own mother. But all our efforts, and prayers, and tears could not propitiate the cruel disease; the work of death went forward, and after the usual process, excruciating to a parent's heart, she ceased to breathe on the 24th instant, at 3 o'clock, P. M., aged two years and three months. We then closed her faded eyes, and bound up her discolored lips, where the dark touch of death first appeared, and folded her little hands on her cold breast. The next morning we made her last bed in the small enclosure that surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope tree, (*hopiá*,) which stands at the head of the graves; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing after a short separation of precisely six months.

And I am left alone in the wide world. My own dear family I have buried; one in Rangoon, and two in Amherst. What remains for me but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed to that blessed world,

"Where my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
Where God, my Saviour reigns."

I remain, my dear mother, yours,

A. JUDSON.

Before closing the life of this distinguished woman, I cannot forbear giving a quotation from Dr. Wayland's Memoirs of Dr. Judson, as showing the impression made by this truly lovely woman upon a British officer:

"A British officer, Major Calder Campbell, describing 'an adventure in Ava,' in the year 1826, gives a beautiful and affecting description of Mrs. Judson. Major Campbell, then lieutenant, when descending the Irrawaddy river in a canoe manned by Burmans, was attacked in the night, while asleep, by his faithless boatmen, and severely wounded and robbed. When waiting on the beach with much anxiety and distress for the passage of some friendly bark, a row boat was seen approaching.

"Signals of distress were made, and a skiff sent to his assistance. The following is the language of the writer:

"'We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin, attenuated form of a lady—a white lady! the first white woman I had seen for more than a year! She was standing on the little deck of the row boat, leaning on the arm of a sickly-looking gentleman with an intellectual cast of countenance, in whom I at once recognized the husband or the brother.

"'His dress and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said that I had not beheld a white female for many months; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears like a household hymn of my youth.

"'My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Sa-

maritans! With what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that beverage "which cheers, but not inebriates!" She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her; for at her feet rested a babe, a little wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond, yet fearful, glance, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands—those small, lily hands—were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for ah! they told of disease—of death—death in all its transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter. That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese have since been detailed in her published journals.

"'I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, their struggles in the cause of religion, and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a

heightened interest from the beautiful, energetic simplicity of her language, as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth.

"'Why is it that we grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the virtuous, the ready? Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature that would keep to itself the purest and sweetest gifts of Heaven, to encounter the blasts and the blights of a world where we *see* them, rather than that they should be transplanted to a happier region, *where we see them not.*

"'When I left the kind Judsons, I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to my new set of boatmen, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived. We parted, and we never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded subaltern was ever again thought of by those who had succored him. Mrs. Judson and her child died soon after the cessation of hostilities.'"

LIFE OF

SARAH B. JUDSON,

SECOND WIFE OF

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY LIFE.

SARAH B. JUDSON, née Hall, was born at Alstead, New Hampshire, on the 4th of November, 1803. She was the daughter of Ralph and Abia Hall, and the eldest of thirteen children. The discipline in habits of self-denial which was so invaluable to her in after years, commenced with early childhood. Her parents were poor, and upon the eldest daughter fell the task of assisting her care-worn mother in all her domestic duties. Evincing at an early age an intellect capable of the highest cultivation, she was forced, by the iron hand of poverty, to attain knowledge through her own habits of self-culture, aided by but little instruction. At four years of age, she could read, and that knowledge once acquired, her own love for study, and active mind, led her on, step by step, in the path of knowledge. Her ready,

cheerful willingness to assist in every domestic care, as soon as her tiny hands could work, made her too valuable an assistant at home, to be easily relinquished, and, finding her time thus occupied, and feeling how selfish it would be to desert her post by her mother's side, even to gain the knowledge for which she panted, she stayed from school, winter after winter, studying in every interval of toil, and by habits of perseverance and industry, gaining information as rapidly as her companions who attended school.

When very young, Sarah gave strong evidences of a religious heart, far beyond her years. Her love for holy things was not separate from every day life, a feeling to be indulged in on Sunday, and forgotten through the week. Every thought, every action, had for its main spring, the desire of pleasing God, and drawing towards his throne, all within the circle of her influence. When only twelve years old, she writes in her journal:

"To-morrow will be the day which is *called* Thanksgiving; but I have some fear that it is *only in the name.* * * * * This year, I will try to be truly thankful and not forget the good God who so kindly watches over my youthful days."

Another love of her early years was for poetry, and the two ruling passions flow beautifully into one. Her verses, written at an early age, are mostly upon sacred subjects. I quote her versification of David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan, one of her earliest efforts:-

The beauty of Israel for ever is fled,
And low are the noble and strong;
Ye children of music encircle the dead,
And chant the funereal song.

Oh, speak not in Gath of the mighty laid low!
Be ye mute in proud Askelon's street!
Their daughters, in triumph at Israel's woe,
With scoffs the sad tidings would greet.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, never may dew
At eventide visit your flowers;
May the fruits which the fields of your offerings strew,
Never welcome the soft summer showers.

While there, in his proud, princely beauty he stood,
Was the bow of the warrior unstrung;
And low in the shadows that darken thy wood,
The shield of the mighty was flung.

Oh, stronger than young mountain lions were they!
Like the eagles they never knew fear;
And proud as they walked in their kingly array
Shone the light upon helmet and spear.

For Saul, oh, ye daughters of Israel most fair!
Who clothed you in scarlet and gold
Untwine every gem from your beautiful hair,
And in sack-cloth your loveliness fold.

And I—oh, my brother! in sorrow for thee,
My spirit is bending full low!
Thy smiles and thy voice have been pleasant to me,
As the streams that in Lebanon flow.

Thy love was a wonderful, beautiful thing,
More than kindles in woman's fond breast;
Not thy sister's young arms to my neck as they cling,
More tenderly ever caressed.

Ye daughters of music, encircle the dead!
And chant the funereal song;—
The beauty, the glory of Israel have fled,
And low in the dust lie the strong

This is only one of many gems written when quite a child, and when it is remembered that her hands were filled with the homeliest domestic duties, and her head with the studies she was pursuing alone, these efforts are truly wonderful.

At the age of seventeen, feeling the need of more books, and also of some further instruction in her studies, she took a children's school, toiling hard half her time to teach, for the privilege of studying hard the other half. Logic, Geometry, Latin, were amongst her studies; and as her brothers and sisters grew old enough to benefit by her instructions, she imparted to them, one after another, the knowledge gained so hardly.

CHAPTER II.

PROFESSION OF RELIGION—POETRY ON DEATH OF COLMAN —MARRIAGE—DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

In 1820 Sarah, now resolved to devote her whole life to God and his cause, made a public profession of religion; she took this important step with humility and a touchingly meek spirit. In her journal she wrote:

"I have this day," (June 4th, 1820,) "in the presence of the world, the holy angels, and the omniscient God, publicly manifested my determination to forsake the objects of earth, and live, henceforth for Heaven. What have I done? Do I realize the importance of the step I have taken? Oh, my Saviour! I am weak, and the heart of man is deceitful; but I do hope in thy mercy. Thou didst die even for the chief of sinners, and I know thou will pardon all who come to thee believing. Take me, dear Saviour, all sinful, unworthy as I am—do with me what thou wilt, but oh! preserve me from wounding thy precious cause!

"I have to-day wept tears of pity, I can almost say anguish, at the stupidity of sinners. Inhabitants of a Christian country, the word of God in their hands; the mild, compassionate Saviour waiting to receive them; the Spirit striving, and yet they bent upon their own de-

struction.. But have I not more reason to be astonished and weep at my own coldness—I who have *felt*, that Jesus bled and died, even for *my* sins; *I* wander from the way of life! 'Turn me, O God, and I shall be turned; draw me, and I shall run after thee.'

"To-day I had a long and serious conversation with my beloved sister Harriet. Sweet child! she wept when I told her of her dangerous state. I reminded her of the shortness of time, the certainty of death, the value of the soul, and the terrors of the Day of Judgment; and she appeared greatly distressed. But alas! I have reason to fear that her emotions were of a different nature from those I would fain excite. I know that she loves me tenderly, and apprehensions of an eternal separation cannot fail to give her pain. Oh! that the Holy Spirit might convince her, and convince my other sisters, and my brothers, of the importance of seeking an interest in the Saviour."

The last paragraph illustrates the missionary spirit which so distinguished her later years. Her disposition was meek, retiring, and self-distrustful always, yet her love for Christ was strong, the ruling passion. She did not wait, letting this love lie dormant, till there was some *great* world-wide cause to exert it; in the home circle, tenderly and humbly she tried to raise the mind of her young sister to the happy trust and love she herself felt in Divine Providence.

Three years later Mrs. Crosby writes of her thus: "My first *particular* accquaintance with Sarah Hall began in 1823, when she called on me, and invited me to join the Tract Society, and engage in distributing tracts in a certain district. At this time she was about eighteen years

of age; and from that period till her departure for glory, the most affectionate intercourse was maintained. In the tract labors she was assiduously engaged during her residence in Salem. Soon after this event, (the call above mentioned,) a few of her female friends indulged a trembling hope in the Saviour, and she succeeded in establishing a prayer-meeting, where she was accustomed to meet them each week for several months, and the happy results were, that all but one came forward publicly and put on Christ. Although the attendants on this meeting were all her seniors, and some of them married ladies, yet Miss Hall was the actual and acknowledged leader."

In the life of Mrs. Ann Judson, there will be seen a notice of the death of Mr. Colman, one of the earliest martyrs who fell fighting for the cross in Burmah. The news of his death spread through all America a sorrow, and awoke to new life and energy the missionary cause. Sarah Hall, with a saddened poetic fervor, wrote and published the following lines, when the news of his death reached her:

'Tis the voice of deep sorrow from India's shore,
The flower of our churches is withered, is dead,
The gem that shone brightly will sparkle no more,
And the tears of the Christian profusely are shed.
Two youths of Columbia, with hearts glowing warm,
Embarked on the billows far distant to rove,
To bear to the nations all wrapped in thick gloom,
The lamp of the gospel—the message of love.
But Wheelock now slumbers beneath the cold wave,
And Colman lies low in the dark, cheerless grave;

Mourn, daughters of Arracan, mourn !
The rays of that star, clear and bright,
That so sweetly on Chittagong shone,
Are shrouded in black clouds of night,
For Colman is gone !

At that sorrowful hour, that moment of woe,
When his cheek, lately glowing with health, was all pale ;
And his lone wife, disconsolate, feeble and low,
Was sad, and no Christian replied to her wail ;
Did not angels in sympathy shed the soft tear,
As they gazed from their thrones far beyond the blue sky ?
Oh no ; for the seraph of mercy was near,
To bid *him* rejoice, wipe the tear from *her* eye.
They saw, and with rapture continued their lays,
" How great is Jehovah ! how deep are his ways !
The spirit of love from on high,
The hearts of the righteous hath fired ;
Lo ! they come, and with transport they cry,
We will go where our brother expired,
And labour and die."

Oh, Colman ! thy father weeps not on thy grave ;
Thy heart-riven mother ne'er sighs o'er thy dust;
But the long Indian grass there most sweetly shall wave,
And the drops of the evening descend on the just;
Cold, silent, and dark is thy narrow abode,
But not long wilt thou sleep in that dwelling of gloom.
For soon shall be heard the great trump of our God,
To summon all nations to hear their last doom ;
A garland of amaranth then shall be thine,
And thy name on the martyrs' bright register shine ;
Oh, what glory will burst on thy view,
When are placed by the Judge of the earth
The flowers that in India grew
By thy care, on the never-pale wreath
Encircling thy brow !

The death of Colman leaving a sad vacancy in the Mission at Burmah, George Boardman offered his services to fill the place of the young martyr. The son of a Baptist clergyman in Maine, he devoted himself after leaving college, where he graduated with honor, to the missionary cause.

Whilst waiting for the finger of Providence to point out the scene of his missionary labors, he accepted the situation of tutor in college for one year, and then Colman's death leaving the vacancy he panted to fill, he offered his services to the Board of Missions, who at once accepted his services. It being judged expedient, however, for him to receive a theological education, he studied at Andover College until 1825, when he was appointed missionary to Burmah.

Before the young missionary had ever met the future partner of his toils in India, the lines to Colman quoted above, had awakened an interest in their writer. They met soon after, and it did not require many interviews to prove that the interest in the salvation of heathen souls was as strongly excited in one mind as in the other. They loved each other with a rare tenderness, and were married in 1825, resolved to attempt *together* the arduous task of converting heathens to the true God.

Mrs. Allen writes in the Mother's Journal the following account of the young missionary:

"She was of about middle stature, agreeable in her personal appearance, and winning in her manners. The first impression of an observer respecting her, in her youth, at the time of her departure from the country, would be of a gentle, confiding, persuasive being, who

would sweeten the cup of life to those who drank it with her. But further acquaintance would develop strength as well as loveliness of character. It would be seen that she could do and endure as well as love and please. Sweetness and strength, gentleness and firmness, were in her character most happily blended. Her mind was both poetical and practical; she had refined taste, and a love for the beautiful as well as the excellent."

In the same notice, she says:

"If we mistake not, she had not at first the cordial consent of her family in this devotion of herself to a missionary life. She was a treasure too precious to be readily yielded up, even for this holy work. We recollect that when she left her paternal home to reach the ship which was to convey her 'over the dark and distant sea,' after she had taken her seat in the stage-coach with her chosen companion, and the late revered Dr. Bolles, her pastor, and had bestowed her last farewell upon the family group,—as though she felt that she had not obtained that free and full consent to her abandonment of home and country which her filial heart craved, she looked out at the coach window, and said, 'Father, are you willing? Say, father, that you are willing I should go.' 'Yes, my child, I am willing.' 'Now I can go joyfully!' was the emphatic response; and the noble wanderer went on her way with cheerful composure.

"The mother's heart too, was wrung with anguish. At first, clasping her idolized child closely in her arms, she seemed utterly unable to give her consent to the separation, and it was not until the last hours before her departure that she could falter, 'I *hope* I am willing.'"

On the 16th of July, 1825, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman sailed for India, and in December arrived at Calcutta. Mr. Boardman writes home:

"It gives me much pleasure to write you from the shores of India. Through the goodness of God we arrived at Sand-Heads on the 23d ult., after a voyage of 127 days. We were slow in our passage up the Hoogly, and did not arrive in Calcutta until the 2d inst. We had a very agreeable voyage,—religious service at meals, evening prayers in the cabin, and when the weather allowed, public worship in the steerage on Lord's-day morning . . . allow me to add that we entertain a hope that one of the sailors was converted on the passage.

"The report of our being at Sand-Heads reached Calcutta several days before we did, and our friends had made kind preparations to receive us. Soon after coming in sight of the city, we had the pleasure of welcoming on board the Asia the Rev. Mr. Hough. He informed us that the Burmese war was renewed, after an armistice of several weeks, and that no well-authenticated accounts had been received from our dear friends, Judson and Price at Ava. It is generally supposed that they are imprisoned with other foreigners, and have not the means of sending round to Bengal.

At noon, Dec. 2d, we came on shore, . . . and were received very kindly by the English Missionaries. We found Mrs. Colman waiting with a carriage to bring us out to this place. The cottage we occupy was formerly the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Carey. Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Colman, Mrs. Boardman and myself, compose a very happy American family. . . . But we

long to be laboring in Burmah. We are not yet discouraged by the dark cloud that hangs over our prospects there. We still hope and trust, *we firmly believe*, that eventually this war will tend to advance the cause of Christ in Burmah. We hope our friends at home will not be discouraged, but will continue to pray for us."

In another letter he says, "And now, my dear parents, I wish you could make a visit at Chitpore. You would find your two fond children sitting together very happily, and engaged in writing letters to their beloved American friends. Our mansion, to be sure, is but a bamboo cottage, with a thatched roof, but is a palace compared with most of the native huts around us. But you know a large house is by no means essential to happiness. Food and clothing sufficient, with the presence of God, are all that is absolutely necessary. Could a man have in addition, one confidential friend, who sympathized in all his joys and sorrows, and with whom he could enjoy all the endearments of social life, he might be happy indeed —and such a friend, such a wife I have in my beloved Sarah. I fear I shall never be able to discharge the obligations I feel toward you for conferring on me so great a blessing."

All missionary labor was suspended at Burmah at the time Mr. and Mrs. Boardman arrived at Calcutta, and they were obliged to remain in that place until the war closed. They occupied their time, however, in studying the language, and preparing themselves for future labors. Mrs. Boardman writes, in 1827:

"I sometimes think that of all God's creatures, I have most occasion for gratitude. Since I bade adieu to my

native land, the events that have transpired in relation to me have been one series of mercies. I am blest with excellent health, a most affectionate husband, a lovely daughter, and everything in my outward circumstances to make me comfortable and happy. In view of these temporal mercies, I can indeed say my cup runneth over! But when I think of my spiritual privileges, I am still more overwhelmed. Among these, the near prospect of being actually engaged in the glorious cause of missions, is by no means the least. I still feel it to be a privilege of which I am utterly unworthy, but for which, I hope, I am not altogether unthankful."

In writing of her at this period, one of her English friends pronounced her, a lovely wife, fond mother, winning companion, and "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman."

CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO MAULMAIN—FIRST PERIL IN THEIR NEW HOME—REMOVAL TO TAVOY—MISSIONARY LABORS—INTEREST IN THE KARENS.

In April, 1827, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman removed to Amherst, to commence those missionary labors for which they had forsaken home, friends, and country. Here, Mrs. Boardman was first attacked with the disease which made her an invalid for many years.

Resolving, after a short stay at Amherst, to remove to Maulmain, twenty-five miles from Amherst, as it presented a wider field for usefulness, they erected there a bamboo hut, and, although so feeble as to be carried on a litter to her new home, Mrs. Boardman accompanied her husband.

The mission-house was in a lonely spot, a mile from the cantonments, and open to the ravages of wild beasts, and men as savage. The English urged the missionaries to reside within the cantonments, but wishing to study the Burmese character and language amongst the natives, to be more useful in the future to them, he refused, although fully alive to the dangers of his unprotected situation.

Mrs. Boardman's delicate blonde beauty, the soft, fair curls, and white skin, were matters of the most profound astonishment and curiosity amongst the savages now around her. As she progressed in the language, she invited all who came near the hut to enter, and particularly devoted her attention to the endeavor to win the love of the children.

I quote from Fanny Forrester's life of Mrs. Judson, the following account of the first peril of the missionaries in their new home:

"On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the infant resting in her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness, but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids, and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation.

"The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the gray shadows? The lamp was soon relighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay, in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewed carelessly about the floor, were such articles as the marauders had not considered worth their taking. While regarding in consternation, not appreciable by those who have access to the shops of an American city, this spoil-

ing of their goods, Mrs. Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain, beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of the lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head, and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleepers with their fierce, murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swarthy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife or pointed spear glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy, long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt—ah, had it! But it did not. The rounded limbs of the little infant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if the rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the death-stroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart and slept on. Murderers stood by the bedside, regarding with callous heart, the beautiful tableau; and the husband and father *slept*. But there was one Eye open—the Eye that never slumbers; a protecting wing was over them, and a soft, invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids.

"Nearly every article of value that could be taken away, had disappeared from the house; and, though strict search was made throughout the neighborhood, no trace of them was ever discovered. After this incident, Sir Archibald Campbell furnished the house with a guard of Sepoys during the night, and as the rapid increase of the population soon gave it a central position in the

town, the danger of such attacks was very much lessened."

Still, heroic in their determination to do good even to the ruthless robbers who had taken their worldly goods from them, they remained in the hut, striving, by smiles and gentle gestures, to tell the natives, before their tongues could frame the uncouth dialect, their love for them, and kind intentions toward them.

It was not until the spring of 1828, that Mr. Boardman's missionary labors really commenced. He then removed to Tavoy. An unforeseen difficulty here awaited them, for the corrupt dialect of the Tavoyians differed widely from the pure Burmese, and they had again to conquer the difficulties of a new language.

In addition to his labors as a preacher, Mr. Boardman established in Tavoy, a boy's school, and after great toil and many discouragements, Mrs. Boardman succeeded in opening one for girls. Four of Mr. Boardman's scholars had accompanied him from Maulmain, and were boarding scholars, so that Mrs. Boardman's hands were, with family cares, study, and her own school, well filled.

A strong interest was felt by both Mr. and Mrs. Boardman in the Karens, a most savage, ignorant set of men, who live far from the Burmese towns, having no settled dwelling-place, but inhabiting the wildest retreats in mountain and forest. One of Mr. Boardman's first works after his arrival, was to baptize Ko-Thah-Byoo, a zealous disciple, instructed in the true religion by Dr. Judson. He carried the news of his conversion to his countrymen, and declared that the unknown, hoped-for religion of their fathers, lost for many generations, was

at last restored by the white teachers. Others came to listen. They were docile, sensitive, and childlike in their faith, and Mr. Boardman felt the keenest interest in their conversion.

In the museum of the Baptist Missionary Society, is a book brought by these savages from their mountain fastness to Mr. Boardman. It had been left years before, by a foreigner who commanded them to worship it, and in unquestioning faith the command was obeyed. Upon taking it from the numerous folds of muslin in which it was enveloped, Mr. Boardman found an Oxford edition of the Common Prayer Book, in English. He gave them in its stead, portions of Mr. Judson's translation of the Bible, which they could read and understand. Their constant entreaty to him was to visit their brethren, who could not come to him, and he promised to do so.

In February, 1829, the first visit was made. Mrs. Boardman, with her two children, the youngest a son only six months old, was left, although still feeble from the effects of an illness of four months' duration, alone, with only the dusky natives around her.

Mr. Boardman was only recovering from the first serious attack of pulmonary disease, which had visited him in India, when he started upon this tour; but the eager welcome, childlike love, and strong desire to learn the words of truth manifested by the Karens, made the tour delicious, in spite of physical weakness, and sometimes suffering.

A severe trial awaited him upon his return. In his little church, sin had entered with its deadly blight, and

the keenest suffering was felt by both Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, who each felt that perhaps they had not done their duty towards the converts. Mrs. Boardman writes to Mrs. Bolles:

"Some of these poor Burmans, who are daily carried to the grave, may at last reproach me, and say, 'You came, it is true, to the city where we dwelt, to tell of heaven and hell, but wasted much, much of your precious time in indolence, while acquiring our language. And, when you were able to speak, why were you not *incessantly* telling us of this day of doom, when we visited you? why, oh, why did you ever speak of any other thing while we were ignorant of the most momentous of all truths? Oh! how could you think on anything but our salvation? How could you sleep, or allow yourself anything like ease or comfort, while we were perishing, and you knew a Being who could save us, and that Being had promised to grant the petition of his children? You told us that He was your Father, and that He heard your lowest whispers, and most secret sighs—why, then, did you not, day and night, entreat Him in our behalf.'

"Mr. Boardman will tell you of the heart-rending afflictions which we have been called to endure in our little church. Our hearts have almost bled with anguish, and mine has sunk lower than the grave, for I have felt that my unworthiness has been the cause of all our calamities."

In the spring of 1829, Mrs. Boardman was again seized with a severe illness. The baby, too, was weak, puny, and ailing, and each day added to the delicacy of

Mr. Boardman's health. Sarah, the eldest child, the darling of both parents, alone continued in robust health.

A short trip was taken to Mergui for the benefit of sea air and sea bathing, and the family returned with renewed health to the scene of their labors.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

ALTHOUGH in the visits of illness made to the little missionary family, Sarah always seemed exempt, yet death's ruthless hand fell first upon her fair brow. No language can tell the sad story so touchingly as that of the bereaved mother, she writes:

"Our little Sarah left us July 8th, of last year—aged two years and eight months. * * * She was a singularly lovely child. Her bright blue eyes, yellow hair, and rosy cheeks, formed a striking contrast to the little dark faces around her; and I often said—

Thou art a sweet and fragrant flower,
Mid poisonous, vile weeds blooming;
A lovely star, whose cheering power
Makes glad the heavy-footed hour,
When midnight clouds are glooming.

"From the time she began to notice anything, we were the objects of her fondest love. If she thought she had incurred our displeasure, her tender heart seemed ready to burst; and she could not rest for a moment, until she

had said she was 'sorry,' and obtained the kiss of forgiveness. She had learned to obey us implicitly. * * * Always when she saw us kneeling to pray, she would come and kneel beside us. On observing me one day going to a small house for prayer, near the spot where her precious dust now sleeps, she said to Marian and Rosina, 'Go back! I will go alone with mama to pray!' She followed me to the place, and as soon as she entered it, threw herself on her knees and commenced praying.

"She was an exceedingly sensitive child. She was not only afflicted at sight of our tears, but even a sorrowful look from us melted her tender heart, and incited her to do all in her power to alleviate our sorrows. If we frowned upon her conduct, she wept, kissed us, and refrained from committing the same fault again. If either of us was ill, her heart seemed overflowing with grief; and she would say, in tones of touching tenderness, 'Mama,' (or papa,) ill—Sarah very sad. Mama cannot take Sarah now.' And she would come and stroke our foreheads with her little soft hand, and kiss us *so* affectionately! Her love to her little brother George was unlimited. From the day of his birth till the day but one before she died, he was her idol. If she wanted anything ever so much, only tell her it was for Georgie, and that was enough to satisfy her. She never envied him an article of dress or food, or a play-thing, but would always resign her choicest toys to her dear little brother. Three days before she died, she was lying uneasily in a large swing cradle, and George was in the same room, crying. We thought it might soothe the little sufferer, for he was also very ill, to lay him down

beside Sarah. The proposal delighted her; with smiles she threw open her little arms, and, for the last time, held her darling brother in her fond embrace. So great was her gratification at this privilege, that she seemed to forget her own pains.

"Little Sarah spoke English remarkably well for so young a child, and Burmese, like a native; she could also say some things in the Hindostanee and Karen. And what seems a little singular, she never confounded two languages, but always spoke pure English to us, and pure Burmese to Burmans. This discrimination continued as long as she had the powers of speech. She had learned the Lord's prayer and several little hymns. Dr. Judson's lines on the death of Mee-Shway-ee she knew by heart in Burmese, and used to chant them for half an hour at a time. She had nearly learned the Burman and English alphabets, and could repeat the names of the months, days of the week, and a part of the multiplication-table, in Burmese. These things may seem very trivial to you, but I muse upon them by the hour together; and it is only when I call my cooler judgment into action, that I can make myself believe they are un interesting to any person on earth. I love to think of my sweet bud of immortality, expanding so beautifully in my own presence; and fancy I can judge, in some small degree, of the brilliancy of the perfect flower, from these little developments.

"A few hours before she died, she called us to her, kissed us, and passed her dear hand, still full and dimpled, as in health, softly over our faces. The pupils of her eye were so dilated that she could not see us distinctly, and

once, for a moment or two, her mind seemed to be wandering; then looking anxiously into my face, she said, 'I frightened, mama! I frightened!' * * * Oh! with what feelings did I wash and dress her lovely form for the last time, and compose her perfect little limbs; and then see her—the dear child, which had so long lain in my bosom—borne away to her newly-made grave. My heart grew faint when I thought that I had performed for her my last office of love; that she would never need a mother's hand again. My dear husband performed the funeral service with an aching, though not desponding heart. The grave is in our own enclosure, about fifteen rods from the house—a beautiful, retired spot, in a grove of Gangau trees. Near it is a little Bethel, erected for private devotion. Thither we have often repaired; and we trust that God, who in his infinite wisdom has taken our treasure to himself, often meets us there."

"It never once occurred to me, all the time my child was with me, that she could die; she seemed always so full of life and health."

After George's recovery she writes:

"We have a fine healthy boy; but I do not allow myself to idolize him as I did his sister. In her dissolution we saw such a wreck of all that was beautiful and lovely, that I think we shall henceforth be kept from worshiping the creature."

CHAPTER V.

REVOLT AT TAVOY—BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE SECOND SON.

TERRIBLE scenes were now preparing for the devoted missionaries. I quote Mr. Boardman's letter, which gives the plainest account of the trying season, though language would fail to paint half the horror of the trial to his gentle wife:—

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

The province of Tavoy has engaged in an open revolt against the British government. On Lord's-day morning, the 9th inst., at 4 o'clock, we were aroused from our quiet slumbers by the cry of, 'Teacher, master, Tavoy rebels,' and ringing at all our doors and windows. We were soon awoke to our extreme danger, as we heard not only a continual report of musketry within the town, but the balls were frequently passing over our heads and *through our house;* and in a few moments a large company of Tavoyans collected near our gate, and gave us reason to suspect they were consulting what to do with us. We lifted our hearts to God for protection, and Mrs. Boardman and little George were hurried away through a back door to a retired building in the rear. I

lay down in the house, (to escape the bullets,) with a single Burman boy, to watch and communicate the first intelligence. After an hour of the greatest anxiety and uncertainty I had the happiness of seeing the sepoys (troops in the British service) in possession of the city gates, in front of our house. We soon ascertained that a party of about 250 men had, in the first instance, attacked the powder magazine and gun shed, which were very near our house, but a guard of sepoys had repelled them. This was a great mercy, for had the insurgents obtained the arms and ammunition, our situation would have been most deplorable. A second party of sixty had attacked the house of the principal native officer of the town, while a third party had fallen upon the guard of the prison, and let loose all the prisoners, one hundred in number, who, as soon as their irons were knocked off, became the most desperate of all the insurgents."

In a moment of comparative quiet Mr. Boardman fled with his wife and the poor babe, moaning with illness, to the government house, where Mrs. Burney received them most kindly. He says, in continuing his letter:

We caught up a few light articles on which we could lay our hands, and with the native Christians, fled as if for our lives. I visited the house once or twice after this, and saved a few clothes and papers, but the firing being near, rendered it hazardous to remain, and the last time I went I found the house had been plundered. A large part of our books, furniture, and clothes, which

had remained behind were either taken away or destroyed.

We had been at the government house but a short time when it was agreed to evacuate the town and retire to the wharf. In the hurry of our second removal, many things which we had brought from our house, were necessarily left, to fall into the hands of the plunderers. We soon found ourselves at the wharf,—a large wooden building of six rooms, into which, besides the Europeans, were huddled all the sepoys with their baggage and ours, and several hundreds of women and children belonging to Portuguese and others, who looked to the English for protection. Our greatest danger at this time arose from having, in one of the rooms where many were to sleep, and all of us were continually passing, several hundred barrels of gunpowder, to which, if fire should be communicated accidentally by ourselves, or mischievously by others, we should all perish at once. The next danger was from the rebels, who, if they could either rush upon us, or take us by surprise or stratagem, would doubtless massacre us all on the spot. We lifted up our hearts to God, and he heard us from his holy habitation. We were preserved in safety through the night, though anxious and sleepless. All our attempts to communicate intelligence of our situation to the people in Maulmain and Mergui were defeated, and the heavy rains soon affected the health of the sepoys. We had but a small supply of rice in the granary near the wharf, and that was continually in danger of being destroyed or burnt. But through the kind care of our Heavenly Father, we were preserved alive, and nothing of great importance

occurred until the morning of Thursday, a little before day-break, when a party of 500 advanced upon us from the town, and set fire to several houses and vessels near the wharf. But God interposed in our behalf, and sent a heavy shower of rain, which extinguished the fire while the sepoys repelled the assailants.

At breakfast, the same morning, we had the happiness of seeing the Diana steam-vessel coming up the river, with Major Burney on board. Our hearts bounded with gratitude to God. It was soon agreed that the Diana should return immediately to Maulmain for a reinforcement of troops, and Major Burney had the kindness tc offer a passage for Mrs. Boardman and our family together with his own. After looking to God for direction, I concluded to remain behind, partly in compliance with Major Burney's advice and desire, but particularly in the hope of being useful as an interpreter and negotiator, and a preventer of bloodshed. With painful pleasure I took a hasty leave of my dear family, and in the evening the Diana left us, not, however, without having several shots from cannon or jinjals fired at her from the people on the city wall. The English forces, small, and weak, and sick, as they were, were now throwing up breast-works; and on Saturday, the 15th inst., it was agreed to make an attack on the town, in order, if possible, to take from the walls the large guns that bore upon us, and to try the strength of the rebel party. I stood at the post of observation with a spy-glass to watch and give the earliest notice of the event, and soon had the pleasure of announcing that the officers and sepoys had scaled the walls, and were pitching down, outside,

the large guns that were mounted there, while friendly Chinese were employed in carrying them to the wharf. The success was complete, and nothing remained but to rescue the prisoners (sixty in number) whom the rebels had caught and confined. After a short cessation and a little refreshment, a second attack was made, during which the prisoners escaped, and the rebels evacuated the city. A second battery of guns was also taken and brought to the wharf. In the morning we walked at large through the town; but what desolation, what barbarous destruction was everywhere exhibited! everything that could not be carried away had been cut and destroyed in the most wanton manner. Our own house was cut to pieces, our books cut, scattered, torn, and destroyed; our furniture either carried off, or cut, or broken in pieces, and the house itself and zayat converted into cook-houses and barracks. During the last three days, we have been picking up the scattered fragments of our furniture, books, &c., and repairing our house.

Nga-Dah, the ringleader of the rebellion, and eleven of his principal adherents, have been caught. The inhabitants are coming in with white flags, and occupying their houses. The bazaar is open, and the work of repairs is going on.

Yesterday morning the Diana arrived with a reinforcement of European soldiers; and to-day I have come on board, expecting to proceed to Maulmain immediately. My present plan is, if my brethren approve, to return with my family, and resume our missionary labors as before. The native members of our church, now scattered, will probably come into town as soon as they hear of our

return. Of the boarding scholars, all are with us except three Karens.

My letter is already protracted to so great a length, that I can only add that our preservation and deliverance from such imminent danger, should awaken in our hearts the warmest gratitude to our Heavenly Father, and the most unwavering confidence in his kind care; and that the foregoing account should revive and deepen the impression made by previous events in the history of this mission, that we stand in need of the continual and fervent prayers of Christians in America, not only for our preservation, but for divine guidance in all our affairs.

I remain, yours,

G. D. BOARDMAN.

P. S. *Saturday morning, August 22d.*—I have just arrived at Maulmain, and have the happiness to find my family and missionary friends in comfortable health. Praised be the Lord for his goodness.

Aug. 29th.—After much deliberation, it is thought best that I should leave my family here till affairs are more settled. . . . I expect to embark for Tavoy tomorrow morning. May the Spirit of all grace go with me!

Mrs. Boardman's situation was one of the greatest suffering and peril. Mrs. Burney and herself were the only females in the government house, and every hour threatened the lives of all who had gone there for refuge. Her babe was so ill as to require constant care, and she hardly expected him to come alive out of his great peril.

Mrs. Burney's infant, only three weeks old, died from the exposure of those terrible days, but God, in his mercy spared Mr. Boardman's only son.

The exposure, however, was so great, and Mrs. Boardman's strength so much overtasked that a severe fit of illness ensued, in the course of which her second son, Judson Wade, was born, and after a brief existence was laid, like his fair sister, in the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

ILLNESS OF MRS. BOARDMAN—MR. BOARDMAN'S FAILING HEALTH.

THE death of the little one whose tiny span of life ended so soon, was a heavy trial to Mrs. Boardman, but her greatest affliction was yet in store. Exposure, during the revolt at Tavoy, and the great excitement under which he had then labored, united to bring upon Mr. Boardman his pulmonary disease, in its worst form. Consumption, the fell destroyer, marked the young missionary for his victim, and he sank slowly, but surely.

Still, however, he pursued his calling, making visits to the Karens, or preaching in his little church at Tavoy. In January, Mrs. Boardman was so low that her husband saw no prospect before her but the grave; but in March she took a trip to Maulmain, where she again recovered her health. In April, Mr. Boardman also came to Maulmain, to take the place of Messrs. Judson and Wade, who left their station for a time, to fulfill other missionary duties.

Mr. Boardman's health still continued to decline. From her far off Indian home, Mrs. Boardman sends to her parents the wail of a stricken heart. To see him sink daily, losing strength slowly but too, too surely, was

agony to the loving heart; yet in all her anguish, not one word of rebellion against the Divine will occurs. "Not my will, but thine be done," she ever whispers.

In November, they returned to Tavoy, where they were eagerly welcomed by the affectionate Karens. Mrs. Boardman writes in January:

"They (the Karens,) had heard of Mr. Boardman's illness; and the sadness depicted on their countenances, when they saw him so pale and emaciated, affected me much. I felt that God had, indeed, raised me up sympathizing friends, even in the wilderness, among those who are considered barbarians by the Burmans themselves. Before we had been here a fortnight, one party came for the sole purpose of seeing us and hearing the gospel. They remained four days, and the eagerness with which they listened to our instructions, and the deep interest they manifested in religious affairs, reminded us of our associations at home.

"The first three days were spent in examining candidates for baptism, and conversing with, and instructing those who had been previously baptized. Sometimes Mr. Boardman sat up in a chair, and addressed them for a few moments; but oftener, I sat on his sick couch, and interpreted his feeble whispers. He was nearly overcome by the gladdening prospect, and frequently wept. But the most touchingly interesting time was the day before they left us, when nineteen were baptized. * * * Our road lay through that part of the town which is filled with monasteries; and over the huge brick walls we could see multitudes of priests and noviciates looking at us—I doubt not with mingled scorn and hatred. As

to the common people, they reviled us openly, and in so cruel a manner, that my heart was ready to burst. Mr. Boardman was too ill to walk or ride on horseback, and there being no other mode of conveyance in the town, the Karens carried him out on his little cot. 'See!' said the revilers, in bitter ridicule, to two Tavoyan disciples, 'see your teacher!—a living man carried as if he were already dead!' But I will not shock your feelings by repeating their taunts. We pitied them, and passed on in silence. At length we reached a beautiful pond, nearly a mile in circumference, and bordered by green trees. Here we stopped—a party of about fifty in number—and kneeling on the grass, implored the Divine blessing. Then Moung Ing administered the ordinance of baptism to nineteen believers, who were, a little time ago, in utter ignorance of the true God. * * * During this scene, grief and joy alternately took possession of my breast. To see so many in this dark, heathen land 'putting on Christ,' could but fill me with joy and gratitude; but when I looked at my beloved husband, lying pale on his couch, and recollected the last time we stood by those waters, my heart could not but be sad at the contrast. It was on a similar occasion, and the surrounding mountains echoed with his voice, as he pronounced the words, 'I baptize thee,' &c. Now his strength was exhausted, his voice was weak; and the thought that I should no more see him administer this blessed ordinance, filled me with inexpressible grief. But in the evening, when we came together to receive from him the emblems of our Saviour's sufferings, my feelings changed. He made an effort, and God helped him to go through with

the exercises alone, and without any apparent injury to his health. A breathless silence pervaded the room, excepting the sound of his voice, which was so low and feeble, that it seemed to carry the assurance that we should feast no more together, till we met in our Father's kingdom. When he handed us the cup, it was to me as though our Saviour had been in the midst; and I could say,

'How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors.'

"The grief and anguish which I felt at the baptism, had subsided into a calm; and in contemplating the agonies of our blessed Redeemer, I, for a moment, forgot the bitter cup preparing for myself."

Another year opened to find the gentle martyr still lingering beside his loved wife, still directing her efforts when his own feeble voice could not be exerted above a whisper, still calling around him the dark-browed children, for whose eternal welfare he had lain down his life. Just one year previous, over what he then believed to be the death-bed of his wife, he had written:

"She still grows weaker, and her case is now more alarming. All missionary labor has been suspended for a week, to allow me all my time in taking care of her. I have written to Maulmain for some of our friends to come to our assistance, and be with us, at this critical time; and we hope they will be able and disposed to comply with the request. Should they come even immediately, I can scarcely hope for their arrival before the crisis, or probably, fatal termination, of my dear part-

ner's disorder. My comfort, in my present affliction, is the thought, that if to our former trials, the Lord sees fit to add that of removing my beloved companion, He does it with a perfect knowledge of all the blessedness, which death, in its consequences, will confer on *her*, and of all the sorrows and distresses which her loss will occasion her bereaved husband and orphan children, in the peculiarities of our present condition. It affords me great relief to have been assured by her, that the bitterness of death is past, and that heavenly glories have been unfolded in a wonderful and unexpected manner to her view."

A year later, he writes to his sister:

"During my present protracted illness, and especially when I was at the worst stage, she was the tenderest, most assiduous, attentive, and affectionate of nurses. Without her, I think I should have finished my career in a few days. And even when our lamented, darling babe lay struggling in the very arms of death, though she was with him constantly, night and day, she did not allow me to suffer one moment, for lack of her attentions. I cannot write what I feel on this tender subject. But oh! what kindness in our Heavenly Father, that when her services were so much needed, her health was preserved, and she had strength given her to perform her arduous labors."

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF MR. BOARDMAN.

THE Rev. Francis Mason, appointed to be the assistant of Mr. Boardman, arrived at Tavoy, in January, 1831, in time to be with Mr. Boardman in his last hours.

Mrs. Boardman's beautiful, touching letter to her parents, gives such an account of her husband's death, as it would be useless for any other pen to attempt.

She writes:

TAVOY, *March 7th*, 1831.

MY BELOVED PARENTS:—

With a heart glowing with joy, and at the same time rent with anguish unutterable, I take my pen to address you. You, too, will rejoice when you hear what God has wrought through the instrumentality of your beloved son. Yes, you will bless God that you were enabled to devote him to this blessed service among the heathen, when I tell you that, within the last two months, fifty-seven have been baptized, all Karens, excepting one, a little boy of the school, and son of the native governor. Twenty-three were baptized in this city by Moung Ing, and thirty-four in their native wilderness by Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason arrived January 23d, and on the 31st, he, with Mr. Boardman, myself, and George, set out on a long-promised tour among the Karens. Mr. Boardman was very feeble, but we hoped the change of air and scenery would be beneficial. A company of Karens had come to convey us out, Mr. Boardman on his bed, and me in a chair. We reached the place on the third day, and found they had erected a bamboo chapel on a beautiful stream at the base of a range of mountains. The place was central, and nearly one hundred persons had assembled, more than half of them applicants for baptism. Oh! it was a sight calculated to call forth the liveliest joy of which human nature is susceptible, and made me, for a moment, forget my bitter griefs—a sight far surpassing all I had ever anticipated, even in my most sanguine hours. The Karens cooked, ate, and slept on the ground, by the river-side, with no other shelter than the trees of the forest. Three years ago they were sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and superstition. Now, the glad tidings of mercy had reached them, and they were willing to live in the open air, away from their homes, for the sake of enjoying the privileges of the gospel.

My dear husband had borne the journey better than we had feared, though he suffered from exhaustion and pain in his side, which, however, was much relieved by a little attention. His spirits were unusually good, and we fondly hoped that a few days' residence in that delightful, airy spot, surrounded by his loved Karens, would recruit and invigorate his weakened frame. But I soon perceived he was failing, and tenderly urged his

return to town, where he could enjoy the quiet of home, and the benefit of medical advice. But he repelled the thought at once, saying he confidently expected improvement from the change, and that the disappointment would be worse for him than staying. "And even," added he, "should my poor, unprofitable life be somewhat shortened by staying, ought I, on that account merely, to leave this interesting field? Should I not rather stay and assist in gathering in these dear scattered lambs of the fold? You know, Sarah, that coming on a foreign mission involves the probability of a shorter life, than staying in one's native country. And yet, obedience to our Lord, and compassion for the perishing heathen, induced us to make this sacrifice. And have we ever repented that we came? No; I trust we can both say that we bless God for bringing us to Burmah, for directing our footsteps to Tavoy, and even for leading us hither. You already know, my love," he continued, with a look of tenderness never to be forgotten, "that I cannot live long, I must sink under this disease; and should we go home now, the all-important business which brought us out, must be given up, and I might linger out a few days of suffering, stung with the reflection that I had preferred a few idle days, to my Master's service. Do not, therefore, ask me to go, till these poor Karens have been baptized." I saw he was right, but my feelings revolted. Nothing seemed so valuable as his life, and I felt that I could make any sacrifice to prolong it, though it were but for one hour. Still, a desire to gratify him, if no higher motive, made me silent, though my heart ached to see him so ill in such a wretched place,

deprived of many of the comforts of life, to say nothing of the indulgences desirable in sickness.

The chapel was large, but open on all sides, excepting a small place built up for Mr. Mason, and a room about five feet wide, and ten feet long, for the accommodation of Mr. Boardman and myself, with our little boy. The roof was so low, that I could not stand upright, and it was but poorly enclosed, so that he was exposed to the burning rays of the sun by day, and to the cold winds and damp fog by night. But his mind was happy, and he would often say, "If I live to see this one ingathering, I may well exclaim, with happy Simeon, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. How many ministers have wished they might die in their pulpits; and would not dying in a spot like this be even more blessed than dying in a pulpit at home? I feel that it would."

Nor was it merely the pleasing state of things around him that filled his mind with comfort. He would sometimes dwell on the infinite compassion of God, and his own unworthiness, till his strength was quite exhausted; and though he told Mr. Mason that he had not the rapture which he had sometimes enjoyed, yet his mind was calm and peaceful; and it was plainly perceptible, that earthly passions had died away, and that he was enjoying sweet foretastes of that rest into which he was so soon to enter. He would often say to me, "My meditations are very sweet, though my mind seems as much weakened as my body. I have not had that liveliness of feeling, which I have sometimes enjoyed, owing to my great

weakness, but I shall soon be released from shackles, and be where I can praise God continually, without weariness. My thoughts delight to dwell on these words, *There is no night there.*"

I felt that the time of separation was fast approaching, and said to him, "My dear, I have one request to make; it is, that you would pray much for George, during your few remaining days. I shall soon be left alone, almost the only one on earth to pray for him, and I have great confidence in your dying prayers." He looked earnestly at the little boy, and said, "I will try to pray for him; but I trust very many prayers will ascend for the dear child from our friends at home, who will be induced to supplicate the more earnestly for him, when they hear that he is left fatherless in a heathen land."

On Wednesday, while looking in the glass, he seemed at once to see symptoms of his approaching dissolution, and said, without emotion, "I have altered greatly—I am sinking into the grave very fast—just on the verge." Mr. Mason said to him, "Is there nothing we can do for you? Had we not better call the physician? or shall we try to remove you into town immediately?" After a few moments' deliberation, it was concluded to defer the baptism of the male applicants, and set out for home early the next morning. Nearly all the female canhidates had been examined, and as it is difficult for them to come to town, it was thought best that Mr. Mason should baptize them in the evening. We knelt, and Mr. Mason having prayed for a blessing on the decision, we sat down to breakfast with sorrowful hearts.

While we were at the table, my beloved husband said, "I shall soon be thrown away for this world; but I hope the Lord Jesus will take me up. That merciful Being, who is represented as passing by, and having compassion on the poor cast out infant, will not suffer me to perish. Oh! I have no hope but in the wonderful, condescending, infinite mercy of God, through his dear Son. I cast my poor, perishing soul, loaded with sin, as it is, upon his compassionate arms, assured that all will be for ever safe." On seeing my tears, he said, "Are you not reconciled to the will of God, my love?" When I told him I hoped I did not feel unreconciled, he continued, "I have long ago, and many times committed you and our little one into the hands of our covenant God. He is the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless. *Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me*, saith the Lord. He will be your stay and support, when I am gone. The separation will be but short. Oh, how happy I shall be to welcome you to heaven!" He then addressed Mr. Mason, as follows: "Brother, I am heartily rejoiced, and bless God that you have arrived, and especially am I gratified, that you are so much interested for the poor Karens. You will, I am assured, watch over them, and take care of them; and if some of them turn back, you will still care for them. As to my dear wife and child, I know you will do all in your power to make them comfortable. Mrs. B. will probably spend the ensuing rains in Tavoy. She will be happy with you and Mrs. Mason; that is, as happy as she can be in her state of loneliness. She will mourn for me, and a wid-

ow's state is desolate and sorrowful at best. But God will be infinitely better to her than I have ever been." On the same day, he wished me to read some hymns on affliction, sickness, death, &c. I took Wesley's Hymn Book, the only one we had with us, and read several, among others, the one beginning, "Ah, lovely appearance of death!"

On Wednesday evening, thirty-four persons were baptized. Mr. Boardman was carried to the water side, though so weak that he could hardly breathe without the continual use of the fan and the smelling-bottle. The joyful sight was almost too much for his feeble frame. When we reached the chapel, he said he would like to sit up and take tea with us. We placed his cot near the table, and having bolstered him up, we took tea together. He asked the blessing, and did it with his right hand upraised, and in a tone that struck me to the heart. It was the same tremulous, yet urgent, and I had almost said, unearthly voice, with which my aged grandfather used to pray. We now began to notice that brightening of the mental faculties, which I had heard spoken of, in persons near their end.

After tea was removed, all the disciples present, about fifty in number, gathered around him, and he addressed them for a few moments in language like the following: "I did hope to stay with you till after Lord's day, and administer to you once more, the Lord's Supper. But God is calling me away from you. I am about to die, and shall soon be inconceivably happy in heaven. When I am gone, remember what I have taught you; and, oh, be careful to persevere unto the end, that when you die, we may meet one another in the presence of God, never

more to part. Listen to the word of the new teacher and the teacheress as you have done to mine. The teacheress will be very much distressed. Strive to lighten her burdens, and comfort her by your good conduct. Do not neglect prayer. The eternal God, to whom you pray, is unchangeable. Earthly teachers sicken and die, but God remaineth for ever the same. Love Jesus Christ with all your hearts, and you will be for ever safe." This address I gathered from the Karens, as I was absent preparing his things for the night. Having rested a few minutes, he offered a short prayer, and then, with Mr. Mason's assistance, distributed tracts and portions of Scripture to them all. Early the next morning, we left for home, accompanied by nearly all the males, and some of the females, the remainder returning to their homes in the wilderness. Mr. Boardman was free from pain during the day, and there was no unfavorable change, except that his mouth grew sore. But at four o'clock in the afternoon, we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, accompanied by lightning and thunder. There was no house in sight, and we were obliged to remain in the open air, exposed to the merciless storm. We covered him with mats and blankets, and held our umbrellas over him, all to no purpose. I was obliged to stand and see the storm beating upon him, till his mattress and pillows were drenched with rain. We hastened on, and soon came to a Tavoy house. The inhabitants at first refused us admittance, and we ran for shelter into the out-houses. The shed I happened to enter, proved to be the "house of their gods," and thus I committed an almost unpardonable offence. After some

persuasion, they admitted us into the house, or rather verandah, for they would not allow us to sleep inside, though I begged the privilege for my sick husband with tears. In ordinary cases, perhaps, they would have been hospitable; but they knew that Mr. Boardman was a teacher of a foreign religion, and that the Karens in our company had embraced that religion.

At evening worship, Mr. Boardman requested Mr. Mason to read the thirty-fourth Psalm. He seemed almost spent, and said, "This poor perishing dust will soon be laid in the grave; but God can employ other lumps of clay to perform his will, as easily as he has this poor unworthy one." I told him, I should like to sit up and watch by him, but he objected, and said in a tender supplicating tone, "Cannot we sleep together?" The rain still continued, and his cot was wet, so that he was obliged to lie on the bamboo floor. Having found a place where our little boy could sleep without danger of falling through openings in the floor, I threw myself down, without undressing, beside my beloved husband. I spoke to him often during the night, and he said he felt well, excepting an uncomfortable feeling in his mouth and throat. This was somewhat relieved by frequent washings with cold water. Miserably wretched as his situation was, he did not complain; on the contrary, his heart seemed overflowing with gratitude. "Oh!" said he, "how kind and good our Father in heaven is to me; how many are racked with pain, while I, though near the grave, am almost free from distress of body. I suffer nothing, *nothing* to what you, my dear Sarah, had to endure last year, when I thought I must lose you.

And then I have you to move me so tenderly. I should have sunk into the grave ere this, but for your assiduous attention. And brother Mason is as kind to me as if he were my own brother. And then how many, in addition to pain of body, have anguish of soul, while my mind is sweetly stayed on God!" On my saying, "I hope we shall be at home to-morrow night, where you can lie on your comfortable bed, and I can nurse you as I wish," he said, "I want nothing that the world can afford, but my wife and friends; earthly conveniences and comforts are of little consequence to one so near heaven. I only want them for your sake." In the morning we thought him a little better, though I perceived, when I gave him his sago, that his breath was very short. He, however took rather more nourishment than usual, and spoke about the manner of his conveyance home. We ascertained that by waiting until twelve o'clock, we could go the greater part of the way by water.

At about nine o'clock, his hands and feet grew cold, and the affectionate Karens rubbed them all the forenoon, excepting a few moments when he requested to be left alone. At ten o'clock, he was much distressed for breath, and I thought the long dreaded moment had arrived. I asked him, if he felt as if he was going home,—"Not just yet," he replied. On giving him a little wine and water, he revived. Shortly after, he said, "You were alarmed without cause, just now, dear—I know the reason of the distress I felt, but am too weak to explain it to you." In a few moments he said to me, "Since you spoke to me about George, I have prayed for him almost incessantly—more than in all my life before."

It drew near twelve, the time for us to go to the boat. We were distressed at the thought of removing him, when evidently so near the last struggle, though we did not think it so near as it really was. But there was no alternative. The chilling frown of the iron-faced Tavoyan was to us as if he was continually saying, "Be gone." I wanted a little broth for my expiring husband, but on asking them for a fowl they said they had none, though at that instant, on glancing my eye through an opening in the floor, I saw three or four under the house. My heart was well nigh breaking.

We hastened to the boat, which was only a few steps from the house. The Karens carried Mr. Boardman first, and as the shore was muddy, I was obliged to wait till they could return for me. They took me immediately to him; but oh, the agony of my soul, when I saw the hand of death was on him! He was looking me full in the face, but his eyes were changed, not dimmed, but brightened, and the pupils so dilated, that I feared he could not see me. I spoke to him—kissed him—but he made no return, though I fancied that he tried to move his lips. I pressed his hand, knowing that if he could, he would return the pressure; but, alas! for the first time, he was insensible to my love, and forever. I had brought a glass of wine and water already mixed, and a smelling-bottle, but neither was of any avail to him now. Agreeably to a previous request, I called the faithful Karens, who loved him so much, and whom he had loved unto death, to come and watch his last gentle breathings, for there was no struggle.

Never, my dear parents, did one of our poor fallen

race have less to contend with, in the last enemy. Little George was brought to see his dying father, but he was too young to know there was cause for grief. When Sarah died, her father said to George, "Poor little boy; you will not know to-morrow what you have lost to-day." A deep pang rent my bosom at the recollection of this, and a still deeper one succeeded when the thought struck me, that though my little boy may not know to-morrow what he has lost to-day, yet when years have rolled by, and he shall have felt the unkindness of a deceitful, selfish world, *he will know.*

Mr. Mason wept, and the sorrowing Karens knelt down in prayer to God—that God, of whom their expiring teacher had taught them—that God, into whose presence the emancipated spirit was just entering—that God with whom they hope and expect to be happy forever. My own feelings I will not attempt to describe. You may have some faint idea of them, when you recollect what he was to me, how tenderly I loved him, and at the same time, bear in mind the precious promises to the afflicted.

We came in silence down the river, and landed about three miles from our house. The Karens placed his precious remains on his little bed, and with feelings which you can better imagine than I describe, we proceeded homewards. The mournful intelligence had reached town before us, and we were soon met by Moung Ing, the Burman preacher. At the sight of us, he burst into a flood of tears. Next, we met the two native Christian sisters, who lived with us. But the moment of most bitter anguish was yet to come on our arrival at the

house. They took him into the sleeping room, and when I uncovered his face, for a few moments, nothing was heard but reiterated sobs. He had not altered—the same sweet smile, with which he was wont to welcome me, sat on his countenance. His eyes had opened in bringing him, and all present seemed expecting to hear his voice; when the thought, that it was silent forever, rushed upon us, and filled us with anguish sudden and unutterable. There were the Burman Christians, who had listened so long, with edification and delight, to his preaching—there were the Karens, who looked to him as their guide, their earthly all—there were the scholars whom he had taught the way to heaven, and the Christian sisters, whose privilege it had been to wash, as it were, his feet.

Early next morning, his funeral was attended, and all the Europeans in the place, with many natives, were present. It may be some consolation to you to know that everything was performed in a decent manner, as if he had been buried in our own dear native land. By his own request, he was interred on the south side of our darling first-born. It is a pleasant circumstance to me, that they sleep *side by side*. But it is infinitely more consoling to think, that their glorified spirits have met in that blissful world, where sin and death never enter, and sorrow is unknown.

Praying that we may be abundantly prepared to enter into our glorious rest, I remain, my dear parents, your deeply afflicted, but most affectionate child,

SARAH H. BOARDMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WIDOW MISSIONARY.

Mrs. Boardman, thus left alone in the land where her whole married life had been passed, turned with a yearning heart to the home of her childhood. She had her little son, the only surviving one of the little family, and she knew how gladly her friends in America would welcome the widow and fatherless. Yet there lay around her a vast field for usefulness. With earnest, humble prayer, she implored to be directed aright in her decisions, and, conquering the home-sick longings to see dear, familiar faces once more, she resolved to remain in India, to pursue the task left by her husband, to strive to call souls to an eternal home.

It required a heroism of the most exalted nature to form this resolution. By nature timid and retiring, enfeebled in health, widowed, heart-stricken by the loss of the loved ones who could brighten even her Indian home, she could stifle all her earnest longings for home sympathy, to take up the banner under whose folds her husband had died, fighting for the name of the Saviour.

She writes:

"When I first stood by the grave of my husband, I

thought that I must go home with George. But these poor, inquiring, and Christian Karens, and the school-boys, and the Burmese Christians, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How then, oh! how can I go? We shall not be separated long. A few more years, and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world, whither those we love have gone before us." "I feel thankful that I was allowed to come to this heathen land. Oh, it is a precious privilege to tell idolaters of the gospel! and when we see them disposed to love the Saviour we forget all our privations and dangers. My beloved husband wore out his life in this glorious cause; and that remembrance makes me more than ever attached to the work, and the people for whose salvation he labored till death."

She accordingly re-opened her school, held prayer-meetings with the Karen women, instructed the Tavoyans, and all this was done so quietly, with so unostentatious a spirit, that never had she appeared so lovely, so truly feminine, as when she was fighting in her husband's armor, for the Lord's name, in a heathen land.

The day-schools which she taught, in addition to the pupils residing with her, were under the care of government, and supported by the Honorable Company. It was at that time against the will of the Company to have Christianity taught in the schools, and this fact gave occasion for the following letter, which exemplifies Mrs. Boardman's firmness and the true missionary spirit in which she labored:

TAVOY, *Aug.* 24, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Mason has handed me, for perusal, the extract from your letter to government, which you kindly sent him. I apprehend I have hitherto had wrong impressions, in reference to the ground on which the Honorable Company patronize schools in their territories; and I hope you will allow me to say that it would not accord with my feelings and sentiments to banish religious instruction from the schools under my care. I think it desirable for the rising generation of this province to become acquainted with useful science; and the male part of the population with the English language. But it is infinitely more important that they receive into their hearts our holy religion, which is the source of so much happiness in this state, and imparts the hope of a glorious immortality in the world to come. Parents and guardians must know that there is more or less danger of their children deserting the faith of their ancestors, if placed under the care of a Foreign Missionary; and the example of some of the pupils is calculated to increase such apprehensions. Mr. Boardman baptized into the Christian religion several of his scholars. One of the number is now a devoted preacher; and, notwithstanding the decease of their beloved and revered teacher, they all, with one unhappy exception, remain firm in the Christian faith.

The success of the Hindoo College, where religious instruction was interdicted, may, perhaps, be urged in favor of pursuing a similar course in schools here. But

it strikes me that the case is different here, even admitting *their* course to be right. The overthrow of a system so replete with cruel and impure rites, as the Hindoo, or so degrading as the Mahometan, *might* be matter of joy, though no better religion were introduced in its stead. But the Burman system of morality is superior to that of the nations around them, and to the heathen of ancient times, and is surpassed only by the divine precepts of our blessed Saviour. Like all other merely *human* institutions, it is destitute of saving power; but its influence on the people, so far as it is felt, is salutary, and their moral character will, I should think, bear a comparison with that of any heathen nation in the world. The person who should spend his days in teaching them mere human science, (though he might undermine their false tenets,) by neglecting to set before them brighter hopes and purer principles, would, I imagine, live to very little purpose. For myself, sure I am, I should at last suffer the overwhelming conviction of having labored in vain.

With this view of things, you will not, my dear sir, be surprised at my saying it is impossible for me to pursue a course so utterly repugnant to my feelings, and so contrary to my judgment, as to banish religious instruction from the schools in my charge. It is what I am confi dent you yourself would not wish; but I infer from a remark in your letter that such are the terms on which government affords patronage. It would be wrong to deceive the patrons of the schools; and if my supposition is correct, I can do no otherwise than request that the monthly allowance be withdrawn. It will assist in es-

tablishing schools at Maulmain, on a plan more consonant with the wishes of government than mine has ever been. Meanwhile, I trust, I shall be able to represent the claims of my pupils in such a manner as to obtain support and countenance from those who would wish the children to be taught the principles of the Christian faith.

Allow me, my dear sir, to subscribe myself,

Yours, most respectfully,

SARAH H. BOARDMAN.

The following answer was returned:

MY DEAR MADAM:

I cannot do otherwise than honor and respect the sentiments conveyed in your letter, now received. You will, I hope, give me credit for sincerity, when I assure you that in alluding to the system of instruction pursued by you, it has ever been a source of pride to me to point out the quiet way in which your scholars have been made acquainted with the Christian religion. My own government in no way proscribes the teaching of Christianity. The observations in my official letter are intended to support what I have before brought to the notice of government, that *all* are received, who present themselves for instruction at your schools, without any stipulation as to their becoming members of the Christian faith.

I cannot express to you how much your letter has distressed me. It has been a subject of consideration with me, for some months past, how I could best succeed in establishing a college here, the scholars of which were to

have been instructed on the same system which you have so successfully pursued. Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

A. D. MAINGY.

Afterwards government made an appropriation for schools "to be conducted on the plan of Mrs. Boardman's schools at Tavoy."

The love for the Karens did not die away from Mrs. Boardman's heart after her husband's death. She, woman, and delicate, actually made the same tours to their homes as he had been accustomed to make, carrying with her words of holy truth to their inquiring minds, facing every hardship and danger in the one great cause.

I quote from Fanny Forrester's life of Mrs. Judson the following account of one of her journeys to the Karens:—

"A single anecdote is related by Captain F——, a British officer, stationed at Tavoy; and he used to dwell with much unction on the lovely apparition, which once greeted him among those wild, dreary mountains. He had left Tavoy, accompanied by a few followers, I think on a hunting expedition, and had strolled far into the jungle. The heavy rains, which deluge this country in the summer, had not yet commenced; but they were near at hand, and during the night had sent an earnest of their coming, which was anything but agreeable. All along his path hung the dripping trailers, and beneath his feet were the roots of vegetables, half-bared, and half-imbedded in mud; while the dark clouds, with the rain almost incessantly pouring from them, and the crazy

clusters of bamboo huts, which appeared here and there in the gloomy waste, and were honored by the name of village, made up a scene of desolation absolutely indescribable. A heavy shower coming up as he approached a zayat by the way-side, and far from even one of those primitive villages, he hastily took refuge beneath the roof. Here, in no very good humor with the world, especially Asiatic jungles and tropic rains, he sulkily 'whistled for want of thought,' and employed his eyes in watching the preparations for his breakfast.

"'Uh! what wretched corners the world has, hidden beyond its oceans and behind its trees!'

"Just as he had made this sage mental reflection, he was startled by the vision of a fair, smiling face in front of the zayat, the property of a dripping figure, which seemed to his surprised imagination to have stepped that moment from the clouds. But the party of wild Karen followers, which gathered round her, had a very human air; and the slight burdens they bore, spoke of human wants and human cares. The lady seemed as much surprised as himself; but she curtsied with ready grace as she made some pleasant remark in English; and then turned to retire. Here was a dilemma. He could not suffer the lady to go out into the rain, but—his miserable accommodations, and still more miserable breakfast! He hesitated and stammered; but her quick apprehension had taken in all at a glance, and she at once relieved him from his embarrassment. Mentioning her name and errand, she added, smiling, that the emergencies of the wilderness were not new to her; and now she begged leave to put her own breakfast with his, and make up a

pleasant morning party. Then beckoning to her Karens, she spoke a few unintelligible words, and disappeared under a low shed—a mouldering appendage of the zayat. She soon returned with the same sunny face, and in dry clothing; and very pleasant, indeed, was the interview between the pious officer and the lady-missionary. They were friends afterward; and the circumstances of their first meeting proved a very charming reminiscence."

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE TO MR. JUDSON—DECLINING HEALTH—LITERARY LABORS—SEPARATION FROM HER SON.

In 1834, April 10th, Mrs. Boardman married Mr. Judson. A warm attachment, founded upon mutual respect and esteem, had long existed between them, and, in her many trials, after her husband's death, Mr. Judson was a consoler and adviser on every occasion when he could be so. She wrote of him, after years of married life together: "He is a complete assemblage of all that a woman's heart could wish to love and honor."

The years passed among the Karens had made converts capable and willing to instruct their less fortunate brethren; and Mrs. Judson, still keeping up her love for them, and interest in their welfare, was ever ready, amidst her new duties, to advise or assist the laborers in the field she had left. In her new home, great changes had taken place. When she left her first home in Burmah, for Tavoy, in 1828, there was in Maulmain but one church, with but three native members. When she returned in 1834, there was one Burmese church, with one hundred members, and two Karen, containing, to-

gether, about the same number. A year after her marriage, Mrs. Judson wrote to a friend:

"I can truly say, that the mission cause, and missionary labor, are increasingly dear to me, every month of my life. I am now united with one, whose heavenly spirit and example is deeply calculated to make me more devoted to the cause than I have ever been before. Oh, that I may profit by such precious advantages!"

A government school, at Maulmain, was offered to her immediately upon her arrival; but seeing before her new cares and duties, she declined the charge of it.

Mrs. Judson now undertook a new duty. There were in Maulmain, a large number of people under the protection of the British government, called by the Burmans, Talaings, by the English, Peguans, who, in language, dress, everything but religious belief, were entirely distinct from the Burmese. A great interest was felt by Mr. Judson for these people, and Mrs. Judson soon shared it. She began immediately to study their language, and made much progress.

Her time was indeed fully occupied. She had the entire charge of female prayer meetings in the church of which her husband was pastor; she undertook cheerfully the numerous duties of a pastor's wife, visiting the sick, cheering the sorrowful, praying with the erring, and instructing the ignorant.

Soon after her arrival at Maulmain, her health again declined, and her old malady returned with fearful violence; after many weeks of dangerous illness, her health slowly returned, and for many years continued

good. She attributed this to regular exercise. I give the account in her own words:

"When I first came up from Tavoy, I was thin and pale; and though I called myself pretty well, I had no appetite for food, and was scarce able to walk half a mile. Soon after, I was called to endure a long and severe attack of illness, which brought me to the brink of the grave. I was never so low in any former illness, and the doctor who attended me, has since told me, that he had no hope of my recovery; and that when he came to prescribe medicine for me, it was more out of regard to the feelings of my husband, than from any prospect of its affording me relief. I lay confined to my bed, week after week, unable to move, except as Mr. Judson sometimes carried me in his arms from the bed to the couch for a change; and even this once brought on a return of the disease, which very nearly cost me my life. * * I never shall forget the precious seasons enjoyed on that sick bed. Little George will tell you about it, if you should ever see him. I think he will always remember some sweet conversations I had with him, on the state of his soul, at that time. Dear child! his mind was very tender, and he would weep on account of his sins, and would kneel down and pray with all the fervor and simplicity of childhood. He used to read the Bible to me every day, and commit little hymns to memory by my bedside. * * It pleased my Heavenly Father to raise me up again, although I was for a long time very weak. As soon as I was able, I commenced riding on horseback, and used to take a long ride every morning before sunrise. After a patient trial, I found that riding improved my health, though

many times I should have become discouraged, and given it up, but for the perseverance of my husband. After riding almost every day, for four or five months, I found my health so much improved, and gained strength so fast, that I began to think walking might be substituted. About this time, my nice little pony died, and we commenced a regular system of exercise on foot, walking at a rapid pace, far over the hills beyond the town, before the sun was up, every morning. We have continued this perseveringly up to the present time; and, during these years, my health has been better than at any time previous, since my arrival in India; and my constitution seems to have undergone an entire renovation."

Her literary labors recommenced with returning health. During her residence in India, she translated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, into Burmese; translated from Burmese to Peguan, several tracts, a Life of Christ, which she had previously translated from English to Burmese, and the New Testament.

Mrs. Judson now resolved to send her beloved son, George, the only one of Mr. Boardman's children, who survived his father, away from India. She knew that it was impossible, with her manifold duties, and the limited means of education within her reach, to make of her son such a man as she hoped for, one to fill his father's post in the land of the heathen. She writes, at this period:

"After deliberation, accompanied with tears, and agony, and prayers, I came to the conviction that it was my duty to send away my only child, my darling George,

and yesterday he bade me a long farewell. O, my dear sister! my heart is full, and I long to disburden it by writing you whole pages; but my eyes are rolling down with tears, and I can scarcely hold my pen. * * Oh! I shall never forget his looks, as he stood by the door and gazed at me for the last time. His eyes were filling with tears, and his little face red with suppressed emotion. But he subdued his feelings, and it was not till he had turned away, and was going down the steps, that he burst into a flood of tears. I hurried to my room, and on my knees, with my whole heart, gave him up to God, and my bursting heart was comforted from above. I felt such a love to poor perishing souls, as made me willing to give up all, that I might aid in the work of bringing these wretched heathen to Christ. The love of God, manifested in sending his only begotten and well beloved Son, into this world, to die for *our* sins, touched my heart, and I felt satisfaction in laying upon the altar, my only son. My reason and judgment tell me that the good of my child requires that he should be sent to America; and this, of itself, would support me in some little degree; but when I view it as a *sacrifice*, made for the sake of Jesus, it becomes a *delightful privilege*. I feel a great degree of confidence that George will be converted, and I cannot but hope he will one day return to Burmah, a missionary of the Cross, as his dear father was. * * His dear papa took him down to Amherst in a boat. He held him in his arms all the way; and he says his conversation was very affectionate and intelligent. He saw his little bed prepared in the cabin, and everything as comfortable and pleasant as possible; and then, as

George expressed it, returned to 'comfort mamma.' And much did I need comfort, for this is, in some respects, the severest trial I have ever met with."

I quote one more letter, written after long years of separation from her son:

My beloved George:

The last letter which I received from America, respecting you, rejoiced my heart more than the reception of any letter before in my life. It was from Dr. Bolles, and contained the joyful intelligence of your hopeful conversion to God. Still I am not fully satisfied—I am longing to hear that you "daily grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

This is the fifteenth anniversary of your birth-day; and I feel it to be—I had almost said, *the* most important period in your life. At least, it is very, very important, as on the turn which you now take, your course through life will probably depend. Oh, how comforting to my anxious heart is the thought, that you have decided on the most momentous of all subjects, and that you have decided right; that you have determined to identify yourself with the people of God, by leading the life of an humble follower of the blessed Jesus! Oh, how full of anguish would my soul be, now that you have arrived at this age, had I not a hope that you were a Christian! Blessed be God! I have this sweet, this cheering, this most consoling of all hopes, to sustain my heart when ready to sink, as it measures the distance between us, or

looks back upon my long separation from you, my darling, eldest son. Tears come to my eyes, and I am ready to throw aside my pen, and obey the strong impulse to weep, as I think of the endearments of your infancy, and the sweetness of your childhood, when your soft cheek was pressed to mine, and all your little griefs buried and forgotten in my bosom. I always think of you as the little, innocent, prattling boy you then were. I would fain ever think of you as such; but the picture must change, and I must try to imagine you growing up to be a tall, young man.

I said before, that it is an unspeakable joy to my heart that you are hopefully pious. Still, I am far from being free from anxiety on your account. There is, you know, a *possibility* of our being deceived. And even if we are able to say, as we doubtless may be, "I *know* that I have passed from death unto life,"—yet the Christian's path is beset with snares and dangers. No doubt you have already had severe struggles with remaining sin in your heart. I feel strong and peculiar desires, that you become a truly *conscientious*, *prayerful*, *devoted* Christian. Be not contented with possessing a mere hope in Christ, that He will pardon your sins and save you at last. Live with religion in daily exercise in your soul. Then you will—you *must* be happy. Can you resolve to devote your whole life to the service of your blessed Saviour? Do you really give Him your heart, and determine (with His assistance, which he will surely grant in answer to prayer) never to *do*, nor *say*, nor *think* anything contrary to His holy will? True religion, always in exercise,

affords the only certain retreat from the sorrows, and trials, and sins of this mortal state.

"*Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you.*"

"*Pray without ceasing.*"

"*Watch unto prayer.*"

CHAPTER X.

MR. JUDSON'S ILLNESS.

Six years glided on peacefully after Mrs. Judson's marriage, each hour usefully employed, and every day cheered by the mutual love existing between herself and her husband. Children came to lighten their foreign home, little blue eyed blossoms, like their mother, to speak to the parents' hearts of little ones in their far distant country. But another trial came to the devoted missionaries. Mr. Judson was taken, in 1839, with the first pulmonary attack, the forerunner of the fatal disease which, years later, terminated his career of usefulness.

A sea voyage was absolutely necessary for his recovery, and, it being impossible for Mrs. Judson to desert her home duties, he went alone. I quote one of his letters, and one of hers to show the warm love that existed between them, and the gentle, meek spirit with which she bore the trial of parting. She writes:

"As soon as you left the house, I ran to your dressing-room, and watched you from the window. But you did not look up—oh, how I wished you would! Then I hastened to the back verandah, and caught one last glimpse of you through the trees; * * * and I gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.

"Then the children came around me, asking to go to the wharf, and the women *looked* their wishes; and, though I said 'no' to the little ones, I could not deny the others. After they were gone I took all three of your darlings into your own little room, told them why you had gone away, and asked Abby Ann and Adoniram if they wished me to ask God to take care of papa while he was gone. They said 'yes,' and so I put Elnathan down on the floor to play, and, kneeling beside the other two, committed you and ourselves to the care of our Heavenly Father."

He writes to her:

ON BOARD THE SNIPE, BOUND TO CALCUTTA.

February 21, 1839.

MY DEAR LOVE:

I wrote you yesterday, by the pilot, and enclosed my letter, with one to brother Haswell. The afternoon we lay at anchor, outside the buoy; and, though in the face of the sea breeze, my cough was rather troublesome all day and evening. Perhaps it was one of my bad days. I passed a poor night, a little sick from the motion of the vessel; and this morning put on Dr. Richardson's pitch plaster, which my fellow-consumptive assures me is the best thing in the world. I have begun this letter more for my own amusement than yours; for what can a poor invalid, in my circumstances, write, that will be interesting even to an affectionate wife?

We are now moving forward, with a light wind. The slower the better, I suppose, for me. How did you and the children pass the night, or rather, the two nights,

that we have been separated? I think of you, and the house, and the chapel, and the compound, and all the scenes, and occupations, and endearments that are passed —passed, perhaps, never to return; but they will return, if not in this world, yet in another, purified, exalted, when all this mortal shall be invested with immortality.

February 22. Much better since last. Very little cough. Spent all the evening, till nine o'clock, on deck, without any inconvenience. Wished you were with me, basking under the clear moonlight, and inhaling the soft sea air.

March 3, *Sunday.* Have not attempted to write since the last date, in consequence of the motion of the vessel, occasioned by a light cargo and a head wind. We are now steering north, and expect to reach the pilot ground in three or four days. My cough has almost left me. But there is a sorenss remaining which I feel particularly when the air is cold. I have taken off the plaster and done with licorice. I am decidedly convalescent at sea. Whether my complaint will return on land, remains yet to be seen. If I continue to get better, I shall probably return in this vessel. I hope to hear from you by a steamer, as soon as I arrive in Calcutta. It seems an age since I left Maulmain. The entire change of scene, succeeding such a monotonous life as mine has been for several years, contributes to the illusion. I have found your beautiful braid of hair; and I hunted for some further note or token, but in vain. Everything about me reminds me of your care and love. I feel that no wife ever deserved her husband's gratitude and love more than you. May God preserve you and the children

until we meet again, or prepare me to bear whatever distressing dispensation he may have decreed.

March 5. Within a hundred miles of the pilot ground. No wind. I don't care how long we lie here. Yesterday I had a slight touch of cough, which I fancied was brought on by the vicinity to land. But perhaps not. I have written letters to your parents and to George, also to Comstock and Cutter, Dr. Anderson and Mr. Peck.

Some months later Mrs. Judson writes to Dr. Judson's mother, thus:—

MRS. SARAH JUDSON, TO DR. JUDSON'S MOTHER.

MAULMAIN, *October* 30, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have, during the past year, suffered deep anxiety and gloomy foreboding on account of my dear husband's health. But God has been merciful beyond our fears, and so far restored him that he was able to preach last Lord's-day, the first time for about ten months. His discourse was short, and he spoke low. I felt exceedingly anxious respecting his making the attempt, but he has experienced no ill effects from it as yet. How pleased you would have been to see the joy beaming from the countenances of the dear native Christians, as they saw their beloved and revered pastor once more take the desk! He applies himself very closely to study, though he is still far from well. He takes cold very easily, and still feels a slight uneasiness in the chest and left side. But he is so much better than he was, that I am comforted

with the hope that he will soon be entirely restored to health. He is now revising the Scriptures for a second edition, quarto. They have already proceeded in printing as far as Psalms. He revises as they print, and often finds himself closely driven. But God gives him strength equal to his day. With much love to sister Abigail, I remain, my dear mother,

Your affectionate daughter,

SARAH JUDSON.

CHAPTER XI.

A YEAR OF TRIAL.

In the course of the ensuing year, another little son was added to the home circle, but it was a year of the most severe trial and suffering to all the little family.

Two letters, written by Dr. Judson to his mother and sister, tell the sad story of sickness and death. He writes:

TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

SERAMPORE, *July* 24, 1841.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER:

We have suffered a great deal of sickness since I wrote you last, in April. Wife was confined to her bed for a long time, and appeared to be in a decline. Abby Ann, Adoniram, and Henry became worse with chronic dysentery, until the two eldest were, at different times, considered past recovery. When they were very ill, no one could take care of them but me; so that I was up every hour of the night, and sometimes scarcely lay down the whole night. The doctors then ordered us to sea, as the only means of saving life; and all my brethren and friends were very urgent to have us go, though no one

hardly hoped that we could all get on board ship alive. How I managed to break up housekeeping, and pack up, and get my sick family and all the things aboard, I can hardly tell, now it is passed. But it was done somehow, and the children were stowed away in a range of berths I had made on one side of the cabin, and wife on the other, while I occupied a movable cot between the parties. The motion of the vessel, and the sea air soon had a good effect on all the invalids; I left off giving medicines, and they daily improved. We embarked on the 26th of June and arrived before Calcutta the 11th of July. But as soon as we came within the influence of the hot climate of Bengal, we began to relapse; and though we came up to this comparatively healthy place, and hired a nice, dry house, on the very bank of the river, at forty rupees a month, I soon began to despair of attaining any radical and permanent recovery by remaining here. While looking about, and considering what to do next, a pious captain called on us, with whom we had some acquaintance at Maulmain, whose vessel was going to the Isle of France, and thence to Maulmain; and he made us such a kind proposal that we thought we could go the circuitous voyage at no more expense than we had calculated it would cost to return direct. We should then have the benefit of being at sea two months or more, and a few weeks' residence at the Isle of France, the most healthy part of the East. We expect to break up once more, and embark in the course of ten days. Thus we are tossed about when we would fain be at our work; but God orders all things for the best. At present no one of the family is dangerously ill. Abby is much better;

Adoniram is considerably better, though he looks very thin and pale; Henry is still very poorly; their mother is sometimes better, sometimes worse. I dread going to sea next month, in the Bay of Bengal, it being a very dangerous month; but there seems to be no alternative. May God preserve us safely, and give me the pleasure of writing you from Port Louis, the place, you may recollect, to which I once repaired when driven away from Bengal, nearly thirty years ago.

I should be glad to see your faces once more in the flesh, but it will probably never be. May God dwell in your house and your hearts; may he bless you by day and by night, in body and in soul, in time and in eternity. Wife desires to be kindly remembered, and I remain, as ever.

Your affectionate son and brother,

A. JUDSON.

SERAMPORE, *August* 1, 1842.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER:

I wrote you on the 24th ultimo. Perhaps this letter will go by the same conveyance. Wife went down to Calcutta, for a few days, to do a little business, leaving the two younger children with me. On the 27th, dear little Henry's disorder took an unfavorable turn. He had derived less benefit from the voyage and change than the other children, being too young to have his mind engaged and diverted, which greatly contributes to bodily recovery; and being considered less dangerously ill than the others, had, perhaps, less attention paid him than was desirable. His disorder had continued to hold on, though

at times greatly mitigated. On the 28th he grew worse, and I wrote down for his mother, and in the evening began to despair of his life. On the 29th the doctor gave him up, and we ceased from giving him any more medicine, for he could keep none on his stomach a single minute; and my only prayer was, that he might not die before his mother arrived. Oh, what heavy hours now passed! She arrived with the other children in the night, about two o'clock, and sprang to the cradle of the little sufferer, and could not think that he was really in a dying state. I let her take her own way, and she contrived to give him a little wine and water, which, however, could be of no avail; and when morning came, the marks of death on the countenance were too visible for even the unwilling mother to refuse to acknowledge. We spent the day hanging over our dying babe, and giving him some liquid, for which he was always calling, to relieve his burning thirst. When I said, "Henry, my son," he would raise his sinking eyelids, and try to stretch out his little arms for me to take him; but he could not bear to be held more than a moment before he would cry to be laid down again. Oh, how restless did he spend his last day, rolling from side to side, and crying out, "*Nahnee*," his imperfect pronunciation of *naughty*, by which term he was in the habit of expressing his disapprobation or dissatisfaction. In the afternoon he became convulsed for a few moments, and our hearts were rent to witness the distortion of his dear little mouth and face. After that he was more quiet; but towards evening he probably had some violent stroke of death, for he suddenly screamed out in great pain. In the evening he had an-

other turn of convulsion. His mother lay down by his side, and, worn out with fatigue, fell fast asleep. About nine o'clock I had gone into another room, and was lying down, when a servant called me. He began to breathe loud, indicative of the closing scene. I let the mother sleep—sat down by his side, and, presently called, as usual, "Henry, my son;" upon which he opened his eyes, and looked at me more intelligently and affectionately than he had been able to do for some time; but the effort was too great, and he ceased to breathe. I instantly awoke his mother; he then gave two or three expiring gasps, and it was all over. I stripped the little emanciated body, and washed it, while his mother, with the help of a servant, made a suitable gown; and by eleven o'clock he was laid out in the same cradle in which he died. For a few days, Elnathan had been ill with a severe cough and fever, and my attention had been divided between the two. After poor Henry was quiet, we turned all our attention to the others. The two elder children were much better. Next morning we had a coffin made, in which we placed our dear child; and sometimes, when our avocations permitted, looked at him through the day. And Oh, how sweet was his dead face! though there was an expression of pain lurking in some of the features. At night, a few of our friends came together, and we carried the coffin to the mission burial ground, where, after a prayer by Mr. Mack, the body was deposited in its final resting-place. Farewell, my darling son Henry. While thy little body rests in the grave, I trust that thy spirit, through the grace of Jesus Christ, is resting in paradise. We intend to order a small

monument erected with this inscription : " The grave of Henry Judson, youngest son of the Rev. A. Judson, of Maulmain, who died July 30th, 1841, aged one year and seven months."

Elnathan was very ill last night, and is not much better to-day. We tremble for him. The vessel in which we are going to the Isle of France, we hear, is to remain a few days longer, so that I will add a further line before leaving.

Calcutta, August 6th. We have come down to this place with a view to embarking ; but the vessel is still detained. Elnathan appears to be very ill, with a complication of complaints. We are in great distress about him. The two elder children continue better.

In haste, yours affectionately,

A. JUDSON.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. AND MRS. JUDSON, AND CHILDREN LEAVE INDIA—DEATH OF MRS. JUDSON.

A SEA voyage proving beneficial to the other sufferers, they returned in November, 1841, to Maulmain, where Mrs. Judson again commenced her daily round of duties, translating, teaching, advising, and the thousand minor cares devolving upon her as a missionary's wife, and the mother of young children. In 1844, another child was added to the little flock, and from the time of its birth, Mrs. Judson's health declined rapidly. The disease which had so often threatened her life in former years, returned with great violence, and day after day saw her growing weaker. A sea voyage was at length pronounced the only means of protracting her life, and as she was too weak and helpless to go alone, Dr. Judson resolved to accompany her.

Leaving the three youngest children with their missionary friends in India, they embarked with the other three in the ship Paragon, for England, in April, 1845. On the fifth of July following, they arrived at Port Louis, Isle of France. Here, Mrs. Judson's health seemed so much improved, that it was thought prudent

for her to proceed alone upon her voyage, and Dr. Judson determined to return to Maulmain. It was with many prayers for strength to bear the separation, that this resolution was taken. Mrs. Judson's last written words were penned with this trial in prospect. I give her touching poem, entire:

We part on this green islet, Love,
Thou for the Eastern main,
I, for the setting sun, love—
Oh, when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, Love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, Love,
For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'lt miss for many a year;
And the merry shout of thine elder boys,
Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears—
Now, each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, Love,—
How can I say farewell?
But go; thy God be with thee, Love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell!

Yet my spirit clings to thine, Love,
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we'll hold communion sweet,
O'er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wanderings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home, on Burmah's shore

But higher shall our raptures glow,
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne'er to part again.

Then gird thine armor on, Love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway.

This cup, however, was permitted to pass from them. The Paragon left them at Port Louis; but a few days afterwards, Mrs. Judson's illness assumed again a most dangerous character, and it became impossible for her husband to leave her. Mr. Judson wrote, in an obituary notice, the following account of the last days of his beloved wife:

"After her prostration at the Isle of France, where we spent three weeks, there remained but little expectation of her recovery. Her hopes had long been fixed on the Rock of Ages, and she had been in the habit of contemplating death as neither distant nor undesirable. As it drew near, she remained perfectly tranquil. No shade of doubt, or fear, or anxiety ever passed over her mind. She had a prevailing preference to depart and be with Christ. 'I am longing to depart,' and 'What can I want beside?' quoting the language of a familiar hymn, were the expressions which revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind; yet, at times, the thought of her

native land, to which she was approaching, after an absence of twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, drew down her ascending soul, and constrained her to say, 'I am in a strait betwixt two—let the will of God be done.'

"In regard to her children, she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation, so much so that I was once induced to say, 'You seem to have forgotten the little ones we have left behind.' 'Can a mother forget?' she replied, and was unable to proceed. During her last days, she spent much time in praying for the early conversion of her children. May her living and her dying prayers draw down the blessing of God on their bereaved heads.

"On our passage homeward, as the strength of Mrs. Judson gradually declined, I expected to be under the painful necessity of burying her in the sea. But it was so ordered by divine Providence, that, when the indications of approaching death had become strongly marked, the ship came to anchor in the port of St. Helena. For three days she continued to sink rapidly, though her bodily sufferings were not very severe. Her mind became liable to wander; but a single word was sufficient to recall and steady her recollection. On the evening of the 31st of August, she appeared to be drawing near to the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her, and retired to rest. I sat alone by the side of her bed during the hours of the night, endeavoring to administer relief to the distressed body, and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning,

wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention, and said, 'Do you still love the Saviour?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ.' I said again, 'Do you still love me?' She replied in the affirmative, by a peculiar expression of her own. 'Then give me one more kiss;' and we exchanged that token of love for the last time. Another hour passed, life continued to recede, and she ceased to breathe. For a moment I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opening to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her, for the last time, in the drapery of death; and being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around the body of their dear mother, then, for the first time, inattentive to their cries. In the course of the day, a coffin was procured from the shore, in which I placed all that remained of her whom I had so much loved; and after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. There we were met by the colonial chaplain, and accompanied to the burial ground by the adherents and friends of Mr. Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared the grave in a beautiful, shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs. Chater, a missionary from Ceylon, who had died in similar circumstances, on her passage home. There I saw her safely deposited, and in the language of prayer, which we had often presented together at the throne of grace, I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave, and

her spirit the repose of paradise. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr. Bertram took me to their house and their hearts; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation. But I was obliged to hasten on board ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning, no vestige of the island was discernible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and St. Helena.

"I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft, blue eye, her mild aspect, her lovely face, and elegant form, have never been delineated on canvass. They must soon pass away from the memory even of her children, but they will remain for ever enshrined in her husband's heart.

"To my friends at St. Helena, I am under great obligation. I desire to thank God for having raised up in that place a most precious religious interest. The friends of the Redeemer rallied round an evangelical minister immediately on his arrival, and within a few months, several souls were added to their number. Those dear, sympathizing, Christian friends received the body of the deceased from my hands as a sacred deposit, united with our kind captain, John Codman, Jr., of Dorchester, in defraying all the expenses of the funeral, and promised to take care of the grave, and see to the erection of the

gravestones which I am to forward, and on which I propose to place the following inscription:

"'Sacred to the memory of Sarah B. Judson, member of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah, formerly wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman, of Tavoy, and lately wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, of Maulmain, who died in this port, September 1st, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the forty-second year of her age, and in the twenty-first of her missionary life.

"'She sleeps sweetly here, on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth,
And far from the land where, with heartfelt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth.'"

After his wife's death, Mr. Judson continued his voyage to the United States, where he paid a visit, marked throughout by the warmest welcome from his friends in this country, and where he left his three children to be educated, returning to India again in 1846, accompanied by the companion whose life will occupy the remaining pages of this work.

LIFE OF

EMILY C. JUDSON,

THIRD WIFE OF

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—EARLY LIFE—LITERARY CAREER—MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE FOR INDIA—FAREWELL TO ALDERBROOK.

Emily Chubbuck, the third wife of Dr. Judson, was born at Eaton, New York, in 1818. After enjoying the means of education within her reach at a country town, and finding them insufficient to satisfy the cravings of a superior intellect and love of study, she accepted the situation of teacher, in the Female Seminary at Utica, New York, making it a pleasure to vary the duties of imparting instruction, by employing her leisure in studying closely herself.

Her parents, themselves deeply impressed with the love of holy things, early trained their children to the love of God, and awoke in them the religious enthusiasm which distinguished Emily in her short but beautiful life.

When but fourteen years of age Emily made a profession of religion, and joined the Baptist church.

Whilst occupied in teaching at Utica, Miss Chubbuck commenced her literary career, by writing poems for the Knickerbocker Magazine, and, also, both prose and poetical articles for the American Baptist Publication Society. These first productions were all distinguished by their high religious tone, and the clear, practical view given to the highest teachings of religion. These earlier writings, written amidst the pressure of school duties and hard study, evince, in a remarkable degree, the high, pure tone of the young girl's mind, and were put modestly forth, with no hope of winning laurels. In 1844, hoping to add to the limited income of her mother by the fruits of her pen, Miss Chubbuck sent to the New Mirror, published by Messrs Morris and Willis, some lighter articles, stories and sketches. They were highly commended by the editors, accepted, and published, with the pretty, fanciful signature of "Fanny Forester." The encouragement lavished by the press, and the influence of personal friends, decided Miss Chubbuck to give up teaching and make literature her profession.

Two or three years of close, successful application to her pen, whilst it made the young aspirant for public favor, a well known, beloved name, proved too severe for a constitution naturally delicate, and "Fanny Forester" was forced to lay aside her profession, and seek change of air and scene.

She accepted an invitation from the Rev. A. D. Gillette, a Baptist minister of high standing, in Philadelphia, and passed the winter of 1845–6 in his family.

During her early life in Eaton, Miss Chubbuck became warmly interested in the missionary cause, and expressed freely her hope that at some future time Providence would open a way for her to teach holy truths in heathen countries. Accepting, however, with patient love, any path of usefulness indicated as the one chosen for her by her Heavenly Father, she fulfilled the more humble cares of a daughter and teacher, bringing to her daily routine of duties the same gentle, pure heart, that so eminently fitted her for a missionary wife.

Still the love for the missionary life, the hope of being useful to the far distant brethren, struggling in spiritual darkness, was the ruling passion of her life, and destined to be gratified. During her residence in the family of Dr. Gillette, Miss Chubbuck met the Rev. Dr. Judson, whose name she knew so well as the great Burman Missionary.

Dr. Judson was also visiting in the family of Dr. Gillette, and thus thrown into daily intercourse with the young authoress. His well-known nobility of character, his self-sacrificing love to the heathen, and his own gentle, benevolent manners, made the disparity of age valueless in the eyes of the warm-hearted woman, and when his love for her was declared, she accepted her place as his wife, the mother of his children, and his companion in his life-long task, in India. In June, 1846, Miss Chubbuck became the wife of Dr. Judson, and sailed with him for India.

"Fanny Forester" was leaving in America a name fast rising to the first literary ranks. Her sketches published in the New Miror had been collected in two

volumes, under the title of Alderbrook, and, in less than seven years, 33,000 copies of this work alone, were sold. Her other works, "Charles Linn," "The Great Secret," "Allen Lucas," and her constant contributions to periodical literature were also very popular, yet she unhesitatingly consented to give up her prospects in America to accept the arduous life of a missionary's wife. In 1846 she wrote the beautiful farewell to her native place, which I quote as a specimen of her pure, elevated style of writing, and the trustful hope, with which she left her dearly loved home to sail for the new home awaiting her:

"FAREWELL TO ALDERBROOK.

"'Farewell:
I may not dwell
Mid flowers and music ever.'

"The hours of my childhood have gone back to their old obliviousness in eternity; youth is on the wing, fleeing—fleeing—fleeing. There is but a narrow shadow lying between my foot and the grave which it seeks—a veil of grey mist, that a few *to-days* will dissolve into—what?—the sickening perfume of dead flowers, or incense grateful to heaven.

"This is a beautiful, bright world, made for pure beings. At its birth angels walked among its cool shadows, bent to its bright waters, and inhaled its perfumes; and they fled not, those holy ones, till their wings drooped beneath the defiling heaviness of sin. A false breath played upon the brow of man; heedlessly he

opened his bosom to it; and then it at once nestled, a fatal poison, ever distilling venom. Still the flowers bloomed; still the waters flashed and sparkled in the warm light; still the breezes waved their censers, laden with rich perfume; still the birds carolled; the stars smiled; leaves rustled, kissing each other lovingly; dews slumbered in lily bells and the hearts of roses, and crept around withering roots and revived fading petals; the sun, and the moon, and the silver twilight, each wrought its own peculiar broidery on earth and sky; but upon the flowers, and the fresh leaves, and the waters, and the breezes, the gay, beautiful birds, and the silent dews, on sun, and moon, and stars, on all, everything of earth, rested the taint of sin. In the morning of this little day of time, what more deliciously sweet than to recline among the blossoming luxuriance of Eden, and worship God, there, in his own temple? It was the object of life to enjoy its own blissfulness, and praise Him who gave it. But when, on the whisper of the tempter, sin came, it brought a change. The poison hid itself among all the beautiful things that we most love, engendering thorns and producing discord; it festered in our hearts, reveled in our veins, and polluted our lips, until the angels veiled their faces in disgust, and man was left with no eye to pity, no arm to save! Then, from the dense cloud, broke forth a ray of glory; a crowned Head looked out in pity; divine lips bent to the poisoned wound; and lost, ruined man found a Saviour. He was heralded by angels; angels are still whispering, 'Look! look! live!' that Saviour is standing with love-beaming eyes and arms extended; but men are blind and cannot see his

beauty. Shall I sit down among thy flowers, sweet Alderbrook, while my Redeemer is dishonored, and my brethren the sons of those who walked with God in Eden, die?

"Faultless, if blinded!—The just God will not be angry with those who, not knowing, have not loved him!

"Who has said it?

"Ah! *The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are already seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse.* The beautiful page of hill and dale and sky is spread open to all. I go to teach my brother how to read it.

"Dear, beautiful Alderbrook! I have loved thee as I shall never love any other thing, that I may not meet after the sun of Time is set. Every thing from the strong old tree that wrestles with the tempest, down to the amber moss-cup cradling the tiny insect at its root, and pebble sleeping at the bottom of the brook,—every thing about thee has been laden with its own peculiar lesson. Thou art a rare book, my Alderbrook, written all over by the Creator's finger. Dearly do I love the holy truths upon thy pages; but 'I may not dwell, mid flowers and music ever,' and I go hence, bearing another, choicer book in my hand, and echoing the words of the angels, 'Look! look, live.'

"I stand on the verge of the brook, which seems to me more beautiful than any other brook on earth, and take my last survey of the home of my infancy. The cloud, which has been hovering above the trees on the verge of heaven, opens; a golden light gushes forth,

bathing the hill-top, and streaming down its green declivity even to my feet, and I accept the encouraging omen. The angel of Alderbrook, 'the ministering spirit' sent hither by the Almighty, blesses me. Father in heaven, thy blessing, ere I go!

"Hopes full of glory, and oh, most sweetly sacred! look out upon me from the future; but, for a moment, their beauty is clouded. My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lip is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and age dimmed eyes are made dimmer by the gathering of tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first opening of the infant eye, and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosom we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted, long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and it is much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Oh, the 'weaver's shuttle' is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the span is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us—tread we with care!

"My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eye, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother—dif-

ficult the path may be, but *very* bright—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part never more. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal; and we may keep its links all brightly burnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in the days gone by. Thou bidst me go! The smile comes again to thy lip, the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother, and ye loved ones of the same hearthstone.

Bright, beautiful, dear Alderbrook, farewell,

FANNY FORESTER.

June 1*st.* 1846.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA—LITERARY LABORS—POEM WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER—DOMESTIC LIFE.

In November 1846. Dr. and Mrs. Judson arrived at Maulmain; and in February 1847, the little family went to Rangoon, Dr. Judson having gone there in the previous month, to make arrangements for the reception of his wife and children. Mrs. Judson had suffered with sea sickness during the voyage, but the climate of Rangoon seemed to agree with her very well. Of the three children left in India when Dr. Judson sailed for America, one, the youngest, had joined his mother in Heaven, the others were well. Dr. Judson wrote home: "I have set up housekeeping in my old house; and it seems like home, notwithstanding the devasation that death and removal have made. Emily makes one of the best wives and kindest mothers to the children that ever man was blessed with."

The removal referred to the three children who accompanied Dr. Judson to America, and who remained there for education.

Settled in her new home, with duties before her towards her husband and his children, "Fanny Forester,"

for a short season laid aside her pen, but the talents bestowed by the Heavenly Father, were not intended to lie idle, and time was found for many touching sketches of the new home and life. She wrote the life of Sarah B. Judson, "The Olio, or Domestic Poems," "The Kathayan Slave, and other papers connected with missionary life," "My two Sisters," during her residence in India, beside many poems and short sketches, sent home and published in periodicals.

Through the winter months, after her arrival in Rangoon, Mrs. Judson's health continued good, but in the summer of 1847 she was taken very ill, with a combination of nervous complaints. Dr. Judson was also ill with dysentery at the same time. Two letters written by Dr. Judson at this time show the trials they were subjected to, at the same time that their cheerful, jesting tone speaks highly for his domestic happiness.

TO MRS. STEVENS, OF MAULMAIN.

RANGOON, *June* 30, 1847.

DEAR SISTER:

I have heard Mrs. Judson say, two or three times, that she ought to write to you; so I thought I would supply her deficiency. She has been very ill, with a combination of nervous complaints, aud become "as thin as the shad that went up the Niagara." I was taken with dysentery two or three weeks ago, and had the hardest time that I ever knew since I have been in the mission. Henry lost his appetite and grew thin with fever. . . . And, in the midst of it, poor little Edward was seized with the erysipelas, and his eyes and face

swelled so that he was not recognizable. At length several frightful sores opened, and are still discharging. Government troubles came thick upon us and the converts. The season of Lent arrived, and for four months no flesh or fowl—nothing but fish—is procurable, except by stealth, and at a great price. We had depended chiefly on fowl soup, and now it seemed as if we must die. However, we kept on breathing. . . .

Only think that next July 11 will be the anniversary of our sailing from Boston, and I shall not then have received—except two short letters from Abby Ann, and ditto from Mr. Peck—a single communication from the thousands of warm friends I left at home!

Better sing "Vive," &c., over the graves of friendship, and all things here below, except—except what? *love;* and that we will cherish in the young corner of our hearts, an oasis in the desert.

Yours, affectionately,

A. JUDSON.

TO MR. THOMAS S. RANNEY.

RANGOON, *July* 21, 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

The accompanying heavy parcel for Colby, with the letter, is to go by the August steamer to Calcutta, with direction to be forwarded overland to the agent in London. The postage will, of course, be heavy; but the thing is the property of the Board, and it is very important that it should reach home as soon as it can be conveyed by the overland.

I received your kind letter of yesterday, the missing

Herald, &c. We are all creeping up the valetudinarian hill with the utmost assiduity. We had the happiness of nabbing fifty fowls by the help of a government man in the neighborhood, whose favor we propitiated; and to such a degree that he let us have them for seventy-two rupees per hundred. Three nights after we had cooped them, our friend's jackals, we know, stole twenty of them; and soon after our friend himself borrowed eight more, because he let us have them so cheap, I suppose. The rest we are bolting as fast as possible, for fear he will want to borrow them too. By we, I mean I, for wife has become a sort of Grahamite, living chiefly, or vegetating rather, on Mrs. Stevens's gingerbread, your coffee, and the scrapings of yams, which we pick up now and then—the article being now out of season. O ye frequenters of Astor and Tremont! O ye shades of strawberries and icecreams! But I will spare your feelings and my own. May you be happy in devouring and being devoured. I see you are getting up a school of shadows in Maulmain. Please tell the superioress that we are assiduously qualifying ourselves for an early admission.

I remain, that is, what does remain,

Yours affectionately,

A. JUDSON.

In a letter to his daughter of a later date, he says: "We are a deliciously happy family."

On the 24th of December, 1847, Emily Frances, Mrs. Judson's little daughter, was born. The exquisite lines

given below were written upon the birth of this child, and were very largely circulated in America:

MY BIRD.

"Ere last year's moon had left the sky
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast!

From morn till evening's purple tinge
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God! thou hast a fountain stirred
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given!

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine:—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer:—
Room for my bird in paradise,
And give her Angel plumage there.

MAULMAIN, *January*, 1848.

Dr. and Mrs. Judson left Rangoon for Maulmain in 1847. I quote here another letter from Dr. Judson, written in 1848, which, while it gives a brief account of the progress in missionary matters, also shows the happiness of Mrs. Judson's new life:

TO MR. AND MRS. ROBARTS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

MAULMAIN, *December* 18, 1848.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS:

Have I written you since the birth of little Emily Frances? I was sure I had, until looking into my letter-book, I find not your name where I expected to see it. The little thing will be one year old on the 24th instant. She is a great pet of her brothers, Henry and Edward; and her mother has taken to the two boys as if they were her own, so that we are a very happy family; not a happier, I am sure, on the broad earth. For a few months we have been occupying the same house that my late family occupied; I have the same church and chapel; I am sitting at the same study table; and I can hardly realize that I have been through such a whirl; that the strange American dream has intervened; that I am writing to certain persons of whom, before I had that dream, I had never heard, but whom I now have in my heart; and their house, and the way to the "publication office," and that office, and the Gillettes, and Philadelphia, are all before my eye, as plain as if I saw them again; and that cold winter, and your gas-lights, and little Mary rigged out to go to school through the snow —ah, the snow, that curious article, drifting in at the slightest opening of a window, and that broken pane that

I bumped my unlucky head against, I see it, looking at me reproachfully. Oh, wouldn't I give something to be able to walk into your house, and spend a day or two with you once more! But that can never be. I suppose that by this time you have our dear Utica friends with you in Philadelphia. I hope they will be appreciated; and they will, I am sure, be a great accession to your society and church. Do write me, and tell me all about my friends in Philadelphia by name. I directed copies of the Memoir of the late Mrs. Judson to be sent you, and Mrs. Gillette, and Mary Anna Longstreth, and Mrs. President Dagg, all under cover to you, which I mention, because I find that copies, which I sent to friends, have, by some accident, failed of reaching their destination.

The work of the Lord is going forward in every direction, though much slower than we desire. Scarcely a month elapses without witnessing the baptism of some Burmans, or Peguans, or Karens, or descendants of Europeans, in some of our churches in this place and vicinity. And beside the actual evident conversions, we believe that the truth is spreading, and gaining ground through the country; and we expect to meet many in heaven, whom we never met on earth. And we are endeavoring to labor, not only for the present generation, but for all future generations; and for this purpose are preparing a great variety of elementary books in the various departments of science and religion.

"Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever;
Pause not, faint not, falter never,"

is our song, and in that chorus we all join, with joyful hearts. Even the "young romance writer" has made a little book, completing her predecessor's series of Scripture Questions on the Historical Parts of the New Testament; and she manages to conduct a Bible class and native female prayer-meetings; so that I hope she will yet come to some good. Pray for us, my dear friends; and may we all be prepared to meet in heaven. With Mrs. Judson's love,

Yours most affectionately,

A. JUDSON.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. JUDSON'S ILLNESS—DR. JUDSON'S DEATH—MRS. JUDSON'S RETURN TO AMERICA—DEATH—POEMS.

AGAIN, in 1849, Mrs. Judson's health sank under the trying effects of the Indian climate. Dr. Judson wrote to Miss Anable the following letter, showing the heavy grief under which he labored:

TO MISS ANABLE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

MAULMAIN, *March* 18, 1849.

DEAR ANNA MARIA:

I know not how to begin to write you. A dark cloud is gathering around me. A crushing weight is upon me. I cannot resist the dreadful conviction that dear Emily is in a settled and rapid decline. For nearly a year after the birth of baby she enjoyed pretty good health, and I flattered myself that she would be spared for many years. But three or four months ago her appetite almost entirely failed her. Soon after, baby was taken very ill, and in the midst of it, our usual help left us, and she was obliged to undergo a great deal of severe fatigue; and I see now that she has been declining ever since. She soon became unable to take our usual walks, and I

procured a pony for her, and she tried riding, but without any good effect. I next sent her to Tavoy in a steamer, on a visit to the missionaries there. She was gone ten days, and returned thinner in flesh and weaker than ever. I now take her out, every morning, in a chaise, and this is all the exercise she can bear. She is under the care of a very skillful doctor, who appears to be making every possible effort to save her; but the symptoms are such that I have scarcely any hope left. She is thinner than she has ever been; strength almost gone; no appetite; various pains in the region of the lungs; a dry cough, which has hung on pertinaciously for two or three months. She was preparing some "Notes," to append to the Memoir, but has been obliged to leave them unfinished, being unable to write, or even read, without aggravating her pains. I look around in despair. If a change to any place promised the least relief, I would go anywhere. But we are here in the healthiest part of India, and in the dry, warm season; and she suffers so much at sea that a voyage would hardly be recommended for itself. My only hope is that the doctor declares that her lungs are not seriously affected, and that as soon as her system is fairly brought under the influence of the course of medicine he is pursuing, —digitalis being a principal ingredient,—there will be a favorable result. I shall dissuade her from writing by this month's mail, though she has mentioned that she wants to write to you and her family. Nor does she know that I am writing to you. Her family I don't want to distress at present. She may get better. But I suffer so much myself that I felt it would be some relief

to sit down and tell you all about it. . . . When she was at Tavoy she made up her mind that she must die soon, and that is now her prevailing expectation; but she contemplates the event with composure and resignation. Within a few months she has grown much in devotional feelings, and in longing desires to be wholly conformed to the will of Christ. She had formerly some doubts about the genuineness of her early conversion, but they have all left her; and, though she feels that in her circumstances prolonged life is exceedingly desirable, she is quite willing to leave all, at the Saviour's call. Praise be to God for his love to her.

Yours, affectionately,

A. JUDSON.

March 23. Glad I am that the mail is still open, so that I can add that Emily is better. The medicine seems really to have taken effect, and the crisis to have passed. But, though the deadly pressure is a little removed from my heart, I do not venture to indulge very sanguine hopes, after what I have seen; for a few days may prostrate all again. Do remember us in your prayers. I feel more than ever that God heareth prayer.

From this illness Mrs. Judson slowly recovered. In a letter to Dr. Gillette, Dr. Judson says: "Emily's health is very delicate—her hold on life very precarious. Yet she may live on many, many years. She has already outlived several whose health was much more robust. And while she does live, she will be a blessing to all, whether near or remote. I never cease to thank God

that I found her, accidentally, as it were, under your roof."

In the month of November, 1849, Dr. Judson's health began to fail. A cold, taken one night while assisting Mrs. Judson in nursing one of the children who was ill, was followed by a prostrating attack of the fever of the country, which acted fatally on a frame already weakened by pulmonary complaints. No words that I could give, can paint the illness and the desolation left by his death, in the touching manner of his grief-stricken widow. I quote her letters to the children in America, and one to his sister.

FROM MRS. JUDSON TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

MAULMAIN, *April 11th*, 1850.

MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I have painful news to tell you—news that I am sure will make your hearts ache; but I hope our Heavenly Father will help you to bear it. Your dear papa is very, *very* ill indeed, so much so that the best judges fear he will never be any better. He began to fail about five months ago, and has declined so gradually that we were not fully aware of his danger until lately; but within a few weeks those who love him have become very much alarmed. In January, we went down to Mergui, by the steamer, and when we returned, thought he was a little better; but he soon failed again. We next spent a month at Amherst, but he received little, if any, benefit. Next, the doctors pronounced our house—the one you used to live in—unhealthy, and we removed to another. But all was of no use. Your dear papa continued tc

fail, till suddenly, one evening, his muscular strength gave way, and he was prostrated on the bed, unable to help himself. This occurred about two weeks ago. The doctor now became alarmed, and said the only hope for him was in a long voyage. It was very hard to think of such a thing in his reduced state, particularly as I could not go with him; but after we had wept and prayed over it one day and night, we concluded that it was our duty to use the only means which God had left us, however painful. We immediately engaged his passage aboard a French bark bound for the Mauritius; but before it sailed he had become so very low that no one thought it right for him to go alone. They therefore called a meeting of the mission, and appointed Mr. Ranney, the superintendent of the press, to accompany him. It was a great relief to me, for he is a very kind man, and loves your dear papa very much; and he will do everything that can be done for his comfort. The officers of the vessel, too, seemed greatly interested for him, as did everyone else. He was carried on board a week ago yesterday, in a litter, and placed on a nice, easy cot, made purposely for him. I staid on board with him all day, and at dark came home to stay with the children. The next day I found that the vessel had only dropped down a little distance, and so I took a boat and followed. I expected this would certainly be the last day with him; but it was not. Friday I went again; and though he did not appear as well as on the previous days, I was forced to take, as I then supposed, a final leave of him. But when morning came, I felt as though I could not live through the day without knowing how he was. So

I took a boat again, and reached the vessel about two o'clock, P. M. He could not speak, except in whispers, but seemed very glad that I came. The natives that I had sent to fan him, till he should get out of the river, came to me, and begged to have him taken ashore again; and so small was my hope of his recovery, that my heart pleaded on their side, though I still thought it duty to do as the doctor had ordered. I came away at dark, and though his lips moved to say some word of farewell, they made no sound. I hope that you, my dear boys, will never have cause to know what a heavy heart I bore back to my desolate home that night. The vessel got out to sea about four o'clock on Monday, and last night the natives returned, bringing a letter from Mr. Ranney, Your precious papa had revived again, spoke aloud, took a little tea and toast, said there was something animating in the touch of the sea breeze, and directed Mr. Ranney to write to me that he had a strong belief it was the will of God to restore him again to health. I feel somewhat encouraged, but dare not hope too much.

And now, my dear boys, it will be three, perhaps four long months before we can hear from our loved one again; and we shall all be very anxious. All that we can do is to commit him to the care of our Heavenly Father, and if we never see him again in this world, pray that we may be prepared to meet him in heaven.

Your dear little brothers and sister enjoy excellent hea th. They are so young that they do not understand much about their papa, though they sometimes cry when I talk to them about him. I shall write to you just as quick as I hear from your papa, and wish you to write

to me, for I love you very much for his sake, though I saw so little of you at Worcester. Give love to Dr. and Mrs. Newton, and believe me

Your most affectionate mamma,

EMILY C. JUDSON.

CLOSING SCENES IN DR. JUDSON'S LIFE, COMMUNICATED TO HIS SISTER, BY MRS. JUDSON.

MAULMAIN, *September 20th*, 1850.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Last month I could do no more than announce to you our painful bereavement, which, though not altogether unexpected, will, I very well know, fall upon your heart with overwhelming weight. You will find the account of your brother's last days on board the Aristide Marie, in a letter written by Mr. Ranney, from Mauritius, to the secretary of the board; and I can add nothing to it, with the exception of a few unimportant particulars, gleaned in conversations with Mr. Ranney and the Coringa servant. I grieve that it should be so—that I was not permitted to watch beside him during those days of terrible suffering; but the pain which I at first felt is gradually yielding to gratitude for the inestimable privileges which had previously been granted me.

There was something exceedingly beautiful in the decline of your brother's life—more beautiful than I can describe, though the impression will remain with me as a sacred legacy, until I go to meet him where suns shall never set, and life shall never end. He had been, from my first acquaintance with him, an uncommonly spiritual Christian, exhibiting his richest graces in the unguarded

intercourse of private life; but during his last year, it seemed as though the light of the world on which he was entering, had been sent to brighten his upward pathway. Every subject on which we conversed, every book we read, every incident that occurred, whether trivial or important, had a tendency to suggest some peculiarly spiritual train of thought, till it seemed to me that, more than ever before, "Christ was all his theme." Something of the same nature was also noted in his preaching, to which I then had not the privilege of listening. He was in the habit, however, of studying his subject for the Sabbath, audibly, and in my presence, at which time he was frequently so much affected as to weep, and sometimes so overwhelmed with the vastness of his conceptions as to be obliged to abandon his theme and choose another. My own illness at the commencement of the year had brought eternity very near to us, and rendered death, the grave, and the bright heaven beyond it, familiar subjects of conversation. Gladly would I give you, my dear sister, some idea of the share borne by him in those memorable conversations; but it would be impossible to convey, even to those who knew him best, the most distant conception of them. I believe he has sometimes been thought eloquent, both in conversation, and in the sacred desk; but the fervent, burning eloquence, the deep pathos, the touching tenderness, the elevation of thought, and intense beauty of expression, which characterized those private teachings, were not only beyond what I had ever heard before, but such as I felt sure arrested his own attention, and surprised even himself. About this time he began to find unusual satisfaction and enjoyment in his private

devotions, and seemed to have new objects of interest continually rising in his mind, each of which in turn became special subjects of prayer. Among these, one of the most prominent was the conversion of his posterity. He remarked, that he had always prayed for his children, but that of late he had felt impressed with the duty of praying for their children and their children's children, down to the latest generation. He also prayed most fervently that his impressions on this particular subject might be transferred to his sons and daughters, and thence to their offspring, so that he should ultimately meet a long, unbroken line of descendants before the throne of God, where all might join together in ascribing everlasting praises to their Redeemer.

Another subject, which occupied a large share of his attention, was that of brotherly love. You are, perhaps, aware that, like all persons of his ardent temperament, he was subject to strong attachments and aversions, which he sometimes had difficulty in bringing under the controlling influence of divine grace. He remarked that he had always felt more or less of an affectionate interest in his brethren, as brethren, and some of them he had loved very dearly for their personal qualities; but he was now aware that he had never placed his standard of love high enough. He spoke of them as children of God, redeemed by the Saviour's blood, watched over and guarded by his love, dear to his heart, honored by him in the election, and to be honored hereafter before the assembled universe; and he said it was not sufficient to be kind and obliging to such, to abstain from evil speaking, and make a general mention of them in our prayers,

but our attachment to them should be of the most ardent and exalted character: it would be so in heaven, and we lost immeasurably by not beginning now. "As I have loved you, so ought ye also to love one another," was a precept continually in his mind; and he would often murmur, as though unconsciously, "'As I have loved you' —'as I have loved you,'" then burst out with the exclamation, "Oh, the love of Christ! the love of Christ!"

His prayers for the mission were marked by an earnest, grateful enthusiasm, and in speaking of missionary operations in general, his tone was one of elevated triumph, almost of exultation; for he not only felt an unshaken confidence in their final success, but would often exclaim, "What wonders—Oh, what wonders God has already wrought!"

I remarked that during this year his literary labor, which he had never liked, and upon which he had entered unwillingly, and from a feeling of necessity, was growing more irksome to him; and he always spoke of it as his "heavy work," his "tedious work," "that wearisome dictionary," &c., though this feeling led to no relaxation of effort. He longed, however, to find some more spiritual employment, to be engaged in what he considered more legitimate missionary labor, and drew delightful pictures of the future, when his whole business would be but to preach and to pray.

During all this time I had not observed any failure in physical strength; and though his mental exercises occupied a large share of my thoughts when alone, it never once occurred to me that this might be the brightening of the setting sun; my only feeling was that of pleasure,

that one so near to me was becoming so pure and elevated in his sentiments, and so lovely and Christ-like in his character. In person he had grown somewhat stouter than when in America; his complexion had a healthful hue, compared with that of his associates generally; and though by no means a person of uniformly firm health, he seemed to possess such vigor and strength of constitution, that I thought his life as likely to be extended twenty years longer, as that of any member of the mission. He continued his system of morning exercise, commenced when a student at Andover, and was not satisfied with a common walk on level ground, but always chose an up-hill path, and then frequently went bounding on his way with all the exuberant activity of boyhood.

He was of a singularly happy temperament, although not of that even cast which never rises above a certain level, and is never depressed. Possessing acute sensibilities, suffering with those who suffered, and entering as readily into the joys of the prosperous and happy, he was variable in his moods; but religion formed such an essenital element in his character, and his trust in Providence was so implicit and habitual, that he was never gloomy, and seldom more than momentarily disheartened. On the other hand, being accustomed to regard all the events of this life, however minute or painful, as ordered in wisdom, and tending to one great and glorious end, he lived in almost constant obedience to the apostolic injunction, "Rejoice evermore!" He often told me that although he had endured much personal suffering, and passed through many fearful trials in the course of his eventful life, a kind Providence had also hedged him

round with precious, peculiar blessings, so that his joys had far outnumbered his sorrows.

Towards the close of September of last year, he said to me one evening, "What deep cause have we for gratitude to God? Do you believe there are any other two persons in the wide world so happy as we are?" enumerating, in his own earnest manner, several sources of happiness, in which our work as missionaries, and our eternal prospects, occupied a prominent position. When he had finished his glowing picture, I remarked—I scarcely know why, but there was a heavy cloud upon my spirits that evening—"We are certainly very happy now, but it cannot be so always. I am thinking of the time when one of us must stand beside the bed, and see the other die."

"Yes," he said; "that will be a sad moment; I felt it most deeply a little while ago, but now it would not be strange if your life were prolonged beyond mine—though I should wish, if it were possible, to spare you that pain. It is the one left alone who suffers, not the one who goes to be with Christ. If it should only be the will of God that we might go together, like young James and his wife! But he will order all things well, and we can safely trust our future to his hands."

That same night we were roused from sleep by the sudden illness of one of the children. There was an unpleasant, chilling dampness in the air, as it came to us through the openings in the sloats above the windows, which affected your brother very sensibly; and he soon began to shiver so violently that he was obliged to return to his couch, where he remained under a warm cov-

ering until morning. In the morning he awoke with a severe cold, accompanied by some degree of fever; but as it did not seem very serious, and our three children were all suffering from a similar cause, we failed to give it any especial attention. From that time he was never well, though in writing to you before, I think I dated the commencement of his illness from the month of November, when he laid aside his studies. I know that he regarded this attack as trifling; and yet one evening he spent a long time in advising me with regard to my future course, if I should be deprived of his guidance, saying that it is always wise to be prepared for exigencies of this nature. After the month of November, he failed gradually, occasionally rallying in such a manner as to deceive us all, but at each relapse sinking lower than at the previous one, though still full of hope and courage, and yielding ground only inch by inch, as compelled by the triumphant progress of disease. During some hours of every day he suffered intense pain; but his naturally buoyant spirits and uncomplaining disposition, led him to speak so lightly of it, that I used sometimes to fear that the doctor, though a very skillful man, would be fatally deceived.

As his health declined, his mental exercises at first seemed deepened; and he gave still larger portions of his time to prayer, conversing with the utmost freedom on his daily progress, and the extent of his self-conquest. Just before our trip to Mergui, which took place in January, he looked up from his pillow one day with sudden animation, and said to me earnestly, "I have gained the victory at last. I love every one of Christ's redeemed,

as I believe he would have me love them—in the same manner, though not probably to the same degree as we shall love one another in heaven; and gladly would I prefer the meanest of his creatures, who bears his name, before myself." This he said in allusion to the text, "In honor preferring one another," on which he had frequently dwelt with great emphasis. After further similar conversation, he concluded, "And now here I lie at peace with all the world, and what is better still, at peace with my own conscience. I know that I am a miserable sinner in the sight of God, with no hope but in the blessed Saviour's merits; but I cannot think of any particular fault, any peculiarly besetting sin, which it is now my duty to correct. Can you tell me of any?"

And truly, from this time no other word would so well express his state of feeling as that one of his own choosing—*peace*. He had no particular exercises afterwards, but remained calm and serene, speaking of himself daily as a great sinner, who had been overwhelmed with benefits, and declaring that he had never in all his life before had such delightful views of the unfathomable love and infinite condescension of the Saviour as were now daily opening before him. "Oh, the love of Christ! the love of Christ!" he would suddenly exclaim, while his eye kindled, and the tears chased each other down his cheeks; "we cannot understand it now—but what a beautiful study for eternity!"

After our return from Mergui, the doctor advised a still further trial of the effects of sea air and sea bathing; and we accordingly proceeded to Amherst, where we remained nearly a month. This to me was the

darkest period of his illness—no medical adviser, no friend, at hand, and he daily growing weaker and weaker. He began to totter in walking, clinging to the furniture and walls, when he thought he was unobserved, (for he was not willing to acknowledge the extent of his debility,) and his wan face was of a ghastly paleness. His sufferings too were sometimes fearfully intense, so that, in spite of his habitual self-control, his groans would fill the house. At other times a kind of lethargy seemed to steal over him, and he would sleep almost incessantly for twenty-four hours, seeming annoyed if he were aroused or disturbed. Yet there were portions of the time when he was comparatively comfortable, and conversed intelligently; but his mind seemed to revert to former scenes, and he tried to amuse me with stories of his boyhood, his college days, his imprisonment in France, and his early missionary life. He had a great deal also to say on his favorite theme, "the love of Christ;" but his strength was too much impaired for any continuous mental effort. Even a short prayer, made audibly, exhausted him to such a degree that he was obliged to discontinue the practice.

At length I wrote to Maulmain, giving some expression of my anxieties and misgivings, and our kind missionary friends, who had from the first evinced all the tender interest and watchful sympathy of the nearest kindred, immediately sent for us—the doctor advising a sea voyage. But as there was no vessel in the harbor bound for a port sufficiently distant, we thought it best, in the mean time, to remove from our old dwelling, which had long been condemned as unhealthy, to another mission

house, fortunately empty. This change was, at first, attended with the most beneficial results; and our hopes revived so much, that we looked forward to the approaching rainy season for entire restoration. But it lasted only a little while; and then both of us became convinced that, though a voyage at sea involved much that was exceedingly painful, it yet presented the only prospect of recovery, and could not, therefore, without a breach of duty, be neglected.

"Oh, if it were only the will of God to take me now—to let me die here!" he repeated over and over again, in a tone of anguish, while we were considering the subject. "I cannot, cannot go! This is almost more than I can bear! Was there ever suffering like our suffering?" and the like broken expressions, were continually falling from his lips. But he soon gathered more strength of purpose; and after the decision was fairly made, he never hesitated for a moment, rather regarding the prospect with pleasure. I think the struggle which this resolution cost injured him very materially; though probably it had no share in bringing about the final result. God, who saw the end from the beginning, had counted out his days, and they were hastening to a close. Until this time he had been able to stand, and to walk slowly from room to room; but as he one evening attempted to rise from his chair, he was suddenly deprived of his small remnant of muscular strength, and would have fallen to the floor but for timely support.

From that moment his decline was rapid. As he lay helplessly upon his couch, and watched the swelling of his feet, and other alarming symptoms, he became very

anxious to commence his voyage, and I felt equally anxious to have his wishes gratified. I still hoped he might recover; the doctor said the chances of life and death were, in his opinion, equally balanced. And then he always loved the sea so dearly! There was something exhilarating to him in the motion of a vessel, and he spoke with animation of getting free from the almost suffocating atmosphere incident to the hot season, and drinking in the fresh sea breezes. He talked but little more, however, than was necessary to indicate his wants; his bodily sufferings being too great to allow of conversation; but several times he looked up to me with a bright smile, and exclaimed, as heretofore, "Oh, the love of Christ! the love of Christ!"

I found it difficult to ascertain, from expressions casually dropped from time to time, his real opinion with regard to his recovery; but I thought there was some reason to doubt whether he was fully aware of his critical situation. I did not suppose he had any preparation to make at this late hour, and I felt sure that, if he should be called ever so unexpectedly, he would not enter the presence of his Maker with a ruffled spirit; but I could not bear to have him go away, without knowing how doubtful it was whether our next meeting would not be in eternity; and perhaps too, in my own distress, I might still have looked for words of encouragement and sympathy, to a source which had never before failed.

It was late in the night, and I had been performing some little sick-room offices, when suddenly he looked up to me, and exclaimed, "This will never do! You are killing yourself for me, and I will not permit it. You

must have some one to relieve you. If I had not been made selfish by suffering, I should have insisted upon it long ago."

He spoke so like himself, with the earnestness of health, and in a tone to which my ear had of late been a stranger, that for a moment I felt almost bewildered with sudden hope. He received my reply to what he had said with a half-pitying, half-gratified smile; but in the mean time his expression had changed—the marks of excessive debility were again apparent, and I could not forbear adding, "It is only a little while, you know."

"Only a little while," he repeated mournfully; "this separation is a bitter thing, but it does not distress me now as it did—I am too weak." "You have no reason to be distressed," I answered, "with such glorious prospects before you. You have often told me it is the one left alone who suffers, not the one who goes to be with Christ." He gave me a rapid, questioning glance, then assumed for several moments an attitude of deep thought. Finally, he slowly unclosed his eyes, and fixing them on me, said in a calm, earnest tone, "I do not believe I am going to die. I think I know why this illness has been sent upon me; I needed it; I feel that it has done me good; and it is my impression that I shall now recover, and be a better and more useful man."

"Then it is your wish to recover?" I inquired. "If it should be the will of God, yes. I should like to com plete the dictionary, on which I have bestowed so much labor, now that it is so nearly done; for, though it has not been a work that pleased my taste or quite satisfied my feelings, I have never underrated its importance.

Then after that come all the plans that we have formed. Oh, I feel as if I were only just beginning to be prepared for usefulness!"

"It is the opinion of most of the mission," I remarked, "that you will not recover." "I know it is," he replied, "and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least in that sense; you know I am not. Oh! no man ever left this world with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes, or warmer feelings—warmer feelings!" he repeated, and burst into tears. His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids, and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow. There was no trace of agitation or pain in his manner of weeping, but it was evidently the result of acute sensibilities, combined with great physical weakness. To some suggestions which I ventured to make, he replied, "It is not that—I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and the glories of heaven as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet, when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a

boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.*" "Then death would not take you by surprise," I remarked, "if it should come even before you could get on board ship?" "O, no," he said, "death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that—I feel *so strong in Christ.* He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be so ordered; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to his holy will."

The next day some one mentioned, in his presence, that the native Christians were greatly opposed to the voyage, and that many other persons had a similar feeling with regard to it. I thought he seemed troubled, and after the visitor had withdrawn, I inquired if he still felt as when he conversed with me the night previous. He replied, "O, yes; that was no evanescent feeling. It has been with me, to a greater or less extent, for years, and will be with me, I trust, to the end. I am ready to go *to-day*—if it should be the will of God, this very hour; but I am not *anxious* to die; at least when I am not beside myself with pain."

"Then why are you so desirous to go to sea? I should think it would be a matter of indifference to you." "No," he answered quietly, "my judgment tells me it would be wrong not to go; the doctor says *criminal.* I

shall certainly die here; if I go away, I may possibly recover. There is no question with regard to duty in such a case; and I do not like to see any hesitation, even though it springs from affection."

He several times spoke of a burial at sea, and always as though the prospect were agreeable. It brought, he said, a sense of freedom and expansion, and seemed far pleasanter than the confined, dark, narrow grave, to which he had committed so many that he loved. And he added, that, although his burial-place was a matter of no real importance, yet he believed it was not in human nature to be altogether without a choice.

I have already given you an account of the embarkation, of my visits to him while the vessel remained in the river, and of our last, sad, silent parting; and Mr. Ranney has finished the picture. You will find, in this closing part, some dark shadows, that will give you pain; but you must remember that his present felicity is enhanced by those very sufferings; and we should regret nothing that serves to brighten his crown in glory. I ought also to add that I have gained pleasanter impressions in conversation with Mr. Ranney than from his written account; but it would be difficult to convey them to you; and, as he whom they concern was accustomed to say of similar things, "you will learn it all in heaven."

During the last hour of your sainted brother's life, Mr. Ranney bent over him, and held his hand, while poor Panapah stood at a little distance, weeping bitterly. The table had been spread in the cuddy, as usual, and the officers did not know what was passing in the cabin, till summoned to dinner. Then they gathered about the

door, and watched the closing scene with solemn reverence. Now—thanks to a merciful God!—his pains had left him; not a momentary spasm disturbed his placid face, nor did the contraction of a muscle denote the least degree of suffering; the agony of death was passed, and his wearied spirit was turning to its rest in the bosom of the Saviour. From time to time, he pressed the hand in which his own was resting, his clasp losing in force at each successive pressure; while his shortened breath—though there was no struggle, no gasping, as if it came and went with difficulty—gradually grew softer and fainter, until it died upon the air—and he was gone. Mr. Ranney closed the eyes, and composed the passive limbs; the ship's officers stole softly from the door, and the neglected meal was left upon the board untasted.

They lowered him to his ocean grave without a prayer. His freed spirit had soared above the reach of earthly intercession, and to the foreigners who stood around it would have been a senseless form. And there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre; but it matters little, for we know that while the unconscious clay is "drifting on the shifting currents of the restless main," nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man. It is all as God would have it, and our duty is but to bend meekly to his will, and wait, in faith and patience, till we also shall be summoned home.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Judson wished to remain in India, where she was so much beloved and so useful, but the delicacy of her health was too great to permit this. She returned to the United States in 1851, where she took a home in the village of Hamilton for her parents, herself, the children of Mrs. Sarah Judson, and her own "bird."

The fatal seeds of consumption were, however, sown in her delicate frame, and three years after her return to America, she died. This short space of time was occupied by the noble woman, in advancing, both by her labors with her pen and her personal influence, the missionary cause in the United States. She aided Dr. Wayland, materially, in his Life of Dr. Judson, and was occupied upon an abridgement of this work when she was summoned to her eternal home, closing a life of love, usefulness, and piety, with a peaceful, happy death, in June 1854.

I quote here some of the exquisite poetry, which, written by her, places her high in the ranks of poetesses of America. They show too, the high religious purity of her mind, her loving reliance upon her husband, and tender, maternal care for her step-children:

PRAYER FOR DEAR PAPA.

Poor and needy little children,
  Saviour, God, we come to thee,
For our hearts are full of sorrow,
  And no other hope have we.
Out upon the restless ocean
  There is one we dearly love,—
Fold him in thine arms of pity,
  Spread thy guardian wings above.

When the winds are howling round him,
When the angry waves are high,
When black, heavy, midnight shadows
On his trackless pathway lie,
Guide and guard him, blessed Saviour,
Bid the hurrying tempests stay;
Plant thy foot upon the waters,
Send thy smile to light his way.

When he lies, all pale, and suffering,
Stretched upon his narrow bed,
With no loving face bent o'er him,
No soft hand about his head,
Oh, let kind and pitying angels
Their bright forms around him bow;
Let them kiss his heavy eyelids,
Let them fan his fevered brow.

Poor and needy little children,
Still we raise our cry to Thee;
We have nestled in his bosom,
We have sported on his knee;
Dearly, dearly do we love him,
—We who on his breast have lain—
Pity now our desolation!
Bring him back to us again!

If it please thee, Heavenly Father,
We would see him come once more
With his olden step of vigor,
With the love-lit smile he wore;
But, if we must tread life's valley
Orphaned, guideless, and alone,
Let us lose not, 'mid the shadows,
His dear footprints to Thy throne.

MAULMAIN, *April*, 1850.

SWEET MOTHER.

The wild, south-west Monsoon has risen,
With broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look, as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain,
With ceaseless patter, falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stain—
Mould gathers on the walls—Would heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother! I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round
Since love upon it smiled;
And everything of earth has frowned
On thy poor, stricken child—Sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept;
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd on his bosom wept—O God!
How had I prayed and wept!

They bore him from me to the ship,
As bearers bear the dead;
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—Alas!
It seemed a coffin-bed!

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
In all our grief, we came,
Rememberest thou her vacant room?
Well, his was just the same, that day,
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came—
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name—
But oh, he brought no joy!—My child
Brought mourning and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitying lips bent over me
And whispered, "He is dead."—Alas!
'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me,
—So weary, worn, and weak,
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be,
Even now, upon my cheek—his seal
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him
To hush his joyous song,
And, prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join death's pale, phantom throng—*My boy*
To join that grisly throng!

Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
—That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly, gathering tears;
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears—sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

Oh, should he not return to me,
Drear, drear must be life's night!
And, mother, I can almost see,
Even now, the gathering blight—my soul
Faints, stricken by the blight.

Oh, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling, trustingly, to me—Poor babes!
To have no guide but me!

With weary foot, and broken wing,
With bleeding heart, and sore,
Thy dove looks backward, sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for this wanderer pray
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on heaven—her soul
Grow strong on Christ and heaven.

All fearfully, all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the cross I cling—O Christ!
To thy dear cross I cling.

MAULMAIN, *August 8th*, 1850.

LINES WRITTEN OFF ST. HELENA.

Blow softly, gales! a tender sigh
Is flung upon your wing;
Lose not the treasure as ye fly,
Bear it where love and beauty lie
Silent and withering.

Flow gently, waves! a tear is laid
Upon your heaving breast;
Leave it within yon dark rock's shade,
Or weave it in an iris braid
To crown the Christian's rest.

Bloom, ocean isle, lone ocean isle!
Thou keep'st a jewel rare;
Let rugged rock and dark defile
Above the slumbering stranger smile
And deck her couch with care.

Weep, ye bereaved! a dearer head
Ne'er left the pillowing breast;
The good, the pure, the lovely fled
When mingling with the shadowy dead
She meekly went to rest.

Mourn, Burmah, mourn! a bow which spanned
Thy cloud has passed away;
A flower has withered on thy sand,
A pitying spirit left thy strand,
A saint has ceased to pray.

Angels rejoice, another string
Has caught the strains above;
Rejoice, rejoice! a new-fledged wing
Around the throne is hovering
In sweet, glad, wondering love.

Blow, blow, ye gales! wild billows roll!
Unfurl the canvas wide!
Oh! where she labored lies our goal:
Weak, timid, frail, yet would my soul
Fain be to hers allied.

SHIP FANUEIL HALL, *Sept.*, 1846,

LINES

Addressed to a missionary friend in Burmah on the death of her little boy, thirteen months old, in which, allusion is made to the previous death of his little brother.

A mound is in the graveyard,
A short and narrow bed;
No grass is growing on it,
And no marble at its head:
Ye may go and weep beside it,
Ye may kneel and kiss the sod,
But ye'll find no balm for sorrow
In the cold and silent clod.

There is anguish in the household,
It is desolate and lone,
For a fondly cherished nursling
From the parent nest has flown;
A little form is missing;
A heart has ceased to beat;
And the chain of love lies shattered
At the desolator's feet.

Remove the empty cradle,
His clothing put away,
And all his little playthings
With your choicest treasures lay
Strive not to check the tear drops
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines thro' them
Ye shall see his face again,

Oh! think where rests your darling—
Not in his cradle-bed;
Not in the distant graveyard
With the still and mouldering dead;
But in a heavenly mansion,
Upon the Saviour's breast,
With his brother's arms about him
He takes his sainted rest.

He has put on robes of glory
For the little robes ye wrought;
And he fingers golden harp-strings
For the toys his sisters brought.
Oh, weep! but with rejoicing;
A heart gem have ye given,
And behold its glorious setting
In the diadem of heaven.

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